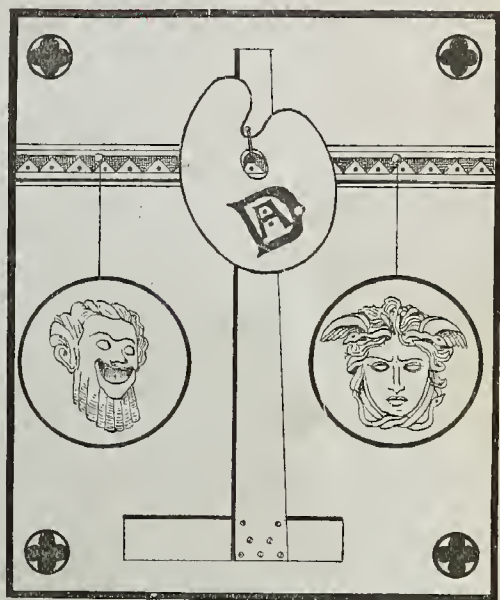


An Architect's Experiences:

Professional,
Artistic, and
Theatrical . .



... By ...

Alfred Darbyshire, F.S.A., F.I.B.A.,

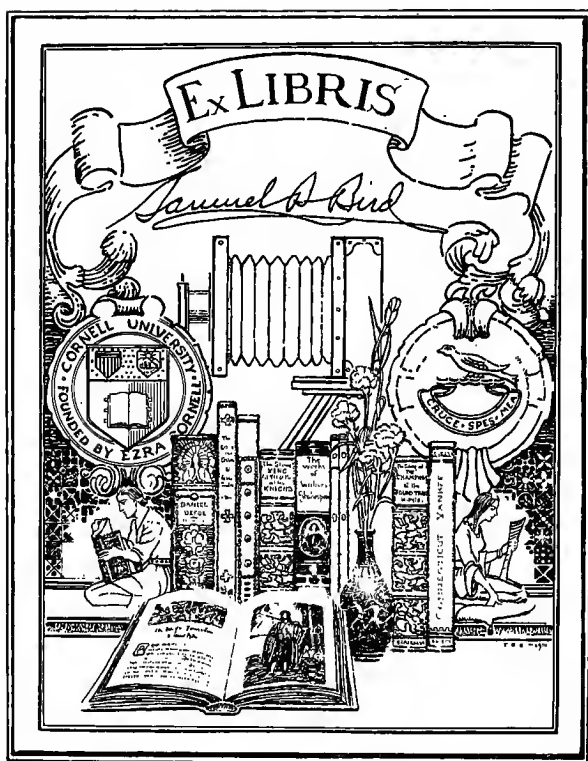
Author of "The Booke of Olde Manchester and Salford,"
"A Chronicle of the Brasenose Club," &c.



Manchester :

~ J. E. CORNISH ~

1897



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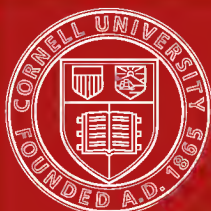
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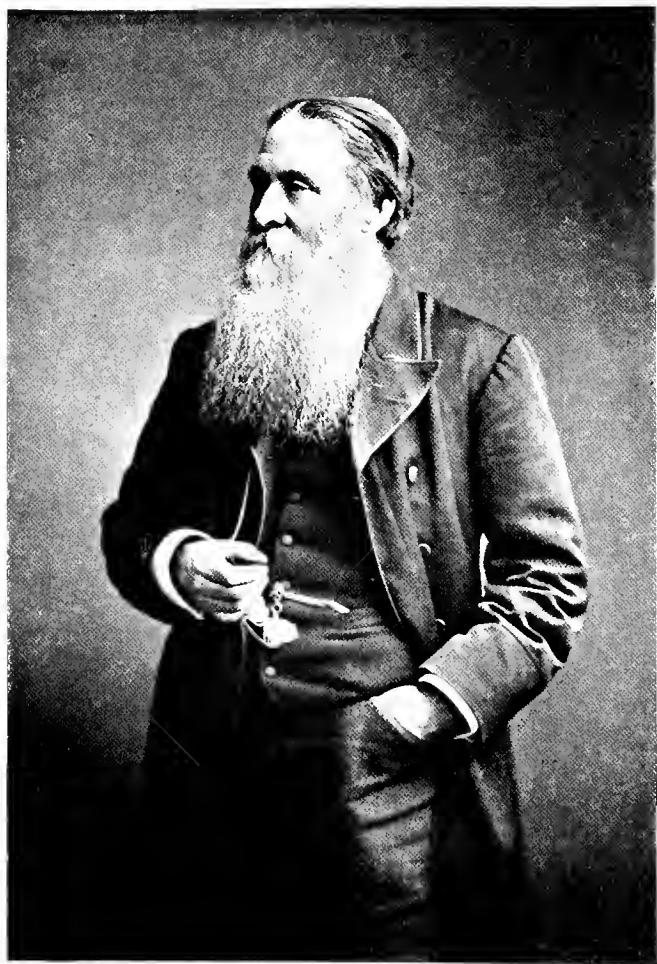
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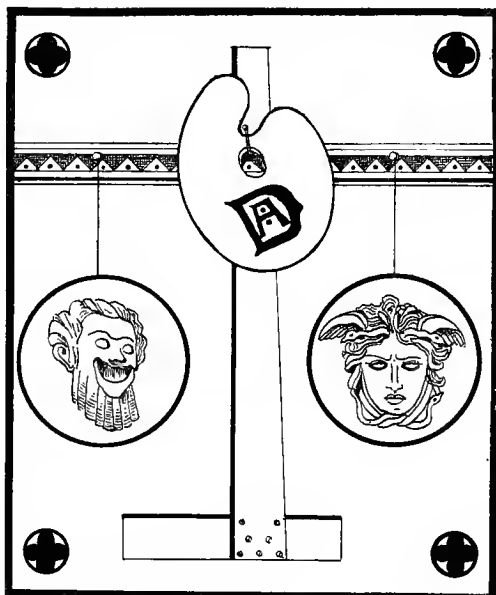
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"A Chronicle of the Brasenose Club," &c.



Manchester :

J. E. CORNISH

1897.

66

CO.
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To My Old Friend

Sir Henry Irving, D.Lit.

I Dedicate

This Book of Experiences

“With Love and Greeting.”

Alfred Darbyshire.



PREFACE.

IN a biographical notice in *Manchester Faces and Places* the writer expressed a hope that I would give an account of my varied experiences of men and manners. This suggestion has been supplemented by "troops of friends," whose partiality has led them to believe that a record of some incidents and episodes in my lifetime might interest a wide circle of readers out of the "beaten way of friendship." I have written this book for my friends: if it should please them, and interest a wider circle, I shall be well satisfied, and—"he is well paid that is well satisfied." Some portions of this book have appeared in journalistic form in the columns of the *Manchester City News*. These I have interwoven, with such additions and emendations as seemed to me desirable for book form.

I send forth my book, commending it to the kind consideration of my friends, and to the mercy of my critics.

A. D.

*Manor Park, Knutsford,
Cheshire,
December, 1897.*

ERRATA.

On page 130 for "Frametta" read "Fiametta."

„ 144 W. G. Baxter is erroneously stated to be the creator of "Ally Sloper."

„ 323 read "an" for "and" before the word interviewer.

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CHAPTER I.

WHEN a man writes the story of his life it is considered desirable that he should give some account of his birth and parentage; in nine cases out of ten it is probable that it is a matter of no consequence to his readers where and when he was born, or who were his parents. If he has deserved well of his country, and become a figure in history, then his birth and parentage are interesting facts; and the place of his nativity may claim an honourable mention.

In my own case, although my origin is of little or no consequence to the majority of those who may read this story of my life, I suppose I must, as Charles Matthews the elder said (in writing his memoirs), "begin at the beginning," which it is unnecessary to say was—my Birthday.

An old friend of mine, H. Stacy Marks, R.A., has said in his memoirs, published under the title of "Pen and Pencil Sketches," "I have *heard* on the best possible authority that I was born, &c." Now, in my own case, I have not only *heard*, but I possess a written document signed by one John Hill, Registrar, setting forth the fact that I was

born at No. 8, Peru Street, Salford, on the 20th of June, 1839. This house still exists as part of a row called Melbourne Terrace, after Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister. The date of my birth is remarkable as the day on which Victoria Bridge was opened, amidst great festivities and grand processions. This bridge formed the connecting link of architectural beauty and engineering skill between the Borough of Salford, in which I was born, and the City of Manchester, in which I have spent most of my life.*

My parents were members of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers; my ancestors may be traced to the time of William Penn, and their descendants of the maternal side of our house have been associated with America ever since the great Quaker founded the colony, which still keeps his memory green in the State of Pennsylvania.

The only thing I can remember in connection with my childhood was an Exhibition held in the Old Cloth Hall, Greengate. I mention this because it was associated with a movement for the social and intellectual advancement of the lower classes of that time. The establishment of Mechanics' Institutions was a move in the direction of educational advancement and intellectual and rational amusement. In those days there

* It is interesting to note that Queen Victoria is Lady of the Manor of Salford, and Duke of Lancaster.

were no Free Libraries, and few, if any, social clubs for the middle and lower classes; the working man found his principal relaxation in the ale-house. The Mechanics' Institution provided him with a comfortable reading-room, a library of useful and entertaining books, and with Lectures on Science, Art, and Political Economy. The Salford Mechanics' Institute was one of the first established in the country, and the Exhibition I have alluded to was organised for the purpose of improving its financial position. My father, William Darbyshire, was one of the first directors, and, I believe, the Chairman of the Exhibition Committee. This effort of the directors was a great success. The machinery *in motion* caused quite a sensation; and I have been told on good authority that it was as much as my nurse could do to prevent my being mixed up with it and whirled into eternity, amidst its straps and wonderful fly-wheels.

What a wonderful change has come over the social life of the working classes since the early "forties" of this century! Mechanics' Institutes have disappeared; they are almost forgotten amidst the wealth of Free Libraries, Board and Technical Schools, Athenæums, and Art Galleries. Ignorance has vanished from the land, and verily the Victorian Era has taught us that "Knowledge is Power."

Another item of interest connected with my childhood, and which I clearly remember, was an

accident which was nearly fatal. The family removed from the Terrace in which I was born into Peel Street, adjacent to that sombre and severely classic edifice, St. Philip's Church. Here, whilst amusing my infantine self in a sort of treadmill fashion on the front-door steps, I fell on the nosing of the topmost one, and just escaped a fractured skull. The brand of this mishap still remains. I do not remember whether I was considered a child of beauty or not; but if I was, this catastrophe effectually obliterated all claims to good looks, and left me a plain-looking youngster.

I have recently visited these homes of my earliest years, and from their appearance I conclude they remain in much the same state as when the family occupied them. The brickwork is brown with age, the doorways are circular-headed, the windows have stone heads; the little gardens remain protected by quaint iron railings; there are a few shrubs in these gardens, and some ivy still clings to the walls. A brass knocker (the only one left) still remains on the door of No. 8 in Melbourne Terrace. These respectable, well-built houses are now smothered with rows of speculative and jerry-built cottages, and blackened with the smoke of mills and manufactories. The open fields in which they once stood are now covered with the brick-and-mortar evidence of increased population, consequent on the growth of commercial enterprise.

Whilst in the Peel Street residence a military funeral took place (I think that of General Arbuthnot). The event made such an impression on my young mind that it remains with me in every detail to this day. A soldier's funeral is always an impressive sight, but to the young mind it is especially so. The charger without its rider, the gun-carriage with its coffin covered with England's flag, the plumed hat, the boots reversed, and the sword, insignia of the rank of their departed owner, form pictorial and solemn evidences of the transient nature of "things terrestrial." The volley of musketry over the grave I shall never forget. With the memory of it still fresh and vivid, I close this initial chapter, and bid adieu to infantine days.

CHAPTER II.

MY father being connected with the business of dyeing, he, early in the "forties," undertook the management of the dyeworks belonging to Edmund Ashworth & Sons, at Egerton, near Bolton. This event resulted in the removal of the family to that locality. I have pleasant memories of the life at Egerton, but chiefly of my intercourse with the family at Egerton Hall. The Ashworth family were then members of the Society of Friends. We journeyed every Sunday to the Meeting House at Bolton, and the aristocratic figure of Edmund Ashworth sitting at the head of that silent and solemn assembly of "Friends" is still clearly before me. Although the boys of the Egerton family were my seniors, out of school hours we were constantly together, and I was a frequent visitor at the Hall. Those were the days of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, and everybody of any consequence amongst the Quakers was a member of the famous League established in Manchester in 1838 for the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The Ashworths were active members of the League ; Mr. Henry Ashworth

took a prominent part in the advocacy of the principles of Free Trade and the abolition of Protection. I have dim recollections of meetings of the great agitators at Egerton Hall; and the names of John Bright, Richard Cobden, Milner Gibson, George Wilson, and Villiers (now the Father of the House of Commons) became "familiar in my mouth as household words." With the exception of the venerable C. P. Villiers, all have left this life. Their earnest advocacy, their magnificent oratory, and their great triumph in 1846 are now matters of history. Although in after years I frequently met these great men, I feel some satisfaction in the knowledge that I was alive in the years of their warfare, and that I can remember the news of their victory being brought to our home the morning after Sir Robert Peel carried his memorable measure through the House of Commons.

This political warfare reminds me of the General Election of 1847. I recollect being on a visit to some relations who resided in the town of Bolton, in Lancashire, and the stirring events of that election I clearly remember. General Elections nowadays are quiet and uneventful, compared to what they were in the times of which I am writing. Those were the days of "Whig" and "Tory" party strife, and great was the excitement at public meetings,

on the "hustings," and in the streets on the polling-day. I recollect being on a balcony which commanded a view of the junction of four streets. At the corner of Bradshawgate a candidate was addressing a dense crowd of excited electors. Beneath me was a compact mass of humanity, yelling and shouting. Having been reared in a Radical school of politics, my boyish sympathies went, as a matter of course, with the candidate who was upholding "Whig" principles. I therefore shouted, as loudly as my young lungs would allow, "Bowling for ever!" Then (as Sir Walter Besant would say) "a strange thing happened." There was a sudden commotion below me; a "Tory" faction charged the "Whig" crowd, and a free fight ensued. Things began to fly in the air, the windows about me were smashed, and then—well, all I remember is being restored to sense and reason by an affectionate aunt, who had dragged me into the room, and probably saved my precious life to tell this story. This was my first and last entry into the political arena; and ever since I had a vote I have contented myself with simply recording it, under the shelter and protection of the Ballot Act.

Whilst living at Egerton great events happened in European history. I distinctly remember my father returning home from Manchester with the news of the abdication of Louis Philip in 1848.

I was too young to understand the importance of this crisis in French history, but I remember my mother's alarm at the prospect or probability of another Buonaparte arising. Her youthful days were passed in the stirring times, when the popular mind was filled with the scare, that "Boney" would land in this country, and sweep it with his conquering armies from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

In 1849 our family removed to Manchester and took a residence in a village near Pendleton, called Irlams-o'th'-Height. After passing a short time at a Dame's School in Pendleton, I was sent to the famous school conducted by the Quaker master, Charles Cumber. Many men of note in the modern history of Manchester have been educated by this remarkable schoolmaster. He was a short man, habited in a plain black Quaker suit; but he always wore a black satin waistcoat, considerably open, and displaying a spotless white shirt front and necktie. He was a strict disciplinarian, and used the cane. Looking back upon these school days, the use of the cane by way of punishment seems a strange thing. I remember seeing it used only once, and then it seemed to me a dreadful thing. One of the big boys would not reveal the name of another boy, who had said or done something wrong; he was therefore placed upon a platform in front of the assembled scholars, and the whole morning was

spent in periodical applications of the cane on the palm of the hand, with the object of extracting a confession from the victim. That confession was never made, but the heroic boy was under the doctor's care for some time afterwards. He still lives to tell the tale of the inhuman method of school punishment in vogue not half-a-century ago.

Cumber's School occupied the site at the corner of Mount Street and Peter Street, Manchester, on which now stands the Friends' Institute. Next door stands the modern Comedy Theatre, curiously enough erected from my designs, and under my supervision. Many years after the school was discontinued the lower portion of the building was occupied by the celebrated architect, Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.

The year 1851 was a memorable one for me. In this year the first great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park. I think my visit to Sir Joseph Paxton's great Crystal Palace, under the care and guidance of my uncle, George Bradshaw, must have developed a latent love for art, and for things of beauty. That great show of art and national products, combined with the sights and life in "London Town," was a revelation to me, which struck a serious and thoughtful chord in my boyish mind. I have ever cherished the memory of the good man to whom I was indebted for such a result.

The name of George Bradshaw, or, rather,

of "Bradshaw," is world renowned. As the designer and projector of the Railway Guide, George Bradshaw will be held in esteem as long as men journey to and fro upon the earth. Few persons outside his own circle of relatives and friends knew what manner of man he was. Mr. Bradshaw early in life joined the Society of Friends, and entered enthusiastically into the philanthropic schemes initiated or favoured by the Quakers. He was a staunch advocate for "Ocean Penny Postage," and his whole soul was imbued with "Peace Principles." A great Peace Conference was held during my visit to London in 1851. I was taken to one of the *Conversazioni* by my uncle, and was presented to Elihu Burritt, the peace orator of the evening. At this distance of time I can recall the handsome figure and somewhat sharp-cut features of the speaker; the whole scene was to me bewildering and impressive, and I have ever respected and admired the men who have upheld the idea of International Arbitration instead of War, and whose watchword has ever been "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men."

Ineffectual attempts have been made to rob Mr. Bradshaw of his claim to the origination of the "Time Tables" and "Railway Companion." I shall only here record what knowledge I possess of their origin. From my father, who, besides the relationship, was on terms of intimate friendship with his brother-in-law, I learned that on

a "first day" (Sunday) morning, whilst walking together from "meeting" (the religious gathering of the Friends), Mr. Bradshaw remarked that he thought it would be a good thing to publish a table of times at which trains would run between Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, and one or two other places connected by railways. The idea was voted a good one, and the first number of "Bradshaw's Railway Time Tables" was given to the world during the year in which the conversation I have mentioned took place, namely, in 1839. In this little book, not much thicker than a crown piece, we see the origin of the bulky and indispensable yellow-backed "Bradshaw" of the present day.

Mr. Bradshaw died at Christiania, in Norway, of cholera, in 1853. He was the head of the firm of printers and publishers, Bradshaw and Blacklock, of Manchester. At his death Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," said of him: "How few men in the town in which he lived will ever know the value of his busy life of quiet benevolence. He did not even let his left hand know what his right did. He was ever planning secretly enterprises of goodwill to them, which should ameliorate their position and bring to them light and comfort. In his great field of philanthropy, the peace movement, he never wearied, but waxed warmer and brighter in faith and activity to the last."



GEORGE BRADSHAW.

From a plate in the possession of Christopher Bradshaw, Esq.

CHAPTER III.

I CANNOT remember the exact date, but it was late in the year 1851 that I was sent to the great Quaker School at Ackworth, near Pontefract, in Yorkshire. Little is known of this establishment outside the circle of the "Society of Friends," but it has a history, and has turned out men of note in the social, political, and literary life of the country. Mr. John H. Nodal, in his excellent work entitled "The Bibliography of Ackworth School," says (after allusion to those scholars who are known in literature), "Other old scholars have attained to eminence as artists, doctors, engineers, inventors, and teachers." I am not ashamed to admit—in fact, it is a source of pride to me to acknowledge—that I have received mainly my education in a school whose roll of scholars contains the names of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., William Howitt, Mrs. Ellis, the two Wiffens (Benjamin and Jeremiah), James Wilson, M.P., a prominent member of the Russell Administration, and dear old Howe, the venerable and respected actor, once a distinguished member of the famous old

Haymarket Company, and who played his last parts under the régime of his old friend, Sir Henry Irving. He now lies in American soil, sleeping out his long rest, "after life's fitful fever."

The History of Ackworth School has been well written by Mr. Henry Thompson, of whom I have a pleasant memory. He was a genial, refined gentleman, and a master universally esteemed by the Ackworth boys of my time. He occupied a position of trust and responsibility; he possessed the rare quality of enforcing obedience and at the same time winning the respect and affection of those under his control. Mr. Thompson's History was written as a part of the "Centenary Commemoration" in 1879, and is the work of a scholarly and cultured mind. Although some of my memories of Ackworth School are not altogether pleasant, I have no desire to write in any unkindly spirit of this great establishment for the education of Quaker boys and girls. Forty years ago the curriculum of the school was limited, and its management, as far as regarded the comfort of the scholars, was not altogether satisfactory. What a wonderful change has come over the place in less than half a century! The children are now dressed like the offspring of ordinary mortals; their comforts are well attended to; the range of study is wide and comprehensive, and, according to a work recently published, we learn that music is included in the liberal education

which a Quaker child can now obtain at Ackworth School. When I think of the distaste with which this sublime art was regarded by the "Society of Friends" in my youthful days, I almost wish I had been born half a century later, for my education at Ackworth would have been of collegiate importance. Although education in my time was of a plain English character, principles were inculcated which should guide men and women through life with rectitude and honour.

I have already said that Ackworth School has a history, and as this history has been associated with some great and good men for more than a century, I feel justified in giving my readers a brief account of its origin and objects.

The Governors of the London Foundling Hospital, at the beginning of the last century, established branch establishments in several provincial towns. In the year 1757 they purchased what is now known as the Ackworth School Estate. In 1759 was commenced the present handsome classical structure, designed by Watson, architect to the Governors. As usual with such buildings erected during the time "when George the Third was King," it is symmetrical in plan, and consists of a large central pile of buildings, connected with projecting side wings by circular colonnades of the Tuscan order of architecture. These wings, running out at right angles to the central block, enclose on three sides a rectangular space,

one half of which forms the boys' playground, and the other half is devoted to the use and recreation of the girls. The third or open space is occupied by the "Great Garden." The east wing is devoted to the boys, and the west wing to the girls. The centre portion contains the dining-halls, committee-room, and administrative offices. The whole thus constitutes a goodly pile of architecture characteristic of the art as practised during the Georgian Era.

It would be foreign to the scheme of my life-story to follow the history of the Foundling Hospital, neither can I dwell on the good deeds of the benevolent men who originated it, and who upheld the Institution with energy and devotion. Suffice it to say that in the year 1773, from various causes, the committee found themselves unable to maintain and carry on their Hospital, and the whole property was placed in the open market for sale.

In the year 1777 it was decided by the Quakers, "That there was not sufficient provision for the training of children of 'Friends' not in affluent circumstances." The passing of this resolution resulted in the establishment of a boarding school, calculated to meet the requirements of the case. At this point the history of Quaker education becomes interesting by being associated with that celebrated man, Dr. Fothergill. He it was who conceived the idea of

purchasing the estate at Ackworth. His efforts resulted in the property becoming vested in the Society of Friends, and the first pupils entered Ackworth School on October 18th, 1779. The life of Dr. Fothergill has been written by Mr. James Hack Tuke; and his features have been transmitted to posterity on a beautiful cameo, produced by his friend Wedgwood, the great potter. My allusion to Ackworth School would be incomplete without some notice of this celebrated Doctor of Physic. He was born in 1712, and completed his education at the Grammar School at Sedbergh, in Yorkshire. On leaving school he was articled to an apothecary in Bradford, and became a medical student at Edinburgh in 1734, where he took his degree in 1736. On his removal to London he became associated with St. Thomas's Hospital, and soon commenced his celebrated practice, lasting over a period of forty years, in White Hart Court, Gracechurch Street. Dr. Fothergill died in 1780, and his death was regarded as a national calamity. His biographer says: "Thus died the distinguished Yorkshireman, John Fothergill, who in life had so thoroughly exemplified his own saying, *that the great business of man as a member of society is to be as useful to it as possible, in whatsoever department he may be stationed.*"

It was whilst at Ackworth School that I was enabled to give some practical though rude ex-

pression to a youthful love of art. A Society of Arts was established in the school, and my master, Henry Sparkes, took a great interest in developing the capacity of its members. He had been educated for a land surveyor, and it is on record that he was employed to make a survey of the Ackworth Estate.

It is curious to note what small events and unexpected incidents influence men's careers and business in life. It was under the direction of Mr. Sparkes that I made a plan of the Boys' Wing, and laid it down to scale. This was an achievement which so fascinated me that I took to planning and drawing with enthusiasm. My master became interested in me, showed me his pictures in oil, and took me with him on sketching expeditions into the country. I still retain some of these early efforts, and until recently I possessed the drawing in crayon entitled "The Death of the Stag," a copy from a French lithograph, and for which I was awarded the highest prize that the Society of Arts had at its disposal.

Although my life at the great Quaker School may have left some unpleasant memories, the remembrance of the artistic portion of that period is exceedingly pleasant. Ruskin has said, "It is not necessary for an artist to be an architect, but it *is* necessary for an architect to be an artist." This is a true doctrine from the

pen of the great art teacher, and it was a fortunate thing for me that my teacher at Ackworth School was not only an architect, but an artist, and a painter of considerable ability. He belonged to an artistic family, one of whom is now the Master of the celebrated School of Art at Lambeth.

I suppose the fascinating influence of art caused a neglect of other studies; at all events, I was sent to another school, Lindow Grove Academy, at Alderley, in Cheshire, to finish my education. At this Academy an entirely different curriculum of study faced me. I plunged into the classics, modern languages, and mathematics under the learned Dr. Satterthwaite. The life at Lindow Grove was delightful; the home life of the boys was pleasant, and surrounded by refinement and culture. I had the good fortune to have for schoolfellows some who have taken important places in the history of our time; some have gone to their long home, and the death-roll has been recently increased by the name of J. P. Earwaker, the historian and antiquary, and editor of the "Manchester Court Leet Records." This is a monumental work, and embraces the history of the city from the days of Edward VI. down to about the middle of this nineteenth century.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN a youth bids adieu to school days, he becomes a constituent part of the life of his time : he has hitherto had no cares, or anxieties, as to how he shall live, or wherewithal he shall be clothed. He has "turned to mirth all things of earth, as only boyhood can." With the end of his school days, however, comes the real battle of life ; and the great point to be considered is, how and in what way he shall fight it ? A thousand channels of commercial enterprise are open : his country's defence, and the maintenance of her military and naval supremacy, offer alluring baits for future promotion and distinction. The field of science has charms for the serious and patient ones ; the arena of politics is temptingly open ; but the world of art is surely the most precarious and doubtful of all spheres of action likely to result in success or worldly prosperity. There is, however, a fascination about art which cannot be resisted. Even if moderate success only be achieved, the

devotee toils on in heroic admiration of his mistress, and he resolves to live and die at the shrine of his heart's love.

Notwithstanding the warnings received, and suggestions made of probable failure, I determined to try my fate in the world of art. It therefore came to pass that on the 31st of October, 1855, I was duly and legally articulated to an architect in Manchester, Mr. P. B. Alley. At that time one could almost count on one hand the number of architects practising in the city of Manchester; certainly there were not more than a dozen practitioners. My master had, prior to my entering his office, been in partnership with Mr. Richard Lane, the leading architect of the town and district; and the firm of *Lane & Alley* had a touch of humour in it which certainly did not suggest genius or high art. In spite of the unpoetic title of the firm, it was the local centre of classic thought; and the office at the corner of Chapel Walks and Cross Street was regarded in my young days with veneration and a certain amount of awe by the aspirants to architectural fame. Mr. Lane was a gentleman and a scholar. His practice was almost exclusively devoted to an attempt to force upon a commercial nineteenth-century town, with a sunless and humid climate, the refinement and perfect beauty of the art of the Greeks in the golden age of Pericles. Such was

the school in which I was to receive my first impressions of architectural practice. It was a good school of study for a beginner; but its principles were impracticable for the time and climate. Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., was the first pupil to fall away from Mr. Lane and his severe classic work, and Gothic art in Manchester had its first great chance of exposition and application in the Assize Courts. This event was the death-blow to the repetition of Greek temples in banks, town halls, churches, Quakers' meeting-houses, and concert-halls. The principles of mediæval architecture were seized upon with enthusiasm, and adapted to modern requirements. Anterior and partly coeval with this new era of Gothic art revival, Mr. Edward Walters had introduced the art of Italy into the city. It may with truth be said, that what architectural beauty the streets of Manchester possess, is mainly owing to this man of genius. He used Italian architecture as the means of giving beauty appropriately to the great emporiums of the merchant princes. The student who contemplates these warehouse façades will find an open book on Italian Renaissance, full of truth and beauty.

It will be easily understood that a youth entering the architectural profession at the period I have spoken of, had ample opportunity of seeing practical expression given to these

three great styles of architectural art. During my five years of pupilage the office work was prosaic, but lucrative. I remember we were engaged principally on huge cotton mills, filled with machinery from Messrs. Platt Brothers, of Oldham, the principal being the largest cotton and spinning establishment in the world, and situate on the Island of Narwa, near St. Petersburg. We tried hard to give some architectural character to the immense chimney-shafts and engine-house windows. We occasionally succeeded, when the cotton spinner had a soul that could soar beyond cotton; but it was uphill work, and one got heartily tired of it. Reward for this patient plodding came at last in some good domestic work; and when I left the office, in 1862, an interesting miscellaneous practice was established.

Although the years of pupilage were not brilliant, as far as regards the artistic quality of architectural work, they were in many ways eventful years; in fact, they constituted just the period in which one's future was to be settled for success or failure. It was during those years that I made some friendships which I value to the present day, and it was during this period—namely, in 1857—that the great Art Treasures Exhibition was held in Manchester.

That wonderful collection of representative examples of bygone art, and of typical specimens

of the art of our own time, was to me a revelation. Here I first came face to face with the Old Masters. My mind, in its process of throwing off the shackles of Classicism, was ready to embrace the wonders of mediæval and pre-Raphaelite art gathered in the first gallery of that ever memorable Exhibition. I was able to understand the *raison d'être* of that small band of painters whose inspiration was derived from this kind of art. It is a curious thing that in after-life I should have pleasant relations with some of these young and earnest workers known as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," and with others who have reached high positions in English art. I shall never forget the wonder and admiration with which I contemplated "The Procession of Cimabue's Madonna" and the immortal "Autumn Leaves." I may not in those youthful days have paused to analyse the impression produced by these early works of the two last Presidents of the Royal Academy; but that they had considerable influence in shaping out my future line of art, I have not the least doubt. It was a curious coincidence that in 1887, almost on the very spot where hung the Procession picture in 1857, I should have my first meeting with its author, Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy of England. He was pleased to congratulate me warmly on what he called the artistic success of my part of the Jubilee Exhi-

bition in "Old Manchester and Salford." Great things have been done by Manchester men; but the Exhibition of "Art Treasures" in 1857 is a unique event in the history of the city: it will always in the chronicles of time be honourable to the community. It constituted a distinct and practical answer to the noble Duke who asked "What in the world do you want with art in Manchester? Why don't you stick to your cotton spinning?" It proved that whilst primarily recognising the practical and utilitarian elements of life, Manchester could love the beautiful, and that its aspirations could go beyond cotton. The Art Treasures Exhibition was truly an honourable and brilliant event in the history of the Second City of the Empire.

CHAPTER V.

IT is rather remarkable that during the years of pupilage in an office which was more practical than artistic in its work, I had associated with me, either as fellow-pupils or friends, young men who have become eminent in the world of art.

When I look back to those early years of professional work, I am inclined to conclude that the real business of the office was gone through in a slovenly and ineffective manner. We were presided over by an exceedingly clever man as managing assistant. He was occasionally unreliable, on account of a tendency to inebriate habits. He was a quaint old Welshman, with grey hair and florid complexion. He wore a half-shabby frock coat, and a grey-white hat encircled by a faded black band. He was generally known as "Old Francis," but we

always called him Tom, after Dickens' immortal Tom Pinch. When inclined for a drinking period, he would leave in the middle of an important specification or a set of "quantities," and from "coign of vantage" in the streets would watch the Gov'nor's movements. If he saw him going away towards a railway station with a roll of plans under his arm, he would sneak with cat-like tread into the office, and whisper the interesting question into each worker's ear, "Wilt thou len' me sixpence?"

On one occasion, when we thought our master had gone away for the afternoon, we threw aside the "**T** square," and commenced a rehearsal of "As You Like It" (for we were all stage-struck), in the midst of which old Tom came in. He regarded us in silence for a time with a sort of half-inebriated smile; then suddenly, to our amazement, he jumped upon the table, buttoned his old frock-coat to the throat, struck an attitude, and shouted at the top of his voice, "You fellows pretend to spout Shakespeare; listen to *this*." Then, in a solemn, measured style, he commenced and recited the second book of the "Iliad," keeping us spell-bound for a considerable time. About three parts through that wonderful blank verse, our applause broke forth; we could resist it no longer. Our admiration for the old fellow's wonderful memory, and his dignified method of delivery, knew no bounds.

In the midst of this Babel of voices entered the Gov'nor, returned earlier than expected. There were several artist friends present, and the way in which they and old Tom sneaked out, leaving the office in dead silence, was an artistic achievement.

Arthur H. Marsh (now a member of the Royal Water-colour Society) was placed under my care. It soon became apparent that the monotony of the "T square" did not suit the temperament of the new pupil, and I fell a victim to his scheme for introducing more artistic culture into our lives. Part of our plan was to borrow, for a few shillings per month, some water-colour landscapes by a well-known local drawing-master named Ward. These we copied secretly during office hours, and, of course, in the absence of the "master." On one occasion, I recollect, when we were busy at work copying these drawings, a young friend of Marsh's came in, I think from Chester. Seeing our work, he exclaimed, "I wish I could do that." He was then, I think, undergoing the drudgery of a school of art training at Warrington. We lent him one of old Ward's drawings. He bought two or three brushes and a few colours, went home, made his copy, and in about a week's time brought a result which astonished us. We had many pleasant visits from him. He went boldly to work at painting, and finally entered

the world of art. That young man was Luke Fildes, now Royal Academician and painter of pictures which have become historic, and are superb examples of English art in the Victorian Age.

Another method which we adopted for artistic culture was to hold a Life Class at each other's houses or lodgings, taking it in turns to stand for "the altogether," as poor Trilby called it. This class was joined by a young enthusiast whose fancy for art was being developed through the mechanical processes of a photographic studio. This new-comer soon astonished us by the rapidity and exactitude with which he worked. In summer-time he would join our sketching expeditions. No kind of subject came amiss to him. On one occasion I challenged him to make a sketch of an architectural subject in less time than I would produce one. We had only twelve minutes left before starting for the train. I selected a quaint overhanging gablet, and he selected a doorway, through which was seen a newel staircase. We drew in with colour at once, I relying on my architectural knowledge for victory. But, alas! artistic intuition enabled him to keep abreast with me, and we finished "neck and neck," amidst the laughter of our companions. I keep those drawings with interest and affectionate regard. My fellow-student was Joseph Knight, now a mem-

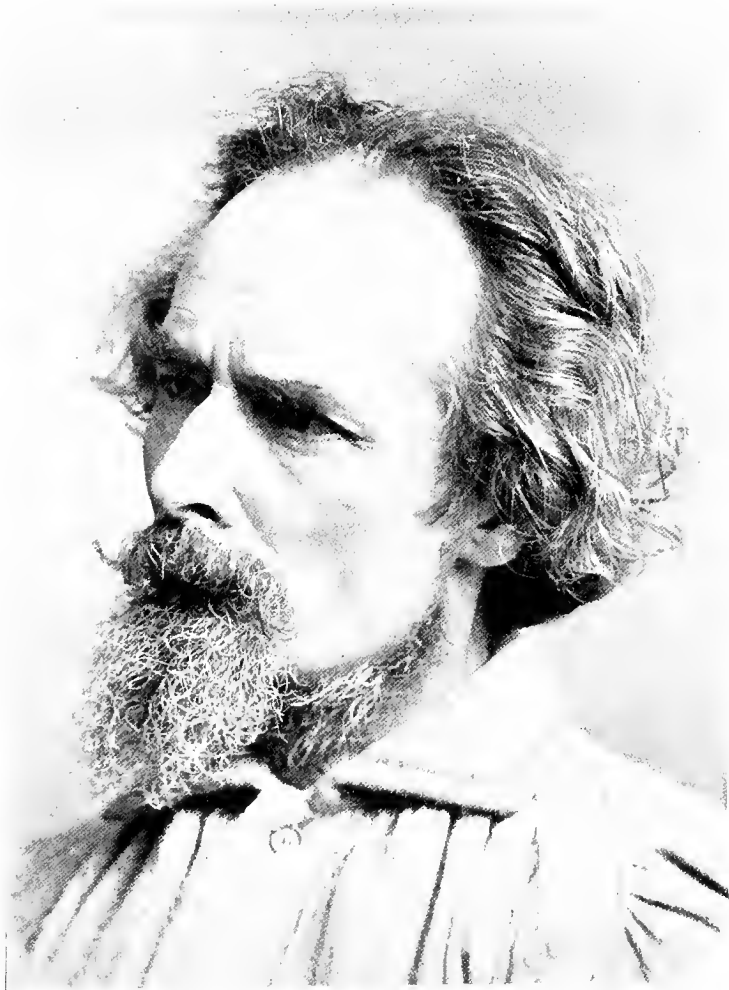
ber of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and whose works are honourable to English landscape art.

The Manchester School of Art has produced many men of note in the art world. This Institution was presided over in the fifties by J. A. Hammersley, a landscape painter of considerable ability. Looking back to the days of his mastership, it seems to me that Schools of Art were very inferior places for study and artistic advancement compared with similar institutions which flourish all over the country at the close of this nineteenth century. They were certainly not calculated to make painters of pictures; the curriculum of study was based upon the idea that line-drawing was favourable to design, as applied to the manufactures carried on in such a commercial centre as Manchester. Those Schools of Art were originally called *Schools of Design*. It was fortunate for us that our master was a landscape painter; he formed a private class for teaching painting in the water-colour medium, and my time for study was divided between modelling in a dark and dirty cellar of the Royal Institution (now the City Art Gallery) and the bright upper region (now a picture gallery). In this gallery a small band of enthusiasts worked at copying Hammersley's water-colour drawings. I look back with pride to my being associated with that little happy

and hopeful brotherhood, including such names as Clarence Whaite (now President of the Royal Cambrian Academy), Frederick Shields, Basil Bradley, Arthur H. Marsh (now members of the Royal Society of Water-colour Painters). I am not quite sure if the late J. D. Watson (with whom I had a delightful acquaintance later in life) was a member of this class; but I remember that about this time he exhibited his first picture, entitled "The Return from Culloden," and which I think must have been painted before he left for London. I remember we were left much to ourselves in that Water-colour Class, and it was interesting to notice how the particular bent of each student's mind developed. Basil Bradley, the son of Bradley the well-known portrait painter (in whose work the beautiful grace and colour scheme of the Reynolds era lingered), would cover the margins of his drawing board with exquisite drawings of dogs, cows, and sheep. Marsh amused himself in a similar way, with figures of gallant knights, mediæval ladies, cavaliers, and lobster-backed helmeted Roundheads, all drawn as though he had been born and bred in a Life Class, although such a medium of study did not exist in those days. When Marsh's back was turned I would scribble in castle backgrounds, drawbridges, and other gothic piles of bricks and mortar. Those were happy student days! Hammersley, I think, gave

us up in despair; but I shall always remember the candid way he talked to us. When any particular phase of genius was displayed, such as I have mentioned in the cases of Bradley and Marsh, he would call it intuition, and cease teaching or dogmatising, and confined his instruction to imparting a knowledge of technique only.

I cannot close this chapter of early student days without reference to my friend Shields. About the end of the fifties Mr. Waterhouse (now Royal Academician) commenced practice as an architect in Manchester, and as before remarked, entered boldly into the Gothic revival. He had a pupil named Edmundson, who had struck up an intimacy with Shields, who liked him for his free and open character, and for his youthful love of art. Somehow it came about that I was much in the society of these two friends. The enthusiasm of Shields fascinated me; he was never idle, but always on the lookout for character, and remarkably fond of child-life. It soon became evident that through the medium of this class of subject, Shields was to become a man of mark in art; and so it happened. The commission for the illustration of Bunyan's immortal work opened up a new world of thought and action; and through the "Pilgrim's Progress" Shields bounded into popularity and fame. To trace the subsequent history



FREDERIC SHIELDS, A.R.W.S.

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of this distinguished painter's career would be out of place in these pages, but I am proud to have been associated with him in early student days, and I experience satisfaction and pleasure in the knowledge of his high position in the world of art.

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CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE alluded to the sketching expeditions of early student days. Many of them were pleasant experiences, and some of them were attended with special interest. In the summer of 1860 Marsh and I determined to spend our holiday at Haddon Hall. At this time Marsh was engaged on working out a picture; the main idea was, I think, "The Capture of a Royalist," and it was to the stately home of the Vernons that we looked for a suitable background and surroundings appropriate to the subject. After a careful survey of the venerable pile, we found our way to the top of the square battlemented tower at the north-eastern extremity of the second courtyard. As we opened the door on to the "leads" a flood of sunlight lit up the grey parapet, backed by a rich mass of dark green foliage. Marsh exclaimed, "Here is my subject!" "You see," he said, "the poor beggar

has been tracked through rooms, passages, and secret doors, till his only chance of escape is on the leads of the old grey tower. But the 'lobster backs' have found him at last; they burst open the door, and there he stands, sword in hand, with his pale haggard face, and his flowing locks lying in disorder on the Vandyke collar. I'll work it out." He made a beautiful drawing as a study for the actual canvas. I worked at an ambitious drawing of the first courtyard, and we were well advanced with our work when suddenly a heavy thunderstorm burst over the place. I retired to the entrance archway, and I was astonished to see Marsh making for the same haven of safety. "Where have you left your traps?" I asked. "Good heavens! I've left them on the 'leads' when I ran for shelter." I know I said something emphatic about his absence of mind, and rushed through the storm, to save the work of several days. Everything was floating inches deep in water, and the picture ruined. It was, however, repainted. I have alluded to this incident as it will serve to introduce "Lizzie" to my readers. She was the daughter of the custodian or caretaker of Haddon Hall. She was a bright, elf-like thing with about twelve or thirteen summers on her head, the personification of mischief, and the plague of our lives. She enjoyed the catastrophe of the spoiled picture immensely; and when

taking visitors round the buildings she would "chaff" poor Marsh before them, and taunt him, till the poor fellow would fly in dire confusion.

On one occasion Lizzie conducted a gentleman and, I think, two ladies round the historic old building. The gentleman made a remark to me which involved rather a technical answer on the architectural characteristics of the place. Lizzie here interposed with the exclamation, "Oh! he knows nothing about it, and he thinks he can paint, but he can't"—and off she flew laughing with delight. When peace was made between us, I asked if she knew who the gentleman was. She replied, "I think his name is Hawthorne." At that time this name did not represent a person of any interest to me; but my astonishment was great, to find in after-years, this incident and Lizzie described in that masterly style which has placed Nathaniel Hawthorne in the front rank of literature. In the "Atlantic Monthly" an article appeared from his pen, entitled "A Talk about Guides," and from which I quote the following sentences: "Upon completing our rapid survey of my lord's parlour, and looking round for the guide that should conduct us further, she had become invisible. So we moved on without her, and commenced exploring a narrow passage with a certain sense of bewilderment at its loneliness, and the doubt whither it might lead, when suddenly we were

startled by a merry laugh, which seemed to ring through the air directly above our heads. Was it a mocking spirit that haunted the place? or one of the old figures on the tapestry started into life? We looked up, and there on a rough platform of pine boards projecting from the wall stood our Fenella. She was bending over the shoulder of an artist boy, who, seated at his easel, was copying one of the Gorgon-heads that stood out on the faded tapestry. She had dismissed us wholly from her thoughts, and, giving play to her native fun and coquetry, was taunting the youth with the slowness of his labours, and the little progress he had made since she had inspected his work. . . . She certainly made the most of her opportunity to taunt and tease him, for there was time for a laugh and a word of railing only, to which he seemed too shamefaced to respond, before she was at our side again gravely announcing, 'My Lady's Chamber.'"

Dear little Lizzie! we got very fond of her before our holiday was ended. One would like to know what fate the world had in store for her, and whether she has teased a husband into an early grave. I remember we left Haddon on a Saturday afternoon; we had done a fair amount of work for two youngsters, and felt satisfied with ourselves. I was finishing a full-size drawing of St. Cecilia instructing a young lady habited in

mediæval costume, part of the glass of the east window of the quaint old chapel. Lizzie hung about in a listless sort of way (it was our last day with the bright little lass), when we were startled by Marsh rushing in, and evidently in a frolicsome humour. We were fond of the theatre, and, as I have said, were in our "stage-struck" period of life. Marsh was so impressed with the idea that the old rickety Jacobean pulpit would do for the rostrum of the Roman Forum, that he took possession, and started off with Marc Antony's oration. The little maid and I entered into the fun of the situation, and instantly became the Roman mob, armed with a mahl-stick and a sketching stool. Marsh was a good reciter, and when he arrived at the "Will" episode, we yelled (quite forgetting where we were), "The will! the will!! the will!!! we'll hear Cæsar's will! burn their houses—tear them all to pieces!!!" Accidentally looking round we beheld a crowd of some half a hundred persons who had crammed through the narrow door unseen by us. Their merriment was extreme; our confusion complete. Those persons were waiting for Lizzie's guidance, and not finding her, they had been attracted to the chapel by the angry exclamations of the Roman *crowd*.

We took an affectionate leave of our little friend, and have never seen or heard of her since. Like Hawthorne, I may say: "I never

think of the mansion, with all the romantic associations which cluster round it, but the image of this child comes to break my reverie, as she did on the day when it was first indulged. . . . Silence, desolation, and decay have set their seal upon Old Haddon Hall; but chance has set a child over them all, and the lesson her simple presence teaches is worth more to me than all the 'Idylls of the King.'"

The Manchester Academy of Fine Arts is an institution that was founded during my student days. Its objects are, to provide a Life Class for advanced students and artists, and to hold an annual exhibition of the works of the members in the City Art Gallery. We young aspirants to art knowledge and artistic facility, to be used as a means towards a livelihood, found the Academy Life Class of the greatest value, and the society and supervision of our seniors a great benefit. W. Knight Keeling, a dignified gentleman, a former pupil of Liverseage, was our President; Robert Crozier, portrait painter, and a former pupil of Bradley's, was our Secretary; and Henry Calvert, animal painter, was our Treasurer. The Life Class was attended by these gentlemen, and our company contained in addition, Clarence Whaite, Barnes, Marsh, J. Knight, Bowman (architect, and joint author, with Crowther, of "The Churches of the Middle Ages"), William Morton (then engraver, now

painter), and others of note—Clarence Whaite had painted his first large canvas, “The Advance of the Romans in Britain,” and also his celebrated small moonlight picture, which called forth Ruskin’s highest praise, along with the celebrated criticism in which he described the usual moonlight efforts as so many “sixpences on slates.” I continued to attend the Academy Life Class till the advent of what is known as the “Manchester School,” a brilliant palette-knife set of painters who did not care a brass farthing for the “human form divine,” but luxuriated in the low tones and mysticism of Corot and other French painters. I have often regretted leaving that Life Class before my knowledge of the figure was completed, for I have years ago arrived at the conclusion that the man or woman who can draw the human figure can do *anything* in art; the absence of this faculty is greatly against an architect’s complete success in his professional life.

We had an Etching Club in connection with the Academy; some admirable work was done; and in some cases indication was clearly given of future excellence. Marsh had a good-natured humour in his character, which he turned to account in the little plate which, with apologies to Mr. Clavering Gunter, I will call the “Ladies’ Juggernaut.” Although a compliment was implied to the ladies in question, this little

etched plate annoyed them. It certainly cooled the ardour of a crowd of suitors with whose affections they had dallied, encouraged, and refused in the heartless manner of "Flirts."

At the expiration of my Indentures of Pupilage I remained with my master, Mr. Alley, for some months, and earning *my first salary*, I had several works of importance entrusted to my care, and my first holiday as an assistant was spent in the autumn of 1860 in a sketching tour amongst the Abbeys and Castles of Yorkshire. During this tour I made the acquaintance of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, at Ripon Cathedral.

After visiting London and the Exhibition of 1862, I in that year commenced practice as an architect in chambers situated in St. James's Square, Manchester. It might reasonably be assumed that with the responsibilities of professional practice student life would end; in my case this did not happen. I took the words of the great architect I have just mentioned to heart. He said: "Once a student in art, *always* a student. *I shall be a student to the end of my life.*"

A holiday visit in 1858 to Lyme Hall, situate near Stockport, in the county of Chester, caused me to obtain permission of the owner, W. J. Legh, Esq. (now Lord Newton), to study and sketch certain portions of the Hall. This interesting Anglo-Italian structure proved a source

of great interest, and instructed me thoroughly in the kind of architecture for which we are indebted to John of Padua, Thorpe, Smithson, Inigo Jones, and Wren. The south front is a fine example of the work of Leoni; the work of the Italian master was continued by Lewis Whyatt, who I know was at work at Lyme in 1815 from a letter in my possession. He designed and partially built the stone conservatory, which, however, was left roofless and in a ruinous condition up to the time of my association with Lyme Hall. This incomplete work of Whyatt's was destined to be the cause of my first commission in the professional career upon which I was then entering. Lord Newton instructed me to complete the building. In carrying out this work I came across Gatley, the sculptor. He was a remarkable man: starting life as a stonemason, in the neighbourhood of Stockport, and showing great skill in the carving of stone, he was sent to Rome to study the antique at the Vatican. He established a studio in the Imperial City, where his powers rapidly developed. He designed a beautiful fountain for the centre of the Lyme conservatory, which, however, he did not live to carry into execution. His last and grandest works were seen in the Exhibition of 1862. These consisted of a colossal bas-relief of an Egyptian subject, and a pair of sleeping lions, natural size. His statue of

Delilah is at Lyme. Poor Gatley! he was cut off in the prime of life in Rome, and, if I remember rightly, there was some suspicion that his death was not a natural one. He was a genius, and a simple, inoffensive man. Whatever the cause of his untimely death, it seems to me that he was one of the few men in this world who cannot make an enemy.

It is not my intention to inflict on my readers a history of my professional life. I shall, therefore, only allude to that portion of it which has been associated with interesting events and personages of importance with whom I have come in contact. My recollections of Lyme Hall are very pleasant. I was entrusted with some important internal decorations. I designed and built on an Italian model left by Leoni, the large block of stables; improved the gardens on the south front by a series of terraces; planned farm buildings and model cottages. During the execution of these works I came in contact with Bailey Denton, Edward Kemp, cultured gentleman, landscape gardener, author of the text-book "How to Lay Out a Garden," and William Mercer, who was the steward of Lord Newton's Cheshire and Lancashire estates, with whom I enjoyed many years of pleasant friendship. Increasing business cares brought my studies and illustrations of Lyme Hall to a close, and their proposed publication was abandoned. I was

reminded of this pleasant time recently by Lady Newton, who told me that she still treasured one of these early student efforts, a water-colour drawing of the fine Elizabethan drawing-room.

In 1864 I made my first Continental tour through Belgium, Germany, and Holland. At this remote period my sketches and studies in these countries bring the details and adventures of that journey vividly before me; the sweet chimes of Antwerp are still ringing in my ear, as they did when last I sat under the statue of Rubens in the beautiful Place Vert. The architecture of the churches, town halls, and palaces of Belgium and the Rhine fascinated me. I returned convinced that there was no art equal in beauty and poetry to that of the Middle Ages. Shortly after arriving in England, I was elected an Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and thus was fairly launched on a professional career.

My first effort at a bid for fame was to send in designs in competition for a Town Hall at Pendleton, in Salford. I did my best to express my admiration for Gothic architecture, but was told by well-meaning friends that it would be well to get out an alternative design in the Classic style. I was astonished to receive the intimation that I had won the competition with the Classic design, and that the Gothic one had no chance. Although disappointed, the result taught me a

wholesome lesson, namely, that mediæval architecture required a special treatment to adapt it to nineteenth century requirements—the sort of treatment, in fact, that it has received at the hands of Waterhouse, whose high reputation is owing to his skilful adaptation of its spirit and beauty, to the conditions of the time in which we live.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING the excitement consequent upon the Volunteer movement in this country, it was decided that a corps composed entirely of architects, artists, and engineers should be established in Manchester. By way of raising a fund for the equipment of this corps, an amateur performance was given at the Theatre Royal on the evening of November 11th, 1861. I mention this event because it brought me into contact with the late Charles Alexander Calvert, then manager of the theatre for Mr. John Knowles. On this acquaintance a friendship resulted, which materially affected my professional and social life.

When the Prince's Theatre in Manchester was opened in 1864, Mr. Calvert was the manager; he inaugurated his career with a production of "The Tempest," and the first of that brilliant series of Shakespearian Revivals which helped to mark a distinct epoch in the history of the stage. I shall treat of this history at some length

hereafter when I deal with my theatrical experiences; but it was owing to the success of these "Revivals" that I was called upon by Mr. Calvert, in the summer of 1869, to enlarge the theatre, and to decorate and equip the building in an artistic and luxurious manner. Thus commenced my association with theatre architecture, with the art of the stage, and with many distinguished men and women who have adorned their profession; and who have gained for the theatre an amount of respect hitherto unknown in its history.

During the preparation and carrying out of these works at the Prince's Theatre in 1869 it was necessary that I should frequently visit London, as much of the artistic work was executed by Metropolitan artists and workmen. It was in this year that I made the acquaintance of H. Stacy Marks (now Royal Academician). He had painted a frieze of dancing figures for the theatre in Long Acre with such success that I determined to secure his valuable aid in the decoration of the Prince's Theatre; he accordingly undertook the commission to paint a Shakespearian frieze for the new proscenium. Marks entered into this grand decorative work heartily, and during its progress (it was painted on canvas in his studio in St. John's Wood), I had much pleasant intercourse with the art-world of the Metropolis. I visited the Langham

Sketching Club with my old fellow-student Marsh, where I made the acquaintance of J. D. Watson, John Charlton, and poor Pinwell—cut off, alas! like Fred Walker, just as the world was beginning to enjoy the fruits of his genius. I remember he was dreaming over and making sketches for his great water-colour picture, which he entitled “The Elixir of Love,” and which, happily, he lived to finish. Marsh was busy on his first Academy picture, and we had pleasant gatherings at his studio, whilst Mrs. Kean (a favourite model) was sitting in butterfly head-dress and mediæval tabard. John Charlton had just finished his great equestrian portrait of the Empress of Austria; and many a merry laugh we had over recitals of the trials and worries which beset the painter of Royalty on horseback.

J. D. Watson was then living at a beautiful spot at Milford, in Surrey, and thither we went for what to me was a memorable week-end visit. Birket Foster lived hard by, but further on towards Portsmouth. “The Hill” was an ideal home; Foster had built it according to his own fancy, and after the half-timbered style of the “stately homes of England.” I can add nothing to the accounts of this home, which have frequently appeared in print, and can only describe it as I found it about a quarter of a century ago. The house stands on an eminence; the rooms are low and cosy, and when the visitor leaves

the house by the terrace door a scenic panorama meets the eye which is at once lovely and bewildering. The editor of the *Art Journal*, Mr. Huish, has said of it: "A constant and rapid climb brings the visitor ultimately to a terrace, on one side of which stands the house, and on the other is unfolded a marvellous panorama. Over a rolling champaign, almost hidden by woods, is seen to the right Hindhead, the highest point in the prospect, its barren summit standing out a deep violet against the sunset sky. Somewhat to the left, but apparently not much lower, comes the spur which terminates in Blackdown, the topmost houses of Haslemere, peeping over its crest, and on its flank the Poet Laureate's house, and Lythe Hill, where so many of Sir F. Leighton's best works are stored."

At the time I am writing of, "The Hill" was open to any of Foster's friends after a certain hour on Sundays, and there gathered men and women great in art and literature; some from London and many from the immediate neighbourhood. Poole, R.A., came in from his house hard by; Orchardson (now Royal Academician) was there, in his tight-fitting trousers, with military-looking limbs; so also was the late J. D. Watson, with a handsome head and figure, and soft, insinuating baritone voice; and A. H. Marsh, clad in citron-coloured velvet. There also was seen dear old Warwick Brooks, the best delineator

of child-life of his time, accompanied by his simple and loving Lancashire wife, both lost in amazement at the assemblage of notables, and the beauties of the surroundings. To me on that memorable Sunday the most interesting personality was the late Charles Keene, of "Punch." Seated in the summer-house, with its panels painted by Marks, we noticed Keene cross the terrace with the ladies of the house. This incident led Foster to tell us about the one "hobby" indulged by the great artistic humorist—his love of music, and his passion for collecting musical instruments. With this knowledge we induced Keene to take his seat at the piano during the evening. The first thing he sang was the quaint old hymn of praise,

"Deo gratias Anglia redde pro Victoria,"

which, sung by thousands of voices, greeted Henry V. on his entry into London, on the return of his little army from the victorious field of Agincourt. I shall have occasion to allude to this incident again; but as I write now a vision of the long thin-faced man, with hollow cheeks, military moustache, and short imperial beard, rises before me; and at this distance of time I fancy I hear his rich voice, and see his long thin fingers running along the keyboard, as he realised the quaint mediæval music.

I remember a curious incident that happened at "The Hill" in connection with this visit. Foster took me into his studio; there perched

up against the walls were the "lay" figures, habited in the spotted frocks, sun bonnets, and white aprons with which the world is so familiar. Whilst examining these inanimate models I suddenly caught sight of a painted screen, consisting of several flaps, illustrating the life of St. Frideswide. "Why!" I exclaimed, "I have seen that subject before."

"Where?" inquired my host.

"In a window in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford," I replied. I explained that having thoroughly laid hold of the pre-Raphaelite idea, the window had charmed and fascinated me. I asked Foster whose work it was. "It's by Jones—Burne-Jones," he replied. So fascinated was Birket Foster with his screen, which he had seen for the first time at a gathering at the Hogarth Club (and which he had secured at a small price), that he induced the artist to decorate the walls of his dining-room at "The Hill" with pictorial work. The result is historic.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILST busy with the work at the Prince's Theatre I was persuaded to enter an open competition for the first great abattoir establishment in this country, to be erected by the Corporation of Manchester. Young and enthusiastic in those days, a public competition was an exciting event. Having an original idea as I thought (and which, strange to say, proved to be a fact), I worked it out, and sent in my plans. Whilst in London a telegram came to me with the astounding news that my scheme had obtained *First Premium*. I recollect telling Marks of this piece of good fortune: after congratulating me heartily, and with that quaint spirit of humour peculiar to him, comparing me to Macbeth, and referring me to Act II., Scene 1, of the tragedy, I left St. John's Wood and hastened back to Manchester to enter upon this large and important commission.

This original idea for an abattoir was copied and used (I am almost justified in saying) all over Europe, and with the exception of a fee from the Corporation of Cardiff, no financial benefit accrued to its inventor beyond the remuneration from the Manchester Corporation. There is no protection for original design and thought in bricks and mortar! and seemingly there never will be.

In this momentous year of 1870 I moved into Brazennose Street, and accepted the honour of a Fellowship kindly offered me by the Royal Institute of British Architects. In this year also I commenced some alterations and additions to a residence at Pendleton, in Salford, for my friend W. A. Turner. I record this work here because this house, "The Laurels," was destined to become the rallying point of local culture in literature and art. Under its hospitable roof many distinguished men and women of our time have been entertained. I record it also, because it is associated with one of the dearest friendships of my life. The making of friendships is a curious thing, and the origin of my friendship with William Alfred Turner was peculiar and unexpected.

In December, 1861, the Prince Consort died. Manchester went into mourning; hatchments and other tokens of distress were hung out. I had turned my attention to Heraldry with a view to

its use as an architectural adornment : the study of it had such a fascination for me that I went deeper and deeper in my investigations. At that time I knew enough to take exception to the absurd manner in which the hatchments of the Prince were painted and displayed on the public buildings of the city. I pointed out these absurdities in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*, and a newspaper warfare ensued. I maintained my position by an appeal to "Lancaster Herald" (the post being then occupied by Mr. Albert W. Woods, now Sir Albert and "Garther King"), who most emphatically confirmed my statements. The discomfiture of my enemies was complete, and the absurd "heraldic anomalies" disappeared from the streets. My intercourse with the College of Arms has been maintained. The venerable Garther King is still on his throne, and in 1894 he conferred an honour upon me in connection with the Society of Antiquaries.

Sometime after this heraldic dispute my relative C. Bradshaw, eldest son of George Bradshaw, of Railway Guide celebrity (before mentioned), introduced me to a gentleman who brought with him the great folio edition, 1724, of Guillim's "Display of Heraldry"; he wished to colour the blank shields : I instructed him in some of the mysteries of the science, and gave him the key to correct blazon. Little did I suspect that this small incident was destined to develop

a love for art in my visitor which ultimately won him the friendship and, I may say, the affection, of some of the representative men of our time in art and literature. It also came about that I was destined to accompany him, and to participate in most of his artistic pleasures, till the close of his life in 1886. I shall have much to say of Mr. Turner in these records, and, although his death left a blank in the pleasurable side of life, I never open the dear old volume, "The Display," without thinking of a friendship which meant so much to me, and which arose out of an explanation of the "tricking" of coats-of-arms.

Before closing the first decade of professional life, I may briefly allude to two visits to the Continent. In 1867 I went to the Paris Exhibition, held in the Champ de Mars; here I first saw the works of Millet, Jules Breton, Corot, and other artists, who influenced the methods of that wonderful trio of English painters, Fred Walker, George Mason, and George Pinwell: these men almost trod on the heels of another historic trio, the pre-Raphaelites, Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

In 1868 I went through Normandy and Brittany, sketching the quaint domestic work, and studying the round-arched Gothic so beautifully illustrated in these northern French provinces. When at Rouen, I had my first sight of the

Emperor, and the beautiful Empress. As they drove down from the Cathedral we (myself and two English companions) mounted the parapet of the bridge crossing the Seine. We could not understand the apparent apathy and want of enthusiasm of a French crowd; as the carriage, attended by that magnificent corps the "Cent Gardes" (habited in blue uniforms and glittering armour), came abreast our "coign of vantage," we raised a lusty English cheer. I shall never forget the effect of that shout; there was a sort of halt in the procession, as though something was going to happen, but the Emperor raised his plumed hat, and the Empress bestowed on us a smile which betokened her knowledge of our nationality. We felt proud of our burst of enthusiasm, and I record this somewhat trivial incident because I believe our greeting was the last English one that rang in the ears of their Imperial Majesties. Troubles were beginning. The storm gradually rose during the following year, and curiously enough, as I was preparing for my honeymoon trip to Paris in 1870, came Sedan; and then—THE END of Imperial France.

In this year (1870) I was fortunate in having two drawings exhibited at the Royal Academy. I had prepared these drawings to illustrate the interior decorations, carried out under my supervision, at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. "Varnishing day" was to me a great event; on

that day I not only met my friends who had secured good positions in the world of art, but I came in contact with many of the great painters of the time. Later on came the *Conversazione*; this I attended by virtue of being an exhibitor. Sir Francis Grant was then President; attended by the officials of the R.A., and a crowd of Academicians, he received the company at the top of the grand staircase. At this distance of time I can call to mind the names of many of the celebrities I heard announced; I can see again the sparkling jewels of the women, the Garter ribbons, and other decorations of the men. Although such scenes are familiar to me to-day, I cannot forget the impression produced on my young mind by such an event, and by such a gathering of the representative men and women of a quarter of a century ago.

In recalling such scenes one is forcibly reminded of the fleeting nature of time, and of our short tenure of earthly existence. Sir Francis Grant, and many of his companions, have disappeared; (and strange to say) at this moment of writing, February third, Eighteen hundred and ninety-Six, the body of the successor to Sir Francis, all that remains of that cultured man, that consummate artist, and courtly gentleman, Lord Leighton, is passing through the dense crowds of London citizens on its way to its last resting-place by the side of Sir Joshua, and Wren, in

St. Paul's Cathedral. Truly the gaiety of the Academy is eclipsed—who shall follow?—who shall be found worthy to sit in the chair dignified and graced by Reynolds, Lawrence, and Leighton?*

I have already alluded to my friendship with Charles Calvert. In the summer of 1872 he became my client; he had purchased a house overlooking the Alexandra Park in Manchester; he christened it "Avon Lodge," and I was commissioned to alter and decorate it. At this house several of the great Shakespearian "Revivals" were discussed, and it was here that dramatic authors and great actors of the time came to read new plays and to arrange for their production. Here I first met the late Tom Taylor with his play of "Handsome Is that Handsome Does," written to supply a leading part for dear old Compton. It was produced at the Prince's Theatre. At Avon Lodge were seen the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, young novelist and aspirant for dramatic honours; the late Alfred Thompson, writer of pantomime and comic operas, costume designer, and facile artist; Alfred Cellier, then conductor of the orchestra at Mr. Calvert's theatre, and afterwards renowned in the musical

* Since the above was written, the giant of English art, Sir John Millais, has sat for a few short months in the presidential chair; he also has gone to his long home, and Poynter reigns in his stead.

world ; Ada Dyas, leading actress of the Robertsonian drama ; John Laurence Toole, and many other celebrities with whom it has been my good fortune to contract pleasant friendships. Many memorable gatherings were held in the garden of "Avon Lodge," where plays were discussed and criticisms indulged in. Mr. Calvert arranged the text of his stage productions, and when the printed slips were completed, he would get me to read them to him ; by this process he was enabled to detect weak points, and to alter and correct the "proofs." We often got excited over the work, and it was fortunate that "Avon Lodge" was surrounded by a high wall, or a wrong construction might have been placed on our doings, and the grounds might have been mistaken for those of a private lunatic asylum. The last play I read was Calvert's arrangement of "Sardanapalus," first produced at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool ; the late Frederick Clay conducted on the first night his own music specially written for the production. But I am anticipating—I must leave the account of this work for the theatrical portion of my narrative.

My professional work in connection with the Prince's Theatre has left many pleasant memories. In 1873 I covered the auditorium with a new ceiling and small central dome, and from 1869 to the death of G. H. Browne in 1877 I was constantly employed in providing for the comfort

of the audience, and in adding lavishly to the decoration, furniture, and general appointments. This professional work brought me into close contact with many important personages connected with the theatrical world, of whom I shall have much to say hereafter.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the year 1871, I built my own house in Broughton Park, on the outskirts of Manchester. I entered on this piece of extravagance for two reasons. In the first place I wanted to give expression to a few fanciful notions I had in regard to modern domestic architecture, and which I felt no client would ever be induced to allow me to realise; in the second place I thought that what might be looked upon as architectural eccentricities would arouse some criticism and draw the attention of the public to the fact that a young and struggling architect must advertise in some form in order to live. I was not disappointed in the result of this experiment; before the house was finished the historic Town Clerk of Manchester, Sir Joseph Heron, insisted upon renting it, and never rested content until he became the absolute owner of the property.

Following out my programme in regard to professional work, I have mentioned this matter because it brought me into contact with the cultured and artistic side of Manchester Society. At the time I am writing of, it was a prevailing idea with southern Englishmen that the city did not possess a cultured or refined set of men and women; that "clogs" were generally worn; that the letter "h" was dropped out of the alphabet; and that the ordinary intercourse of life was carried on in a vulgar dialect. To a certain extent such an idea of Manchester Society was fairly correct a quarter of a century ago. The old race of merchant princes was disappearing; their town residences of the middle and late Georgian epochs were turned into offices and warehouses; everything was sacrificed to the new race of commercial men, whose first, and often only aim, was to collect money at the expense of all culture, and the refinements of social life. These new men were forced to reside out of town; consequently new suburbs were called into being, Society cliques were created, and the city was left without the pleasures of refined social intercourse. Art, with its refining influence, had no chance with the men and women of this period; and those who were pleased to constitute themselves art patrons bought pictures not from any knowledge of their artistic value, but because the art dealer advised

that such patronage gave importance and prestige to their owner; and above all, that picture buying was *an excellent investment*. I need hardly say that exceptions existed to this condition of art appreciation. Writing of this matter, a contributor to the "Whitehall Review," in 1878, said: "If we would see fine pictures we must cross the town to Higher Broughton and Prestwich region, where, though there is probably as much wealth, there is less ostentation in its display, and a truer knowledge of art. The Greek merchants who congregate in the former region collect with liberality, and, as a rule, a fine artistic sense. Among the Englishmen, Mr. Craven and Mr. Tong possess some of the best pictures in Manchester. The drawing-room of Mrs. Tong—herself a leader of local Society, and endowed with a most cultivated taste in art—is graced with a collection of works by Burne-Jones and Rossetti of singular interest."

It was owing to my friendship with the late Sir Joseph Heron that I became a frequenter of that drawing-room spoken of by the writer in the "Whitehall Review." The Society gatherings at the home of the Tongs were pleasant and often remarkable events. Any stranger of note and culture visiting the city was sure to find his way to Higher Broughton; here art was discussed and music enjoyed. I recollect on one occasion our hostess convulsed us by singing a parody

on the "Three Men of Bristol City," written, I think, by Gilbert. Fred Walker was not present, but I remember he was the "Little Billee," and when his two companions—who are still living—determined to kill and eat him, he escaped to the mast-head—

"Land! land!! said little Billee,
Trafalgar Square I see,
And soon an R.A. will be—
You two fellows may whistle for me."

At this distance of time I cannot recall all the treasures of this home of culture; but in addition to the Burne-Jones and Rossetti pictures, I believe it was here that I first saw that superb work by Millais, "The Vale of Rest," and also George Mason's exquisite picture "The Gander." I remember one peculiarity of our genial host: he determined to protest against the commonplace evening dress of our time, and always received his guests habited in a suit of black velvet, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes. The effect was picturesque, but somehow the idea did not "catch on," and nobody had the courage to follow the example.

This remnant of cultured Manchester has disappeared long ago.

"All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead."

The better-class people are mostly out of town, and live in country districts, and there is no acknowledged centre of artistic and literary refine-

ment. Representative picture collections have been mostly dispersed, and men of distinction are entertained in clubland. The "Brasenose" and the "Arts" open their doors for gatherings in honour of the painter, the poet, the actor, and the musician. The hospitality of the private entertainer is a thing of the past, and remains only as a pleasant memory to those who remember its charms and delights.

At the time I am now writing of, there were several notable men of science in Manchester, and business brought me into contact with the renowned engineer, Sir William Fairbairn. In the early years of my practice I was the recipient of a rather curious commission. Messrs. Bewley, Moss, & Co., of Dublin, determined to erect a large sugar refinery in that city, and I was instructed to provide plans for this building. Fortunately I had had considerable experience in mill architecture under my old master, Mr. Alley. I had worked on the plans of some large cotton mills in Lancashire, and had been engaged on the drawings of the largest spinning and weaving mill in the world, built on an island in the river Neva, near St. Petersburg. Such buildings were erected on the fireproof principle, and my clients determined that their refinery should be constructed in a similar manner. Cast iron was then exclusively used in girders and beams, as well as in the supporting columns. When the

plans were completed, my clients were anxious to have the constructive portion of the scheme submitted to an engineer of eminence. I suggested a consultation with Sir William Fairbairn. This advice was acted upon, and I became for a time closely associated with one of the most distinguished men of the time. On the 17th of August, 1862, I entered the sanctum of the great man with diffidence and anxiety. Sir William Fairbairn was a man of striking personality: he had a tall commanding figure, slightly bending forward from the shoulders; his hair was white, and his eyebrows were thick and overhanging; his eyes had a keen penetrating look, which gave one the idea that he was not to be trifled with, and that his time was not to be wasted. His countenance to a youngster like myself was very impressive, and, as somebody once said of him, "he looked wiser than ever any man was." After hearing my story and examining the plans, he said—I cannot recollect the exact words—"I am convinced the time has arrived for the introduction of wrought iron for bearing purposes, and would like to try the result of my thoughts and scientific investigations on your Sugar Refinery."

When I consented to this course I little thought that the great engineer would explain his researches into the subject, show me his "formulæ," and make me the recipient of his

great knowledge on the new constructive development. I spent much time with him; not only was I impressed by his mechanical and mathematical knowledge, but I came to take a pleasure in his society and to respect him highly. The result of this intercourse was that my building was the first example of the new departure in iron construction. In Sir William's book entitled "On the Application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes," in the third edition, published in 1864, he says: "Since the last edition of this work was published I have had several opportunities of testing the value of wrought iron beams; and in proof of their greater security and adaptation for buildings, such as mills, warehouses, &c., where great weights have to be supported, I have selected a fire-proof building eight storeys high, erected for Messrs. Bewley, Moss, & Co., for illustration. It is built for a Sugar Refinery, and the weight which these floors and beams have to sustain, when loaded with moist sugar, has been calculated at 400lbs. on the square foot, and the breaking weight of the beams is computed at 106 tons equally distributed."

"This building is probably one of the most important yet constructed with arches in wrought iron beams, and we may here refer to it as an example of what may be done by the introduction of a material free from flaws, and much lighter than cast iron."

I have placed this professional episode on record, not only because it involved my acquaintance with one of the greatest engineers of the time, but because it was the inauguration of a complete revolution in constructive ironwork, and the foundation of a gigantic industry.

CHAPTER X.

I HAVE said that I would not trouble my readers with details of professional life, except when such details bear upon matters of general interest; and I will adhere strictly to this determination. I am, however, convinced that an amusing and astonishing book might be written on the curiosities of architectural practice. The painter and the sculptor have some curious experiences, no doubt; but the architect moves in a wider circle, and comes in contact with all sorts and conditions of men *and* women. The architect's professional life is little known, and often misunderstood by the general public; and this general public, as a rule, is no respecter of persons or professions when business has to be considered. If an architect is commercially minded he gets on well, for he gives as many kicks as he takes; but if he is artistically minded, and desires that good shall come out of the

exercise of his noble profession, he leads, compared with that of his commercial brother, a disappointed life. He has to fight with the client who knows what architecture is (or thinks he knows) better than himself; he has to humour the whims of the man who has to "pay the piper," and worse than all, he has to work for the client who has only a utilitarian soul;—the man who says in effect, "Give me a good square thing with a middle entrance, and a room on each side,—I care nothing about skylines, grouping, or perspective effects; and none of your ornament for me." If the poor architect quarrels with these conditions he may starve, and somebody else does the work, as a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. But oh! the luxury of having a client who puts his trust in you, and takes what you give him, as a man takes the physic prescribed by his doctor! He gets the best you have to give, and is satisfied; but if he should, in addition to his confidence and liberality, have an artistic mind, and strive after artistic things, then the architect's happiness is supreme. It is such conditions as these that make professional life pleasant, and which generate friendships never to be forgotten. An architect has more opportunities than most professional men of social intercourse, because he is more in contact with his client and his surroundings; and if he is a man of average culture

he will work his way into those circles which represent the most beautiful and the most intellectual side of life.

This digression brings me to the point of allusion to architectural practice, so far as it influences my intercourse with representative men and women. It was owing to the exercise of my professional duties that I first came in contact with the late Frederick Walker, and other of his celebrated cotemporaries, who at the period I am now writing of (1870) were either Associates or Royal Academicians.

In the autumn of this year I commenced my first professional work for my friend Mr. W. A. Turner, of whom I have before spoken. He was then full of artistic yearnings, and it was a pleasure to alter and arrange his house, "The Laurels," at Pendleton, in Salford, in a way that would lead to a fuller development of artistic thought.

Adjacent to this house stood, and in fact, still stands, "Summer Hill," now the residence of Mr. George Agnew, but which in 1870 was occupied by his father, Sir William Agnew, Bart. I was invited with my friend to join the party at "Summer Hill," to meet the distinguished artists there assembled as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Agnew. There were dinners, suppers, and entertainments during their visit, and (to me, at all events) it was a memorable week.

Although I was acquainted with the works of G. D. Leslie, Philip Calderon, G. A. Storey, and H. S. Marks, I was only conscious of the genius of Fred Walker, through his oil picture, entitled "The Lost Path"—which, if I remember rightly, was "skied" at the Academy—and by some of his beautiful water-colour work. I had not seen "The Bathers" and "The Wayfarers," and did not know that the letters "F. W." attached to wood blocks stood for the name of the young man I met at "Summer Hill." I shall always remember a remark made to me by our host, when I asked about Walker's work. "Ah!" he said, "that young man has more art in his little finger than exists in the whole body of the Royal Academy." When I became acquainted with "The Vagrants," "The Old Gate," and "The Harbour of Refuge," I could understand Sir Wm. Agnew's high appreciation of Walker's genius.

Although a period of about 10 years had elapsed since his first work was done for that wonderful periodical "Once a Week," Walker might at this period have been fairly described in the words of my friend the late Tom Taylor as "a nervous, timid, sensitive fellow, frail and small of body, feverish of temperament, but ever prompt and bright of wit." I remember that during these festive days at Mr. Agnew's, Walker entered into all the fun of the time. One evening he enticed some of us out of the room, unseen

by our host and hostess, and persuaded us to disguise ourselves, and enter the drawing-room as a party of mummers. He elected to appear as a "Study in Black and White." With this object he dressed in white pants, his white shirt stuffed with a pillow and tied with a black girdle. He arranged another white pillow, in a plum-pudding shape, for a head. Leslie and Storey drew two hideous faces on the protruding stomach and pudding-shaped head with fingers dipped in the soot of the chimney. When we burst into the drawing-room, like a lot of dancing and yelling lunatics, the effect can better be imagined than described. Walker's agility; however, resulted in a catastrophe which instantly dropped the curtain on our "mumming." Theatrical "tights" and the "pants" of commerce will stand a reasonable strain, but not that to which they were subjected on this occasion. We covered poor Walker's retreat as best we could, and hurried panic stricken from the room.

At this period we resided in a district which may be described as the "Eccles Old Road," and we were a regular Church-going people; to absent oneself from Hope Church, especially on the Sunday morning, was not to be tolerated. However, the guests at "Summer Hill" were not bound by the rules which regulated social life in the district. In the absence of the family, who were attending Sunday morning service,

they took possession of the newly erected billiard-room, with walls covered with a pale red "distemper" colour, which was to do duty till they were dry enough for more costly and appropriate decoration. A happy thought, with a spirit of mischief in it, seized the four distinguished painters. With billiard chalk, and soot from the fireplace, they proceeded to decorate the walls. The end of the room was clear of gas brackets and furniture; on this they drew a sylvan scene, occupying the entire wall. In the foreground two young ladies of that type of beauty which G. D. Leslie has so well painted, are leaning and sitting on a balustrade. In the middle distance is a lake, on which, under the trees in the far distance, a lady and gentleman in nautical attire are amusing themselves in a boat, under the influence of a beautiful bit of sunlight. In the water near the foreground are swans and a handsome chanticler. In the left-hand corner, in plain letters, are scrawled in charcoal the initials—"G. D. L., F. W., J. P. H., H. S. M. Oct., 1870." These stand for Leslie, Walker, Hodgson, and Marks. We often hear of collaboration of literary men and dramatic authors; but was ever a picture produced by such a combination of genius? In addition to this, Walker drew a beautiful standing figure of a woman, with flowers in her arms, on one side of the square projecting window, and on the other

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side a mermaid and mer-baby. If I remember rightly, Marks exercised his humour by drawing cats and dogs, as though suspended from the gas brackets. After the lapse of a quarter of a century, through the kindness of Mr. George Agnew, I revisited "Summer Hill." There are the pictures, just as they were found on that bright Sunday morning when the family returned from Church. Sir William Agnew has treasured and protected these wall pictures; they are records of a bright time in the lives of their gifted authors, and were intended as a pleasant surprise for their host and hostess.

When I recall these incidents I am thankful that I met Fred Walker before the cloud came, which settled on his health, and which enveloped his young life, before his art had reached its complete achievement. Within five years of this joyous time he died. George Pinwell died in the same year (1875), and George Mason had already left the world. Thus those three highly-gifted painters were cut off, before the world could know the full extent of their powers. It is not an easy matter to assess the value of their work, or to gauge the influence it has had on the art of our time; but "he who runs may read" the influence of Walker's method in the work of some men who are not ashamed to admit how much they owe to the brilliant genius of their predecessor.

It is not my intention to enter upon an analysis of Frederick Walker's work and methods; but having known the man, I may be permitted to explain, for the benefit of those of my readers not versed in the history of British art, what he has achieved for its advancement. I once asked the late J. D. Watson why he painted his fisherwomen and country girls as if they were the aristocratic frequenters of a London salon masquerading in rustic costume? "My good friend," he replied, "I never paint ugliness; and if you only look about you, you will find as much beauty—and more poetry—in the men and women toilers on the sea, and in the fields, as you will find among the habitués of a London drawing-room." This speech of Watson's enabled me to understand the *raison d'être* of Walker's painting. Jules Breton, Millet, and others have extracted much beauty from the humble life of France. Fred Walker has produced the same result from the peasant and rustic life of England. In his "Old Gate," for instance, the navvy, the young labourer, and the village women are all beautiful and noble types of humanity; the mower in "The Harbour of Refuge" swings his scythe with a classic grace of action; the ordinary London lads in "The Bathers" might have come from the Panathenaic frieze, and the woman with folded arms in "The Vagrants" has all the nobility and grace of a Greek statue. All this

beauty, nobility and grace, is the result of Walker's perceptive faculty, which enabled him to discover qualities in a realm of art which his predecessors had failed to recognise.

In closing this account of my knowledge of Fred Walker, I cannot resist the opportunity of recording the fact, that through the liberality of Sir William Agnew, his memory will be kept green in the history of English art. "The Harbour of Refuge" has found its last and permanent resting place in the National collection in Trafalgar Square.

CHAPTER XI.

IN the Spring of 1874 I received instructions to prepare plans for alterations and additions at the Brasenose Club, Manchester. The history of this institution might easily occupy a volume; indeed, "A Chronicle of the Brasenose Club" has already appeared; as, however, this work was published for private circulation, I will give my readers a brief review of the character and constitution of this well-known Bohemian resort.

I had taken much interest in the formation of the Club, and was an original member when the first list was published in 1870. This Club is unique in character, as far as regards the provinces; in fact, it has been called on high authority, "the only club out of London." It has been so intimately associated with the art and literature of our time, that I willingly embrace the fact of my professional connection with the Institution as an excuse for giving a short account of its history, and of its influence for good, both in and out of Bohemia.

The preamble to the Club Rules states: "The Brasenose Club is instituted to promote the association of gentlemen of literary, scientific, or artistic professions, pursuits, or tastes."

The first circular announcing the formation of the Club, amongst others, contained the signatures of Sir Charles Hallé, A. Waterhouse, R.A., Sir Henry Roscoe, Samuel Pope, Q.C., Charles Calvert, J. J. Hitchman (author of the "Life of Lord Beaconsfield"), Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, H. F. Blair, now Indian Judge, Sir John Holker, Du Val, the painter, and H. M. Acton. The last-named gentleman for something like a period of 40 years was attached to the *Manchester Guardian*; his literary work contributed largely to the present prestige and influence of this well-known provincial journal.

The foregoing names will give some idea of the representative character of this Club, at the period of its creation in December, 1869. The late Alexander Ireland, friend of Emerson and Carlyle, and author of the "Booklover's Enchiridion," was elected the first President, and local artists, doctors, lawyers, and literary men joined the roll of members. The Club has been conducted on respectable Bohemian principles, and its traditions of good-fellowship are steadily maintained. For some years after the foundation of the Club, the world outside its walls clung to an idea that it was a compound

of genius and dissipation, and it was currently reported that a certain M.P. had designated it "The Abiding Place of Genius and the Home of Vice." I have heard it remarked that this cruel and slanderous definition was the result of some defeat, brought about by the social influence of the Club outside its walls. Be that as it may, the Brasenose Club has done good work in many ways, and its members have been true and loyal to each other, and have endeavoured to uphold before the world the dignity of their several professions.

A local poet and humorist has immortalised the Club in the following verses, entitled “Bohemia,” published in the *Manchester Critic* :—

Peradventure you have heard
Of Bohemia,
For a kind of household word
Is Bohemia ;
And have marked the curling lip,
And the nose's upturned tip,
When the name has chanced to slip
Of Bohemia.

It is deemed a shady State
Is Bohemia;
Seedy, shabby, second-rate,
This Bohemia;
Where the day is chiefly night,
And the speech not too polite,
And the shirts are not too white—
Sad Bohemia!

Few seem to understand
 This Bohemia;
This visionary land
 Of Bohemia.

Can it be a ruffian haunt?
Fit butt for sneer and taunt?
Can none the virtues vaunt
 Of Bohemia?

Yes! learn the truth from mine
 Of Bohemia—
'Tis a symbol and a sign
 This Bohemia,
Of distaste to breed offence;
Of gifts without pretence;
And of worth and common sense—
 Is Bohemia.

Who ventures to explore
 This Bohemia,
Shall find a boundless store
 In Bohemia;
It may be coarse enough,
But 'tis sterling honest stuff,
Like diamonds in the rough,
 In Bohemia.

Let him make a standing toast
 Of Bohemia,
Who does not blush to boast
 Of Bohemia;
Though prudery gasp "fie!"
Let him toss his beaker high,
And drain the vessel dry
 To Bohemia!

It would be difficult to describe in better language the *raison d'être* of this Club at the time of its establishment and during its early years. It was a respectable Bohemian resort; its members were mostly impecunious, but the "generous gifts without pretence" were freely given; the helping hand was often held out and the cheering word often spoken to the struggling and deserving members. Ah, yes! I could tell some secrets; I could tell of good deeds and noble sacrifices that give one a belief in human nature. But—these things are sacred, and the veil must be drawn over the portal of the old clubhouse.

What social gatherings have been held in the Brasenose Club! and what representative men have been seen within its walls! Entering the Club, either at mid-day or late in the evening, the visitor would come in contact with the actors who happened to be on tour and performing at the Manchester theatres. Here he would meet grand old Phelps, who would tell of his struggles at Sadler's Wells, and of his first appearance in Manchester, when the gas went out and left the old theatre in darkness; an incident that filled him with a superstitious dread, and an omen of failure in his profession. He might be convulsed at the laughable tales told by dear old Compton, genial "Johnnie" Toole, or Sothern, the immortal "Dundreary," and he would hear a chronicle of the doings under

the Bateman régime at the Lyceum from Henry Irving.

In the early days of the Club's life might have been seen poor Randolph Caldecott, frail and delicate-looking, but full of dry humour. Tiring of counting guineas in a Manchester bank, he was showing signs of his future greatness by drawing scenes and incidents from the Cheshire hunting field.* A group of legal gentlemen would be observed, including Collins (now Justice

* My last sight of Randolph Caldecott was at the grand Costume Ball held at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the 19th of May, 1885. He was my introducer, and I still treasure the beautiful ticket designed by Walter Crane and signed by Caldecott. What a wonderful gathering of Royalty, artists, and literary people that Ball brought together. "The Artists' Ball," as it was called, was organised for the purpose of providing funds for the Royal Institute Schools; but I always have suspected that this object was an excuse for the event. It was the greatest effort ever made in this country by artists to illustrate bygone costume, both ancient and modern, with correctness and exactitude. The Tableaux were explained by Forbes Robertson in verse, entitled "The Masque of Painters," written by Edmund Gosse; and constituted perfect pictures, arranged by some of the most celebrated painters of the time. After the Tableaux the whole company adjourned to supper. I recollect sitting down with Charles I., Maximilian, a Spanish grandee in black velvet, and Benvenuto Cellini. The preparation for that Ball was a serious and costly business. I elected to represent a nobleman of the "Renaissance," and so enthusiastic was everybody for truth to history and period that I had a "Garter" collar with George pendant, made in Paris strictly in accordance with the Statute of the Noble Order as laid down by Henry VIII.; the garter itself was studded with the finest paste diamonds obtainable in London. I wore a real rapier of the period; also a beautiful pouch dagger of German make of the

Collins), Frank Lockwood (now Sir Frank), and Falkner Blair, now an Indian Judge. Sir Charles Hallé was there, and remained with the Club till his lamented death; and Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, enjoying his favourite game of "euchre," John H. Nodal, editor of the *City*

time of Maximilian. My "get-up" was voted a success; I had to be photographed by electric light for the album given to the Princess of Wales as a memento of an event unique in the history of "Fancy Dress" balls.

The *Daily Telegraph* thus described the event:—

THE MASQUE OF PAINTERS.

This prominent episode of the grand historical ball which was given last night at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, in Piccadilly, and was honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, will be long remembered for a splendour and archæological reality such as will find no parallel in the chronicles of pageantry in England, even if we read the accounts of masques in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. A picturesque age, in which the sumptuous habits of the nobles, and of the wealthy classes who vied with them in display, adorned the daily life of the people, was less likely to court exactness in that external class of learning which is altogether of modern development. In the stately shows graced by the poetry of Ben Jonson and the elaborate ingenuity of Inigo Jones there was little thought of accurate costume. Gods and goddesses, heroes and dames of antiquity, were represented without much regard to appropriateness of attire, and the dramatic poets, not excepting Shakespeare, positively revelled in anachronisms. But we have reached the utmost nicety of historical correctness on our modern stage, and, despite the difficulty of reconciling this pedantic spirit with the total indifference of the old dramatists to the archæology of their scenes and incidents, we ransack authorities for the right mode of dressing a character who, in his speech, mixes all countries and all times. The artists who joined in presenting last night's series of pictures, poetically illustrated, were most fortunate in

News, H. M. Acton, Fox Turner, George Freemantle, and a host of art, musical, and dramatic critics congregated in this abiding place of genius.

Another frequenter of the Club and member of this Bohemian circle was Sydney Grundy, now a great and popular playwright. He was a

their selection of personators for the historic figures in Mr. Edmund Gosse's masque. In some cases, the physiognomy and very manner of wearing the hair and beard were so close to living truth, as established by authentic portraiture, that no alteration was needed. In others, the artistic conscience did not hesitate where sacrifice was necessary, and war to the razor was waged against the hirsute chin.

Their Royal Highnesses, who arrived at ten o'clock, accompanied by their eldest daughter, the Princess Louise of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Count Gleichen, and the Marquis of Lorne, were conducted to their seats, the large assembly rising on their entrance, and presenting in the varied mass of brilliancy a sight as noticeable as the scenes which were presently to follow. Music by the band of Grenadier Guards was ended by a flourish of trumpets and roll of drums, this being the prelude to each tableau. Then the curtain was unfolded, disclosing Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, habited in a long scarlet robe, with a crown of laurel on his head and a staff in his hand; and thenceforth he proceeded to tell us that Athene had willed a fabulous design showing the pedigree of art, from its Grecian cradle, surrounded by shadowy names:—

Phidias, whose men like marble mountains shone,
And he who reared the stately Parthenon,
Zeuxis, on whom the birds of heaven attend,
With wise Apelles, Alexander's friend;
And 'midst them all, the mighty statesman moves
Who ruled amid the embowering olive-groves.

This announcement at once indicated the mission of Virgil, which was, as chorus, to explain not only the Athenian picture which followed, but other groups which were to succeed, these

man of strong individuality, even in those early days. He was tall, erect, and stalwart of figure, with an oval or rather long face, with an expression not easily read; it was mostly in repose, often wearing a thoughtful, almost absent look, but capable of lighting up at a good story, or of

being emblematic of periods in the history of art centuries later than the Augustan poet's epoch. The scene first presented was not to be surpassed in purity and grace of design by any subsequent tableau. Mr. A. Sacheverell-Coke had arranged the background, part of a Greek street, as well as the grouping by which it was presently to be filled. An unfinished building, with scaffolding and loose blocks of marble, indicated the commencement of the Parthenon; and when the curtain had fallen on Mr. Forbes Robertson's prologue it soon rose again to show Pericles consulting Ictinus, the architect, and Phidias, the sculptor, regarding the edifice, while in the background Zeuxis was seen discoursing with some Athenian ladies. Mr. John Fulleylove made a noble and dignified Pericles, and the Ictinus and Phidias of Mr. H. M. Paget and Mr. John Nettleship were alike irreproachable. The greatest success, however, was the perfect Greek embodiment of Zeuxis by Mr. John Scott, a figure unsurpassed by any in the pictures that were to follow. Orchestral music, as before, intervened, on the fall of the curtain on Mr. Sacheverell-Coke's beautiful design; and the next tableau was thus announced by the chorus, in good declamatory style:—

Ages have passed, and lo! before me stand
The new-born glories of the Tuscan land:
Dante, with whom I trod the shores of hell;
And Beatrice whom he loved so well;
Giotto, whom wandering Cimabue found,
A mountain-shepherd, scrawling on the ground;
And all whom young Italian springtide filled
With godlike rage to paint or carve or build.

As soon as Mr. Walter Crane's picture in arched compartments—a triptych—was disclosed, the idea must have struck every critic

smiling at a witty response. It so fell out that he left the Club in its early days, and the city during the mayoralty of his father. He settled in London, and in his first literary effort, given to the world in three volumes—entitled “The Days of His Vanity”—he took occasion to

strangely and forcibly that no original painter can get away from himself; that here, for instance, was a composition by Mr. Walter Crane, not to be mistaken for the work of any other artist. Everything that followed helped to strengthen this impression. The pictures were as much pictures, in the ordinary sense, as if they had been painted by the several men who arranged them. Mr. Crane had designed a representation of the arts of Florence, Rome, and Venice. The first-named subject occupied the centre. Here was viewed a Florentine garden, such as Rossetti might have imagined, full of cypresses and orange-trees, behind which rose the tower of the Palazzo-Vecchio. Mr. A. Sacheverell-Coke appeared as Dante, with a Beatrice sweetly impersonated by Miss Lehmann. Mr. Crane's own representation of Cimabue was simply perfect. The tableau in some details was enriched by embroidery, the work of his accomplished wife, which would very well have passed for a *chef d'œuvre* of Italian thirteenth century needlework. Mrs. Crane herself was the Laura to Mr. Carlyle Spedding's Petrarch; and among the ladies of Florence grouped in this picture, which might have been conceived by Cimabue himself, and which, to make it thoroughly in keeping with the pictorial art of the age, included an angel with a cithara—appeared Boccaccio's Fiametta, in the charming person of Miss Stillman.

Rome was typified in the right-hand compartment; and the resemblance of Mr. John O'Connor to the most authentic and expressive portraits of Michael Angelo, notably to the famous bust, was positively marvellous. Standing on the steps of a terrace in the garden of the Vatican, he was seen showing to Pope Julius II. (Mr. S. Sidley) an architectural design. At the foot of the steps, easily recognised in the excellent “make-up” of Mr. E. R. Hughes, was seen Raphael, looking up at his great rival.

describe some of his friends of the Brasenose symposia. Now he occupies a high place in the dramatic literature of the time.

In 1870 raged the Franco-German war; its progress was watched with keen interest by members, inasmuch as their fellow-member, G. T. Robinson, went out as "Special Correspondent" for the *Manchester Guardian*. Robinson was a singular man, and had points of character which

The Venetian picture to the left, rich in the colour of the school, showed a glimpse of the city from a balcony of the Ducal Palace, looking on the Grand Canal, with the Column of St. Mark, and the Island of St. George beyond. A characteristic figure in the art of the Giorgione period, a gentleman in the dress of a companion of the Calza, was afforded by Mr. C. W. Deschamps, who, with a mandolin in his hand, sat looking up at two Venetian ladies, Miss Galloway and Miss Margaret Lehmann, nobly habited. Giovanni Bellini, exactly like the portrait engraved in Mrs. Jameson's "Lives of the Italian Painters," was impersonated by Mr. Lewis Jarvis; while, as if observant of the group, two prominent figures were the President and Vice-President of the Institute, Mr. James D. Lindon and Mr. J. H. Mole, the first-named gentleman consummately dressed and appointed to represent Paul Veronese, and the second equally in character as Titian.

A sturdy period of Teutonic history, of burgher strength, thrift, and culture, was richly and forcibly illustrated in the next tableau, arranged by Mr. James D. Lindon, and as exemplifying the style and manner of the artist, was as remarkably characteristic as any. Not a figure, not an attitude, was there in this picture of Albrecht Dürer's studio that was not thoroughly Lintonian. In point of costume, it was perhaps the most splendid of any; and the assertion that nothing equal to it has ever been seen by living eyes in England may be made without hesitation or fear of denial. Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., was the quaintest and yet most natural portrait of Albrecht Dürer that can be imagined. The Emperor

were certainly unique, even in the Brasenose Club. He was an architect by profession, and he tried to persuade me to go out with him to the seat of war.

"You had better come, old man; we shall find lots of sketching," he said.

"How are we to sketch with bullets whizzing about us?" I asked.

"Oh! we'll dodge behind trees and things."

Maximilian (Mr. R. J. Stock) was a grim picture of austere condescension as he seemed to hear "The Prince of German handicraft" explain his print of "The Triumph." The Holbein of Mr. H. Stevens and the Lewis Cranach were both excellent; and the Peter Visscher of Mr. James Orrock was a transcendent piece of genuine character. A noble figure in this tableau was that of an unnamed personage in armour, who might be regarded as one of Maximilian's knights. The superb suit was from the famous collection of the Baron de Cosson, and the wearer was the Baron himself, who knows not only how to judge armour, but how to stand in it. The very jewellery used in this tableau was real and authentic, being lent from the cabinets of well-known collectors. All was of the Holbein period, cunning of invention and workmanship, with artful enrichments of precious stones, mostly in their rough state. The curtain fell on this grand picture, somewhat stiff and artificial it may be, but nevertheless rich and noble as anything that Flemish art itself has produced, and once more the polished elocution of Mr. Forbes Robertson was heard in the careful versification of Mr. Gosse.

The Cellini period was shown at the next rising of the curtain, and here again the rich realism of the scene was enhanced by the employment of accessories veritably historical. Invidious as it may seem to praise one of these tableaux more than another, one might be pardoned for avowing some slight partiality here and there; and to many it must have seemed that the picture designed and arranged by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, representing a terrace in

However, sketching under such conditions did not recommend itself to me. Robinson, at that time, was of a restless and discontented disposition, and the wild and exciting life of a war correspondent recommended itself to his keen appreciation. He said farewell to his fellow-

front of the Palace of Fontainebleau, in the time of Francis I., was next in attractiveness and vivacity to Mr. Sacheverell-Coke's Greek scene with which the Masque began. Captain A. Hulton, who represented Benvenuto Cellini, presenting specimens of gold and silver plate to King Francis (Major Wallace Carpenter), had spared no pains nor expense in the enrichment of the living portrait. Grangée, of Paris, had made for him a fluted breast- and back-plate, engraved and gilt, as if by Cellini himself, and, with this sumptuous addition to his costume, he presented an ensemble not unworthy the effective likeness which his picturesque head and features bore to the Italian artificer. Benvenuto's pupils, Paolo Romano and Ascanio da Tagliacozza, supposed to have fashioned the plate which is being presented by their master to the King, were handsomely impersonated by Mr. F. Verrall and the Hon. Duff Tollemache.

Velasquez was the central personage in the next tableau, arranged by Mr. Seymour Lucas. As might be expected from his semi-Spanish tendency of colour, and real veneration of the master chiefly honoured in this design, the arrangement was highly effective. A certain sombre depth and richness of red and black, with strong breadth of shadow, afforded, moreover, some relief after a continued sequence of splendour and brilliancy. The painter's studio was invested with an interesting reality by the canvases on the walls, and by the heavy Spanish shutters, which, though of the ordinary household description nationally common throughout Spain, are peculiarly suitable to an artist's purpose of admitting light at any angle, and of moderating its intensity. Mr. Cafe's personal resemblance to Velasquez entirely absolved him from any task of making up. The occasion of a Royal visit to the painter's studio, Philip IV. (Mr. Haynes Williams) being a principal figure

members of the Club, and it was generally supposed that he would be seen no more within its precincts.

The progress of the war was watched with almost feverish interest, and I have often heard members exclaim, "Wonder where Robinson is

therein, enabled Mr. Lucas to infuse the design with considerable grandeur. Truthfulness was aided throughout by the happy accidents of portraiture, the likeness of Miss Day to the pictures of Queen Mariana being so extraordinary as to border on the wonderful. True, this was not by any means a singular case, as we have seen and shall yet see. Velasquez was showing to the King his picture, "Las Meninas," for which Philip decorated the painter with the Order of St. Jago. Cardinal Gaspar de Borja was depicted with scrupulous care by Mr. Fred Barnard, who, like other representatives of historic personages in this Masque, had shaved off every vestige of hair on his face. Not so complete a sacrifice was needed on the part of Mr. Louis Cornelissen. This gentleman, a lineal descendant of the Antonius Cornelissen whom Vandyke painted and engraved, might have sat both for his ancestor and for Alonzo Cano, whose portrait was painted by Velasquez; the resemblance between Cano and Vandyke's friend, Cornelissen, being peculiar. When in Madrid Mr. Seymour Lucas copied the picture of Cano, and Mr. Louis Cornelissen, with some trimming of the beard, was the living image of the painter's work. Another Cardinal—the Cardinal Rospigliosi—is a figure in the picture. The King is leaning on his arm as he is decorating Velasquez. Mr. John B. Gardyne, the representative of the second Cardinal, happens to own a no less valuable relic than that great ecclesiastic's robe, which piece of sartorial history came aptly into service last night.

A very pleasant picture, recalling Hobbema in its background, which indeed has been borrowed by the painters from a well-known landscape in the National Gallery, was the old Dutch house and garden in Haarlem, once the home of Franz Hals and Jan Van der Meer. This tableau was the joint invention and

now?" He sent some interesting letters to the *Guardian*. Suddenly his communications ceased. Sedan came; the Empire fell; and Napoleon the Third resigned his sword to the conquering Kaiser. What had become of Robinson? The Club was about to mourn his untimely end, when, to everybody's amazement, a letter appeared in the *Guardian* by "balloon post," from the beleaguered city of Metz. There he was, shut up with Bazaine's fine army—too soon, alas! to be traitorously delivered over to the conquering

arrangement of Mr. W. W. Wilson and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. On the right were seen a group drinking and talking round a table, quite in the old Dutch pictorial fashion, Rembrandt filling a glass to Cuypp; while Ostade and Teniers are watching a game of bowls which some boors are playing. A woman in front, in black and white, gives the key to the general scheme of colouring, which approximates throughout to dark browns and blacks in contrast with the light tone. The next tableau, arranged jointly by Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Charles Green, might with advantage have been cut into two, or even three. Nevertheless, though a little crowded, it had its fine points. Its form was a hemicycle, rising pyramidally between columns. At the summit stood Charles I., represented by Mr. Arthur Lucas, who had followed to perfection the portrait in the Louvre. Queen Henrietta Maria, impersonated very faithfully by Miss Florence Cotton, sat just below, watching Vandyke, whose individuality, as in the act of painting the King, had been caught with delicate finesse by Mr. Alfred Mason, some sacrifice and much alteration of beard having conduced to a highly characteristic likeness. Prince Rupert, behind the Queen, found an equally fortunate type in Mr. Arthur Hacker, the artist who has come so prominently forward this year. On one of the lower steps, broadening in succession to the base, was a perfectly wonderful Hogarth—fur cap, brown coat, surly look and all—

enemy. That surrender liberated Robinson. After days of famine and many "hair-breadth 'scapes," he walked one morning quietly into the Club, filled his short pipe, and stared at me and exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, when I heard the trumpet sound the retreat at Gravelotte I didn't expect to see *you* again."

Robinson was a hero in the eyes of his fellow-members, and they determined to celebrate his safe restoration to the Club by a banquet. This event took place on the 9th November, 1870, in

depicted, quite in his habit as he lived, by Mr. C. M. Barker, who held the English painter's palette with the line of grace and beauty visible thereon. A little aloof from the others stood Sir Joshua Reynolds conversing with Angelica Kauffmann and Gainsborough, this group of notables being severally represented by Mr. R. R. Collins, Miss Alma Tadema, and Mr. W. S. Stacey. Neither Mr. Lucas nor Mr. Green entered into their own composition; but their costumes as outsiders were admirably picturesque. There was, apparently, an agreement between them to play a game of turn-and-turn-about, the first-named painter wearing a Gainsborough suit and silver-hilted sword, very much in Mr. Green's style, and this gentleman himself being habited in a black Spanish dress, more in the manner of Mr. Lucas's pictures. Both these artists, and in some degree Mr. Linton also, have been greatly assisted in costume by Mr. Charles May, on whom has fallen much heavy work of the Masque as well as of the Costume Ball. A Spanish lady, of nearly modern style, but exceedingly picturesque, down to her bewitching shoes, was incidentally represented by Mrs. Seymour Lucas; and, coming late into the field, Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., threw himself most effectively into the Dutch group. After the curtain had fallen on the last tableau, the Royal party retired, the company left the Prince's Hall for supper, and, returning shortly afterwards, began the ball in earnest.

the clubroom. It was an extraordinary speech made by Robinson, in response to the toast of his health. In this speech he recounted his adventures, and accused Bazaine of treachery in delivering up the last section of that fine army which still represented the Empire of Napoleon the Third. Robinson wrote a book on the Franco-German War. In that book he said strange things and made some serious charges. Subsequent history has fully justified his statements and accusations, and the unfortunate Bazaine has passed away and left behind him a dishonoured memory. Robinson's book still holds a place on the Club bookshelves, and will there remain as a valuable addition to the history of a war which ruined the French Empire and consolidated the great "Fatherland" over which Kaiser William held his imperial sceptre.

In writing of the Brasenose Club my object is simply to place on record the fact of its existence as probably the most extraordinary institution of its kind ever established in provincial England. In addition to its own social life, its house dinners, and its compliments paid to its own members eminent in Literature, Art, and Music, it has entertained many eminent visitors: notably, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Villiers Stanford, and Professor Bridge. At its concerts such eminent men as Barton McGuckin and Frederick Dawson have made their first bow to

a jury of experts; and Sir Charles Hallé has frequently delighted his fellow-members with his wonderful pianoforte playing.

On the two occasions when Sir Charles Hallé and Sir Julius Benedict were specially entertained, speeches were made which seem to have so much public interest, that I have, with the permission of the Editor of "A Chronicle of the Brasenose Club," quoted them *in extenso* for the benefit of my readers who may be interested in musical history.

On the night of March 13th, 1885, Sir Julius Benedict was entertained at supper. The grand old composer was in Manchester for the purpose of conducting his own opera, the ever-popular "Lily of Killarney," at the Theatre Royal. This was done under the auspices of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Sir Julius was conducted to the Club by Carl Rosa, George Freemantle, and others. In response to the toast of his health, the veteran composer said it was a late hour to rise and make a speech, but what was, perhaps, a late hour to some of the gentlemen present was not so to him, because he found the early hours in the morning were the best for thinking, and he generally retired to rest at a late hour. Knowing that he must soon be called upon to make the long journey, he wished to make the most of his time. Notwithstanding the little sleep he took, he never had occasion to consult

a doctor. He had many friends in the medical profession who occasionally invited him to dinner, but he supposed it was proverbial that when a man dined with his doctor he took no harm. (Laughter.) But he must explain that in addition to keeping good hours he was moderate in his indulgences. In acknowledging the kind things that had just been said of him, perhaps the most acceptable thing for him to do would be to give one or two reminiscences of his life. In this connection he might mention that he was preparing his autobiography, and that he hoped soon to be able to give to the world many recollections of the incidents in his long career. He thought he might say that he had been privileged to see more than most of his colleagues. Not only had he witnessed many great events in music, but he had been present at some important political events in Paris, Naples, and Berlin, and even in London. In 1820, when he was a boy of 15, he had the privilege of going to Weimar, where he became a pupil of Hummel, one of the first executants of his time, and most distinguished for his powers of improvisation. In that town, which was called the German Athens, he had the privilege, not to be introduced to—because he was then an innocent boy—but to see the great Goethe walking in the park with the Grand Duke. He also saw Goethe at rehearsals at the theatre, where—as a pupil—he had the privilege of going

and assisting. The recollections of that time he would never forget. They were to him as if they were but of yesterday. He used to sit in a private box. They must not imagine, because of this circumstance, that he was in the habit of indulging in any extraordinary luxury. Prices were not then so extravagant as they are now, for his seat in the private box did not then cost more than two shillings per night. To this day he had a vivid recollection of parting words, which he used to hear at the door of the theatre: "Good-night, Goethe," "Good-night, Schiller," and so forth. Of course, it was not the real Schiller, because Schiller was dead before he (Sir Julius) was born, but it was his nephew, who was an officer in one of the German regiments. That period was written in letters of gold in his memory, not only because of those illustrious individuals he was privileged to see, but because about that time he heard Weber sing over privately the whole of the opera of "Der Freischütz" before that work had been given to the public. Although, as they knew, Weber was not gifted with a good voice, he sang the opera with an effect which could hardly be believed possible. His declamation, his fire, and his enthusiasm were perfectly contagious. Weber took an interest in him which was very flattering, and was really, he might say, a second father to him. Immediately after that he went to Berlin, where

he heard the first performance of "Der Freischütz," on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He was in the pit on that memorable occasion, with his cousin Heinrich Heine. (Applause.) To describe the impression that opera made, and the sensation it produced amongst those present, was almost impossible. After the performance there was a great supper at a kind of coffee-house in the city, at which there were present, amongst others, the celebrated Hoffmann, the author of the "Fantasie-Stücke"—the celebrated musician, painter, and poet. Hoffmann went forward to Weber and crowned him, saying that he looked very much like Tasso. Then, at Vienna, he went to the first performance of "Euryanthe," which has never been appreciated as it ought to be. That was in 1823. In Vienna, off one of the great thoroughfares, there was a little street called Kohl Markt, in which there was a little music shop which Beethoven frequented every day. He and some of his companions went into the shop simply to see Beethoven, not at all expecting to speak to him. One day, however, he induced the music seller to introduce him to Beethoven, who, as they knew, was very deaf, and therefore used to carry a book, in which anyone who wished to speak to him entered what he had got to say. Most entertaining and most witty Beethoven was. Whenever anybody was introduced to him in the

music shop, the person introduced was told not to say much, but only to give the topic, and Beethoven would do the talking. One notable event happened about that time. Weber, in his younger days, had been guilty of a grave fault, for which he reproached himself ever after. A literary man, as well as a composer, he wrote in a somewhat cynical vein, and he never forgave himself for writing an injudicious critique of one of Beethoven's greatest works: "The C minor Symphony."

The middlemen and busybodies took hold of the circumstance and incensed Beethoven very much against the writer of the criticism. Before Weber had made atonement for his offence, Beethoven brought out his "Fidelio," and Weber wrote to Beethoven, who was very much pleased with the letter. At the time he (Sir Julius Benedict) was introduced to Beethoven, Weber was in Vienna, and after his introduction Beethoven said to him, "So you are a pupil of Weber. Why doesn't he come to Baden to dine with me?" Then he opened Beethoven's book and wrote in it, "May I come too?" and Beethoven replied, "Yes, saucy fellow, you may." Great as was the impression which Goethe made upon him, the impression made by Beethoven was, if anything, still greater. Beethoven was not tall, but rather under-sized and strongly built. His cheeks had a most

extraordinary flushed colour. He had flowing hair, snow-white bushy eyebrows, most piercing eyes—eyes which, once seen, could never be forgotten, and a most charming mouth. The whole expression of his features afforded an indication of his genius. (Applause.) Along with Weber, he one day drove to Beethoven's house at Baden. On going into the house a horrible sight suddenly met his eyes. A man who ought to have lived in palaces was seated in a very dingy room, very badly papered, with all kinds of things—dirty papers, dirty music, and other things—lying in the middle of the floor. Beethoven was sitting at a Broadwood piano half unstrung. When they entered Beethoven rose and embraced them, and was altogether most delightful. The conversation that afterwards took place at the dinner-table was most interesting. From Vienna Sir Julius proceeded to Naples, then to Paris, and thence to London. To his life in each of these places and to the distinguished musicians he met he made brief allusion. In conclusion he said that whenever he had been able to do so he had helped young artists, and he believed that at the present time he had not got what could be called an enemy. (Applause.)

At the conclusion of the speech the company rose and cheered enthusiastically, and every member present felt that to have listened to a

man who had shaken hands with Beethoven, and who had been the pupil of Weber, was an experience to be valued and to be treasured with the precious things of life.

On the 24th of February, 1886, Dr. Villiers Stanford was entertained. He came to Manchester to conduct his own oratorio, "The Three Holy Children," at Charles Hallé's concert on the following evening.

In addition to Dr. Stanford, the gathering included Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Carl Rosa, Mr. Edward Hecht, Mr. de Jong, Mr. Max Mayer, Mr. J. Bradley, Dr. Watson, Dr. Hiles, and Mr. E. J. Broadfield. Mr. G. Freemantle, the chairman of the Club, presided. After dinner he proposed the health of the guest of the evening. He expressed the pleasure he had in seeing around him so many old friends, representatives of music in Manchester, who had met to do honour to the Englishman whose oratorio was about to be produced under the conductorship of Mr. Charles Hallé. The toast was cordially pledged.

In acknowledging the compliment, Dr. Villiers Stanford said he was not a little pleased that the date of the dinner had been changed. He was invited, in the first place, to meet the members of the Club on the Friday evening, the day following the performance of his oratorio, and he received the invitation with a degree of tremor

when he recollected a certain incident. He remembered—and he hoped he might be pardoned the comparison, which he made in all modesty—that on the occasion of the production of “Euryanthe,” at Vienna, the orchestra were invited to supper after the performance, on condition that the opera was successful. As a matter of fact, “Euryanthe,” on its production, only secured a *succès d'estime*, and when Weber went down to look after the preliminary arrangements for supper he found in the room a solitary double bass, who said that, inasmuch as he had been pleased with the opera, he did not see why he should not enjoy his supper. He was specially pleased to be with them that night because of the circumstance that Mr. Hallé was present. It so happened that the first time he heard an orchestra—it was, he believed, as far back as 25 years ago, in an ancient capital—Mr. Hallé was present. Mr. Hallé might have forgotten it, but the effect of the brass on that occasion was such as a novice was not likely readily to forget. He remembered Mr. Hallé came up to him and said, “If you have much to do with this sort of thing, it is nothing to what you may have to endure in after life.” He did not know whether Mr. Hallé was forecasting the experience of the Niebelungen music dramas or—what he would mention with bated breath—the possibilities of the music for the brass instruments in his own score; but this early

experience, at anyrate, left a great impression on him. He expressed his gratification with the kind words used by the Chairman in speaking of him, and with the manner in which the toast had been received.

The health of Mr. Charles Hallé was next proposed from the Chair and duly honoured. In his speech in reply, Mr. Hallé narrated some interesting reminiscences of his career. His experience, he said, dated back a long way. In fact, he almost looked upon himself as a sort of antediluvian beast. For instance, many of those present might be scarcely able to realise the truth of his statement when he said he was once an almost daily guest at the house of Cherubini, a man who might, perhaps, be said to belong to another century. He made Cherubini's acquaintance in the year 1837, and the recollections of the time he spent under his roof were some of the most cherished recollections of his life. Cherubini was old then and he (Mr. Hallé) was young. Every Sunday evening for many years he went to Cherubini's house, and passed the evening with him and a French composer named Breton, who was older than himself. To each of them he had to play a few of the sonatas of Beethoven. It was instructive to hear the remarks of Cherubini about those sonatas. They were gone through chronologically. Cherubini was simply delighted with them. Spohr he made

the acquaintance of in the year 1826—a little further back than the time at which he met Cherubini. He (Mr. Hallé) was only a boy then, and remembered that his father was along with him in the room. He was much struck, he remembered, at the huge dressing-gown Spohr wore. From that moment he conceived the idea that all great composers must look like that, but he had known since a good many composers who were very lean indeed. Donizetti he met at the house of a French banker. In the course of conversation reference was made to “The Barbieri” of Rossini, and he asked Donizetti, “Is it really true he wrote ‘The Barbieri’ in a fortnight?” to which Donizetti made answer, “Oh, it may be quite true—he always was so lazy.” If he lived more than a hundred years he would not forget that laughable answer. Of Berlioz, his most intimate friend, with whom he lived till the time of the Revolution, he could not say much, because he was one of the most silent men he ever knew. They would sit in the same room for an hour or two, Berlioz astride a chair and his arms folded over the back of it, and he (Mr. Hallé) in a natural position. They sat there, never saying anything, but smoking all the while; and then Berlioz would go away, saying, “A very happy evening indeed.” But Berlioz could talk now and then when he wanted. Paganini was another of his friends, or rather,

he might call him a sort of protector. He (Mr. Hallé) was then—as he had remained since—very timid. To see Paganini, for a young boy such as he then was, even to look at him, was to be inspired with awe. Paganini took very kindly to him, and very often asked him to his rooms and asked him to play to him. The playing he seemed to like; at all events he made no remarks about it. At that age, when no remark was made one took it as a compliment. He had never heard Paganini play, and he was as anxious as he could be to get him to play something, but had never the courage to ask. One day, therefore, it was with a beating heart that he saw Paganini go to his violin case. He opened the case and took his violin out. He (Mr. Hallé) could hardly breathe, so intense was his joyful excitement. Paganini began to tune the violin, and after doing that he put the violin back again. He did not know that he could say that from that time he had known Paganini. Proceeding to refer briefly to the state of orchestral music 50 years ago, compared with its present state, Mr. Hallé said he remembered hearing a Manchester orchestra in 1848. He did not know whether there were many present who remembered it. He was driven away from Paris at the time of the Revolution, not by political reasons—by more serious reasons—and a great musical amateur, who was a friend of

his, induced him to come to Manchester. He did come. At the first concert that was given he said to his friend, "I shall pack up and leave to-morrow, I cannot stay in a place where such an orchestra is possible." To begin with, the appearance of the orchestra was something wonderful. In front a number of double basses, and the violins and the rest of the orchestra behind. And as to the music they produced, it had better not be spoken of. It was a fact that in the year 1848 there was in London only one musical society, and it gave what was commonly called classical chamber music. Of other concerts there were none in London. When he came over from Paris the director of the society asked him to play at it, and he proposed to play one of Beethoven's sonatas. The director said it was impossible; he might play it as one of a trio, but as to playing it alone, that was impossible. He defied anybody to find a programme which gave one of Beethoven's sonatas as having been played in public in London up to that time. The difference between then and now was that any sonata of Beethoven—he mentioned Beethoven in a typical way, but his remark was equally applicable to Weber and other composers—was new then, and one had to consider whether it might be acceptable to the public, whereas, nowadays, every sonata was old, and when one was choosing one of them to

produce he had to think which had been least played. Another great change had been effected by the large number of young English composers who had risen up since then. He heartily thanked the gentlemen present for the honour they had done to him.

The toast of "The Visitors," proposed from the Chair, was acknowledged by Mr. E. J. Broadfield.

In answer to calls,

Mr. Carl Rosa said that a good many years ago, after his return from America, he came to Manchester and played first violin, but that did not do. Then he went to London and tried second violin in quartets, and that would not do. Then he took to the viola, and, as he found he had not power enough there, he tried conducting. Then, when he was not able to do that, he became an impresario. The next step was the workhouse. That step, he was glad to say, he had not yet taken.

This was the first and last speech made by Carl Rosa to his fellow-members. Alas! he has, like several others present on this occasion, joined the "majority," and his genial presence is lost for ever.

The life of the Club went merrily along until the city bells tolled the death of Lancashire's poet—Edwin Waugh. On the 30th of April, 1890, he quietly breathed his last, in his home

at New Brighton; and the sweet songster's voice was silent for ever.

It has been said that it is a source of pride to write a nation's songs; and judging by the effect of Waugh's death on the people of Lancashire, this would appear to be a truthful utterance. The heart of Lancashire was deeply moved when its favourite poet died. The *Saturday Review*, in an able article, said: "It is said that, as a nation, we are somewhat deficient in popular appreciation of literature. The funeral of Edwin Waugh, on Saturday last, at Manchester, attended as it was by thousands of representatives of every class and grade of society, shows that Lancashire at least knows how to render the last honours to the man who worthily represented the characteristic poetic gift of the county. His ditties have sweetened the bitter lot of some; have given pleasure to many; have provoked wholesome laughter and honest tears; and have strengthened the love of home and its homely virtues among the Lancashire folk. What more shall we ask from a poet or people? And what higher praise can we give him?"

Amongst those thousands of people who gathered on Saturday, the 3rd of April, 1890, to attend Waugh to his last resting-place, the members of the Club he loved so well appeared in large numbers. When the last strains of the beautiful hymn died away in the Kersal Church-



EDWIN WAUGH.

From a photograph by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

yard, they keenly felt the loss of a dear friend; and that a characteristic figure had departed for ever from the life of the Brasenose Club.

In 1890 a great event happened in the history of the Club. On the 9th of December was celebrated the attainment of its majority. This event was marked by the memorable "Coming of Age Dinner." As an account of this dinner has been published I need not trouble my readers with details: the event will always live in my memory, as I happened to occupy the presidential chair during the year 1890, and had to act as chairman on the occasion. It was a bright and honourable episode; brilliant speeches were made by eminent and learned men; and the evening was brought to a close by a programme of music and song, the selections being by the members, and thus concluded a memorable day and night in the history of the Brasenose Club.

The Club is still an important social institution in the city of Manchester, and the motto I would place over its hospitable portal is—

"FLOREAT."

CHAPTER XII.

IN the year 1875, I was entrusted with the decoration and furnishing of the handsome new building, completed in this year, for the Manchester Conservative Club. This was a large order, or rather, I should say, commission. I had to devise the style of the furniture, and a scheme of decoration in harmony with the architectural character of the building. This was one of those pleasant undertakings in which the architect had the full confidence of his clients; and in which his dictum on artistic matters was never disputed. During the work I came in contact with men of influence and importance in the Conservative party, including the late Lord Winmarleigh, Colonel Stanley—then War Secretary, now Earl of Derby—and Viscount Cross. Lord Winmarleigh (originally Colonel Wilson Patten) was one of the handsomest men I ever met; he was, moreover, a perfect type of an English gentleman; he

was a highly-cultured man, whose society was delightful and whose social qualities had a peculiar fascination for those with whom he came in contact. The new Clubhouse was opened with a flourish of Conservative trumpets, by Viscount Cross, in October, 1876. The late Thomas Hornby Birley occupied the chair, and honoured the architect by proposing his health in a graceful and flattering manner. My professional connection with the Club ended with the opening banquet, but I was fortunate in making friendships which have been pleasant, both socially and professionally.

Passing over the alterations still going on at various intervals since 1869 at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, the building of Alston Hall, near Preston, for my friend, the late John Mercer, I arrive at the springtime of 1878, when I made a tour, with two dear friends, through North and Central Italy. This tour was an experience of excitement and artistic delight; and a sort of experience that one desires to write a book about; but I only allude to it in these pages in order that I may record an interesting friendship I made in Rome.

I was engaged on a large water-colour drawing of a foreshortened view of the Arch of Constantine; I had noticed a gentleman wearing a large sombrero, casting inquisitive looks at me. At length, much to my astonishment, he addressed

me by name. He explained that he came to this knowledge through a friend in England, who wrote him to look out for me and make my acquaintance. My new friend was the late John Warrington Wood, the sculptor. Thus originated a most pleasant friendship, which was closed, alas! too soon by the inexorable hand of death. My visit to the Villa Campana on the Lateran Hill was one of those unique episodes which appear as bright spots in the dark vista of the past. Wood had married a lady of wealth and good family; the beautiful villa was purchased together with its fine studio and great hall for the exhibition of statuary. Here was lived a life of artistic pleasure and high culture. The gardens of the Villa were full of interest to the antiquary, and it was here I first entered a "Columbarium" which had been the receptacle of the ashes of the aristocratic family, the former owners of the Villa Campana. A stroll through the Sculpture Hall, where stood the "Sisters of Bethany," the "Elijah," "The Little Maid," and other well-known works, brought us into the Organ Chamber. Wood was passionately fond of the organ, and played the instrument like a master. At sunset we adjourned to the dining-room, and through its open windows we saw the towers and turrets of the Imperial City against a golden evening sky. Leaving long after midnight, I drove to the Via Condotti. That drive

I shall never forget. The moon was clear in the heavens, and sent its silvery streams through the arches and colonnades of the great Flavian amphitheatre, lighting up the arena, till one could fancy the phantom forms of slaughtered Christians were floating over the scene of their martyrdom. It was just one of those fascinating moments when one becomes spellbound. The only way I could be made to emerge from dreamland was by a threat of the malaria from the prosaic driver. At a rapid rate we traversed the Via Sacra, across the Forum—then silent as the grave—along the Corso, through the Via Condotti to the Hotel Dallemagni.

My visit to the Villa Campana was to me a remarkable event. I was enabled to get a glance, as it were, into the cultured and artistic circles of Rome. Wood was at the height of his fame, and in perfect health. Although I saw much of him afterwards in England, he never seemed the bright happy man he was at the Villa Campana. His native town of Warrington, in Lancashire, from whence have sprung so many men who adorn the world of art, now holds in its public cemetery the remains of John Wood. He was laid to rest in the presence of a great concourse of people; and his old friend, Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, was, if I remember rightly, one of the pall-bearers. It is not necessary, perhaps, to remind my readers that Sir Andrew presented

to the City of Liverpool the Art Gallery which bears his name. I may, however, note the fact that the three colossal pieces of sculpture which adorn the façade are the last works of John Warrington Wood.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOON after taking over the lease of the Lyceum Theatre, London, from Mrs. Bateman, the widow of the "Colonel," Sir Henry' Irving gave a dinner to his Manchester friends at the Queen's Hotel. This event took place on the 13th of October, 1878. On this occasion, Sir Henry expressed a wish that I would take charge of the Theatre, with a view to extensive alterations, repairs, and decorations. I examined the property, and submitted a scheme for the work on the 19th of October, in Manchester, where Sir Henry and his Company were fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal. The scheme was embodied in a set of drawings, and by the 4th of November the work was well in hand. On the last day of the month Sir Henry travelled to London, inspected the progress of the works on the first day of December; finally settled on various details, and rehearsed the scenery for the production of "Hamlet." The Theatre opened on the 28th of December, under his own management, and before an audience which represented the high

life and the highest culture of London. At that time such an assemblage was a unique event in the history of play-going; now it is an established fact, and is looked forward to as a matter of course on first nights.

My connection with the Lyceum brought me into contact with many interesting and remarkable persons, and resulted in social events which are still to me pleasant memories. During the carrying out of the alterations I had frequent visits from the venerable Walter Lacy, who had closed a remarkable stage career. At the time I am writing of he was hale and hearty, and delighted me with a continuous stream of anecdote. I recollect on one occasion, my attention was called by the workmen to the ceiling of the auditorium; which was being stripped and cleaned, preparatory to the new decoration. The process had revealed a scheme of ornament in imitation of lace work on a pink-coloured ground. On showing a piece of this to the old actor, he exclaimed, "That is a portion of the work that was done to please Madame Vestris! Why! my boy, the whole place was hung with imitation lace; it was a fairy-like oriental ecstasy!—the figure groups and raised ornaments were modelled by Bartolozzi, madame's father." I have not been able to reconcile this statement with fact. The present Lyceum Theatre was opened by Arnold, as the English

Opera House, in 1834; Bartolozzi died in 1818, and his son in 1821. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to which of these men was the father of the celebrated actress. She was, in my opinion, the daughter of the second Bartolozzi, and the ornaments in relief here alluded to, were copies of the choicest mezzotint gems by the great engraver, and may have formed part of the scheme of Beasley, the architect, as a compliment to his talented and accomplished grand-daughter. These historic "relievi" have been swept away, and copies of Rafaelesque panels in colour occupy their place on the circle fronts.

During the progress of the work at the Lyceum, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts lost her life-long friend, Mrs. Brown. I recollect Irving coming into the Theatre one evening and telling me he had attended the funeral. The Baroness and her friend had contracted an intimate friendship with Irving, and they highly appreciated his genius. As a matter of course, the Baroness took a great interest in the Lyceum venture, but it was some weeks after the production of "Hamlet" that she paid a visit to the Theatre in order to see what had been done at the house under the auspices of the new manager. I had received *carte-blanche* instructions to make her Ladyship's private box a work of art; and to fit up Ellen Terry's dressing-room in a manner

which should be in accordance with the artistic temperament of its gifted occupant. I need hardly observe that this work—as Falstaff would say—“jumped with my humour.” I filled the panels in the box with heraldic devices, and monograms full of personal interest; the ceiling was hand-painted, and the hangings were of turquoise silk with heavy gold-coloured trimmings. On the 12th of February the Baroness, accompanied by a party of friends, including the late Sir Edmund Henderson—then chief of police—and Lady Henderson, visited the Theatre. When in her box it was evident that she was much pleased, and touched by the decorative allusions. This incident was the means of my having professional relationship with the Baroness, to which I look back with pleasurable recollections. This was one of those episodes in an architect's career, which compensate for the utilitarian and commercial side of his practice; and by which he pleasantly realises the fact that his profession is regarded as an art, and that he is entitled to the respect of cultured people.

Shortly after the incident just related, I was instructed by the Baroness to examine her charming Highgate residence, “Holly Lodge,” with a view to additions and alterations. Accompanied by Irving, I made a careful inspection of the house and grounds. Sir Henry at this period was a frequent visitor at “Holly Lodge,” and

he was well acquainted with the house and its contents. We examined the "old masters" on the walls, the quaint china cabinets, the engravings, including a beautiful portrait of Harriet Mellon, who, after the death of Mr. Coutts, became the Duchess of St. Albans, and from whom came the immense wealth which has been used with such splendid results for the good and welfare of humanity. We strolled through the long conservatory—erected when the King of the Belgians was entertained—into the beautiful grounds, richly studded with venerable trees and groups of foliage springing from velvet-looking lawns, parallel with the slope of Highgate Hill. "Holly Lodge" is a secluded paradise in close proximity to the busiest and greatest city of the world. In this retired spot, visited by so many men and women renowned in Statecraft, Art, Literature, and the Church, I spent many days in preparing my scheme, which was ultimately submitted to the Baroness at her Stratton Street residence in Piccadilly.

At this period I had the opportunity of meeting many pleasant and interesting people at the Stratton Street house. It was here that I first met the late W. H. Wills, formerly assistant editor to Charles Dickens for *Household Words*; he discharged his literary duties for over 20 years, and remained one of the most intimate friends of his great chief. He was in personal appearance

a tall, rather thin, man, and reminded one of the healthy English fox-hunting gentleman immortalised by John Leech in his *Punch* pictures. Indeed, he was fond of hunting; I recollect he once said to me he soon tired of London life, and longed for the season when he could enjoy his favourite sport. Wills was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*; he also was the editor for a time of *Chambers's Journal*, and whilst in Edinburgh married the sister of Robert Chambers. This lady was remarkable for smart and witty sayings: she it was who said, "The ladies who agitate for women's rights are generally men's *lefts*."

At Stratton Street I became acquainted with the late Edwin Long, R.A. He had painted a seated portrait of Mrs. Brown, the lady I have alluded to as the intimate friend of the Baroness. The portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879. At this period Long enjoyed a high reputation, and his works were exceedingly popular. During this visit to Stratton Street, I accompanied the Baroness to the Academy to see this portrait, and also a bust of Irving by a sculptor whose name I have forgotten. I recollect the latter work was not satisfactory, and was criticised rather severely; indeed, I believe we thought that no artist was clever enough to do justice to the head and features of our friend. Long, however, painted Irving as Richard III.

in a satisfactory manner. This work was hung in the centre of the wall of the Piccadilly entrance-hall. The same painter also painted the same actor as "Hamlet"; this is well known by the admirable engraving which has perpetuated the handsome poetic-looking face of the melancholy Prince of Denmark. This visit to the Academy was to me an interesting event, and I thoroughly enjoyed those few hours of converse with the lady whose name is a household word in England. It has been said that she is "a personage that occupies a position unique; one who is deservedly respected and honoured by all classes; to whom individuals and bodies of people have turned for sympathy and help, and in whose hearts is built a monument of gratitude, such as surely has seldom been accorded to any human being. Such is the truly noble woman who has been for upwards of half a century the pioneer of the majority of benevolent movements, and the ready helper of the helpless." So wrote Mary Spencer Warren; it is a truthful record of the virtues and philanthropy of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Baroness felt a keen interest in the Stage, and was naturally anxious about the new venture at the Lyceum. Her immense wealth came from the beautiful and gifted Harriet Mellon; Julian Young, the clergyman son of the great actor and gentleman, Charles Mayne

Young, died in her arms when on a visit to her house. It could not therefore be a matter of surprise that the genius and strong personality of Sir Henry Irving caused her Ladyship to take an intense interest in the career on which he had just entered, as responsible lessee of the Lyceum. I recollect that the boldness and completeness with which the new lessee inaugurated his régime somewhat startled the Baroness, but knowing much of the managerial programme I was enabled to explain the *modus operandi*, and to prophesy a successful result. What the result *has* been is a matter of history: it has far exceeded the sanguine hopes we indulged in 1879, and is unique in the annals of the Stage. I shall have more to say about this success when I come to speak of my experiences in connection with the Theatre.

During the run of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, I made the acquaintance of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Of his early life and work I had learnt much from Ford Madox-Brown, who directed his first efforts in painting. This information was imparted during the early years of Brown's great mural work in the Manchester Town Hall. As Brown worked, he loved to talk of the early painting and poetry of the youth who formed one of that historic trio, known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Although I was familiar with Rossetti's poetry and with

most of his painting, I had formed an entirely erroneous idea of the man, as he appeared in the summer of 1879. I expected to find him as I knew him by the drawing of his illustrious confrère, Holman Hunt, thin-faced, with piercing eyes looking from beneath well-developed eyebrows; in fact, a sort of ascetic who would resent the intrusion of the outside world within the seclusion of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

As I walked to the door of the now historic No. 16, I wondered how I should get along with the man, whose character and physique I had imagined on the severe lines I have indicated. The first astonishment I experienced arose from the fact that I was told to proceed to the studio, which I supposed was a sort of *sanctum sanctissima*, I had never hoped to enter. My second surprise was the man himself. I was received by a good-humoured, rather stout gentleman with moustache, and short imperial beard; a broad expansive forehead, a tendency to baldness, and the whole face bearing a look of welcome. Rossetti was at work on a picture, the figures of which were laid in with a sort of ultramarine blue. I think this blue colour formed a sort of sympathetic link between us. Our mutual friend, Mr. W. A. Turner, possessed a small circular picture of Rossetti's which I had christened "The Lady with the Rosebud." This charming work suddenly showed signs of decay; the orange

tones of the flesh colour were eaten away by the chemical properties of this blue colour. Rossetti remembered that at one time he had the misfortune to use some of this pigment, which was discovered afterwards to be imperfect and impure; and hence the disastrous result to "The Lady with the Rosebud." The artist repaired the damage for our friend with a hearty goodwill.

At this time the break-up of Rossetti's health was at hand, although the end did not come till 1882. I gathered from him that he had little desire to see the world outside Cheyne Walk. I had promised Irving I would try to persuade the painter-poet to see Ellen Terry as Ophelia, and I used every argument I could think of with this end in view. I described the poetic and picturesque beauty of this wonderful Shakespearian creation. I described some of the most beautiful and touching scenes as rendered by Ellen Terry, especially that triumphant episode where the gifts are handed back, and wherein Irving *tried* to renounce his intense love for Ophelia. I say *tried*—for it was evident that when he finally left her, he did so with a broken heart, and with the "love of forty thousand brothers" strong within him. This was a supreme moment at the Lyceum, and Rossetti caught some of my enthusiasm, for, hurriedly opening a drawer, and handing me a photograph, he said: "Is *that* anything like the situation?" I did not know that he had

ever dealt with this subject, and this particular scene; but there it was in all its agony and passionate woe, with scenic adjuncts that the poetic brain of the painter could alone devise. This photograph from his original drawing came to me shortly afterwards signed by its author, and remains as a pleasant reminder of my first visit to Cheyne Walk.

I sometimes think that I was instrumental in persuading Rossetti to complete his *chef-d'œuvre* the famous "Dante's Dream," now in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Mr. F. G. Stephens, one of the original band of Pre-Raphaelites, says in his monologue on Rossetti that this picture, "begun in 1869, continued to be a sort of heroic white elephant, remaining chiefly in the painter's studio till 1881." W. M. Rossetti, in the life of his brother, has told the history of this great work, and curiously enough I came across it at the period in 1879 when it *was* a white elephant, covered with dust behind a lot of canvases in the studio at Cheyne Walk. I was ignorant of its existence, and when Rossetti allowed me to detach it from the artistic lumber around it, I was so impressed that for a time the power of speech seemed to forsake me. I cannot recall all that happened, but the rest of the day was devoted to discussing the picture and its beautiful theme. One interesting item of information I learned from the painter was, that the figure of

Love was painted from the now famous and talented actor, Forbes Robertson. I pleaded enthusiastically for the completion of this great work; whether my arguments produced the desired result I know not. As all lovers of art know, the picture *was* finished, and will ever remain as Rossetti's monumental work.

One of the most congenial literary tasks I ever attempted was to explain this picture after its location in the Liverpool Gallery, to the Manchester public, through the columns of the *Courier* newspaper. When this notice was read to Rossetti he was declining rapidly. Shields wrote me at the end of October, 1881, that this newspaper article was a source of pleasure and satisfaction to the painter. As it was intended to be a record of a great work, I will here reproduce it as a small tribute to the memory of the great poet-painter:—

The public exhibition of a picture by Dante Gabriel Rossetti is such a rare event, and one of such importance in the world of art, that it seems desirable to give our readers some idea of the picture now in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, representing Dante's dream on the day of the death of Beatrice. Here let us remark, that in this work the poet-artist has evidently determined to go beyond the expression of a poetic thought, by means of a single figure, with simple accessories, and grand colour; and in this canvas we have a combination of those qualities which are essential to the highest and noblest art. The picture is the painter's masterpiece, embodying his reverence for the immortal Florentine, as well as illustrating that method of artistic expression which Rossetti has adopted, and in which he has no rival in modern art. This artist, in his painting, as in his exquisite poetry,

appeals to refined and cultured intellects; he does not cater for the thoughtless and ignorant, but he conscientiously and consistently endeavours to rouse interest in, and beget a spirit of understanding of Italian poetry, and of its greatest and noblest exponent. In the picture now under consideration, we have a concentration and accentuation, so to speak, of those thoughts and emotions which made up the love of Dante for the beautiful Beatrice Portinari. Whether under Dante's ideal love there lurked any real or simple human passion is not a question we need now discuss; but certainly the platonic and reverential love of which he tells us, and of which he has so exquisitely sung in "*La Vita Nuova*," is one of the most beautiful things in the whole range of poetic thought. This is the love which Rossetti has treated, and which he has expressed through form and colour in "*Dante's Dream*." In order to thoroughly comprehend the scene depicted, it is necessary to bear in mind some few antecedent facts and incidents. The poet's love for Beatrice had grown and intensified from the period of their first meeting, when both were children of about nine years of age, and although Dante had cherished this love without any outward expression to the fair lady whose very name indicates blessings to mankind, there can be no doubt that her marriage was a great disappointment, and that her death in lovely womanhood was a source of intense grief. It is this culminating point in their respective lives that the painter presents before us through the medium of pictorial art. Dante's dream was the result of great bodily weakness and infirmity; and he says in the sonnet:—

I was 'ware of one, hoarse and tired out,
Who asked of me, "Hast thou not heard it said,
Thy lady, she that was so fair, is dead?"

Then follows the *raison d'être* of the picture, which Rossetti has so beautifully translated, and which we cannot refrain from quoting:—

Then lifting up mine eyes, as the tears came,
I saw the angels like a rain of manna,
In a long flight flying back Heavenward,
Having a little cloud in front of them;
After which they went and said "*Hosanna!*"
And if they had said more you should have heard.

Then Love said, "Now shall all things be made clear,
Come and behold our lady where she lies."

These 'wilderer phantasies

Then carried me to see my lady dead.

Even as I there was led,

Her ladies with a veil were covering her;

And with her was such very humbleness,

That she appeared to say "I am at peace."

This sonnet really embodies the whole scene as depicted by the artist. Beatrice lies in a sort of alcove, attended by her two maidens, who have lifted the veil, covered with mayblossom, suggestive of the spring-time and beauty of life, in order that the dreaming lover may see his fair mistress as she has fallen back in death. Love, spoken of in the sonnet, is represented by a youth with red garment and crimson wings, leading Dante by the hand into the chamber of dreams. Love bends over the beautiful form, and, whilst kissing the fair, marble lips, still maintains the poetic connecting link between the living and the dead in the strong hold he keeps on the hand of the dreamer, whilst with the other hand he points backward with his arrow at the lover's heart. Over the whole group flickers a lamp almost burnt out, and through the opening in the roof are seen a multitude of the Heavenly Host bearing away the soul of the beatified one; bells are tolling for the dead, the floor is strewn with poppies (fit emblems of the sleep of death), and the scarlet doves of love flit about the chamber, thus indicating that the whole scene is permeated with the passion of the god they attend. On the left is a view of a staircase coming from below, whilst on the right is another staircase leading upward into a beautiful sunlight. These staircases are not only symbolic, but they indicate the peculiar geographical character of the City of the Lilies, and carry the mind to beautiful villas on those fair hills which environed the home of Cimabue, Giotto, and Dante. As if to put the coping-stone on the poetry of this dream-chamber, the artist has suspended from the roof a scroll bearing the first words of that wail from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, quoted by Dante himself: "*Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo,*" etc.—"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow, she that was great among the nations!" This, no doubt, conveyed to the poet's mind a true sense of

what was the state of Florence at the loss of the beautiful Beatrice.

To the artist this picture presents many features of the greatest interest, and in the treatment and general arrangement of the subject he will find much reason for satisfaction. The conception of the central group is very original, and the diagonal lines formed by the figure and wings of Love counteract and break the necessarily horizontal character of the accessories to the figures in a manner that wins our admiration and surprise. The figure of Dante is the *pièce de résistance* of the whole composition, and reaches a grandeur seldom seen in modern art. He is habited in rich purple-black robes, his head covered with the familiar peaked hood, and in his dream he regards with a fixed but conscious look the face of the dead. There is a kind of timidity about advancing nearer, which is finely expressed in the half-raised foot, and in the dragging or straining effort shown in the muscular attitude of the red-robed figure of Love. This is the handsome and youthful Dante of the pure Florentine type, with but slight indication on his dark complexion of those deep lines of care and thought which came afterwards when years of exile and wandering from that fair city had blighted the heart of her illustrious son, and sent him to die in the arms of those who revered him in Ravenna. The recumbent figure of Beatrice, as she lies with hands crossed on her breast, and heedless now of Love's kiss, is a beautiful piece of artistic expression. The work in this picture is of that loving and conscientious kind, which neglects nothing, and which leaves no stone unturned that may assist in the elaboration and completion of a grand ideal. As an instance of this we may note the diaper of roses and lilies which is worked over the constructive parts of the alcove. The roses are enclosed in circles, from which issue small jets of flame, whilst the lilies are encircled with the stars of Heaven. The scheme of colour is as rich as that of the best Italian masters. It is full and deep and worthy of the finest religious art of bygone days.


We cannot but think that this great picture rightly understood will have influence for good, in spite of those who fail to comprehend the principles upon which such art is based, and ignore the teachings it seeks to convey. We know it is the fashion in some quarters to stigmatise Mr. Rossetti's painting as an effort to

galvanise into life a dead art, and his poetry as the reflex of an obsolete philosophy. If Rossetti's art was only imitative and realistic, there would be some ground for such reasoning, but it goes beyond mere imitation. It conveys to the mind an exposition of great truths, and attempts to display some mysteries, just as was done by the art of those great Italians of the thirteenth century. With Rossetti's poetry we have nothing to do here; but love is a passion that developed very early on in human history, and the immortality of the soul is a doctrine not promulgated yesterday. We therefore honour the artist who tells us of these things through that Dantesque medium he loves so well, and we congratulate the Corporation of Liverpool on the possession of such a grand picture as the "*Somnium Dantis in Extremâ Beatricis Horâ*."

It was in the year 1879 that I commenced the extensive additions to "Barlow Fold," Poynton, Cheshire, for my friend, the late W. A. Turner. This house, beautifully situated in undulating and well-wooded grounds, was completed for habitation in 1880. I allude to this professional work here, because the house was destined to become the receptacle of many fine pictures by Rossetti. Here hung the grand work entitled "*The Vision of Frametta*," for which the painter-poet wrote a beautiful sonnet, the well-known "*Proserpina*," the "*Water Willow*," "*La Jolie Cœur*," "*The Lady with the Rosebud*," and a large red chalk study for "*Washing Hands*." The "*Barlow Fold*" collection also contained fine examples in oil and water colour by Sir E. Burne-Jones; "*Night*" and "*Morning*" and "*Rispeh*" by Spencer Stanhope, and representative works by J. D. Watson, Fred Walker, Boyce, and Sir John Gilbert.

Mr. Turner, who had taken with others—including Charles J. Pooley—a keen interest in the transfer of the Royal Institution to the Corporation of Manchester, and who ultimately became Chairman of the Art Gallery Committee, had much pleasant intercourse with artists of repute. At “Barlow Fold” it was my good fortune to meet E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., Phil Morris, A.R.A., Colin Hunter, A.R.A.; here also came Allingham, the poet, and his clever artist-wife. Receptions were held here in honour of Sir Henry Irving, and other celebrated members of the histrionic profession. “Barlow Fold” was, in the lifetime of Mr. Turner, a centre of culture and artistic pleasure. Alas! the treasures are dispersed—Rossetti has gone to his long rest; No. 16, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, has lost its charm, and the last I saw of it was in July, 1882, when the ruthless hammer of the auctioneer was scattering its treasures to the outside world.

It is a source of satisfaction to me to know that many of the pictures that I have been in some way associated with have found a place in the beautiful home of my relative, Mr. Samuel Bancroft, junr., at Wilmington, in Delaware, U. S. A. Mr. Bancroft's collection is unique in his country. It not only contains grand examples of Rossetti's art, but also representative works by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Madox-Brown, Fairfax Murray, and other English painters of repute.



CHAPTER XIV.

I HAVE had in the course of my practice to do some curious things, some of which I shall allude to in the course of this narrative. I have had to design almost everything that can possibly come in between a palace and a pig-sty, as far as bricks and mortar are concerned. In art work, ladies' dresses, toy towns for bazaars, theatrical scenery, furniture, placards, book plates, menu cards, and monograms have had a considerable amount of attention. The mention of menu cards brings to mind an interesting event. On January 30th, 1880, Henry Patteson, Mayor of Manchester, gave a grand banquet at the Town Hall, for which I designed the menu card. I was a guest on this occasion, and met some noteworthy personages, including Lord Coleridge, Justice Hawkins, the late Lord Derby, the Right Hon. John Bright, and the best Bishop of the century, James Fraser. What speeches we listened to! We had a polished, thoughtful

address from the Lord Chief Justice ; a solid, statesmanlike speech, delivered in a nervous, jerky kind of way, from Lord Derby ; and, I believe, the last time the full, rich tones and Saxon English of John Bright were heard in Manchester was on this memorable occasion. The statue in white marble, by my friend Bruce-Joy, of the People's Tribune now looks upon the building wherein this banquet was held, and perhaps my architectural menu card may have found a place amongst the City Archives.

During the month of July, in 1880, I was at Lincoln Cathedral, engaged in completing some pictures I had commenced on a former visit, when I heard of the death of my friend Tom Taylor. The funeral took place on the 16th of the month, and, curiously enough, on that occasion I made the acquaintance of another of the three original Pre-Raphaelite Brethren—Sir John Everett Millais, the late President of the Royal Academy. I had some correspondence with him in 1869 ; on this sad occasion we stood together in the Brompton Chapel, and at the grave side. That was a remarkable assemblage by the grave of our late friend. Artists, authors, actors and actresses, and the *Punch* staff gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to their late chief. Many an artist and many actors lost a good friend and discriminating critic when the art critic, dramatic author, and editor of *Punch* was

laid to rest in the Brompton Cemetery. I turned my face towards Lincoln again, feeling that I had lost a friend, and the world a highly gifted literary man.

Referring to Lincoln once more. It was here that I met a young man since famous in the world of Art. During my studies at the Cathedral I observed a young and enthusiastic member of the Lincoln School of Art carefully drawing and painting the elaborate choir stalls. An incident occurred which suggested to the youth an idea for a subject-picture. He finished and sent it to the Royal Academy. The picture was called "His Last Vespers." That artist was William Logsdail, now a brilliant painter, and one of whom the English School is justly proud.

Grand old Lincoln Cathedral ! To the student of architecture and to the painter of architecture it offers opportunities not to be found in any other example of English Gothic architectural art. In some features it is unique. One of the finest poems ever written in stone is the Lady Chapel, which forms the east end. In this wonderful chapel are worked, in the spandrels between the triforium arches, figures of angels, each with a musical instrument of different design, but all sending forth one great hymn of praise ; hence the poetic name given to this architectural gem—"The Angels' Choir." The

effect produced on the mind by a contemplation of this beautiful work is very satisfying and very pleasing. It is always pleasant to look upon beauty, either in nature or in art. I have sat for days in this lovely choir; the morning sun has streamed in through the painted glass of the east window, lighting, as it moved along, columns, arches, angels, shrines, and tombs, decking them with rainbow colours. All around lie the sleeping dead; some beneath plain slabs, others resting in effigy under the most exquisite canopies. I have sat and worked, under the spell of absolute stillness, through the twilight, till the shades of evening crept quietly and silently over everything; and I have parted with so much beauty with a sigh of regret, but thanking heaven for the genius which gave it being.

In the autumn of 1880 I made the acquaintance of a man who, I think, has described himself—in the life of his brother—as the literary member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. I allude to William Michael Rossetti. Journeying to Whaley Bridge to join some friends on a driving tour through Derbyshire, we happened to be railway-travelling companions. On arrival at the station, I was surprised to find that my fellow-traveller was known to my friends. We drove to Chapel-en-le-Frith, where Ford Madox-Brown resided during some portion of the time

he was engaged on his great mural work at the Manchester Town Hall. Here I met his daughter Lucy, who had married W. M. Rossetti. In the *Life and Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* there is a beautiful portrait of this lady. On seeing this I was reminded of the incident of my first meeting with W. M. Rossetti and his charming wife in the quaint, bleak Derbyshire village. At that time I little thought that in after years I should be entrusted with the re-building of the chancel of its old Parish Church of St. Thomas-a-Beckett, and that I should have to maintain a professional position against amateur antiquarian arrogance and dilletanti conceit. The committee entrusted with the work, however, stuck to their architect, and the final result was highly satisfactory. I never visited the village on the edge of the Peak of Derbyshire without thinking of the clever people I first met there. Madox-Brown lived to finish his work at Manchester, but his latter days were clouded by the loss of his wife, and by the rough treatment he received at the hands of the Corporation. I last saw him at the reception given on the first night of the production of "King Lear" at the Lyceum in 1892: he looked ill and careworn. I recollect our host, Sir Henry Irving, noted his ill looks, and asked me to persuade him to take some refreshment. He brightened up a little, and we talked about his work at Manchester,

on which I had written a criticism, which he thought should be republished as a magazine article. He told me that he had taken leave of his *magnum opus* with regret, and that he felt he should never enter the city again. Lucy Madox-Brown has followed her father to the Land of Shadows, but her husband, William Michael Rossetti, has lived to close the literature of his distinguished family by a life of his brother, and by editing the hitherto unpublished poems of his gifted sister Christina.

Lives of distinguished architects have been written, wherein their works have been described, their art criticised, and their influence on the architecture of their times fully set forth. I doubt, however, whether the inner life, so to speak, of architectural practice has ever been dealt with; perhaps it is as well that this should be kept sacred and secret, for revelations could be made which would be anything but edifying to the community at large. It is a popular idea that the architect leads a pleasant, quiet life, free from the tricks of trade and the fluctuations of the money market; that he goes into the best society, and is generally looked upon as a gentleman. This estimate of his position is fairly truthful up to a certain point, but the public has no idea of what the architect has to endure in order to conduct his practice honestly and respectably. Talk of the tricks of trade! the architectural

profession is not above suspicion in this respect. Much vexation has to be endured through the operations of the black sheep of the profession, owing to their influence on men, and bodies of men, who have the distribution of public or corporate architectural work. Could the public see behind the scenes of an architect's office, the dry bones of many a skeleton of his fancy would be discovered; in fact, a charnel-house of disappointed hopes, of fruitless endeavour, and dishonourable treatment. Yes, verily! my lords and gentlemen and honourable "boards," say what you will, many an architect's heart has been metaphorically broken, and thousands of pounds have been thrown away yearly, by the unfair and partial way in which architectural competitions have been adjudicated upon. In many cases the result has been a foregone conclusion, and the public appeal to the profession has been a mere blind to create the idea of independence and impartiality on the part of those who offer the premiums. Yes! "my lords and gentlemen, and honourable boards," you are conscious of this condition of things, and you know of the disappointment and money loss entailed. Thank heaven! there are honest boards and honourable committees who treat the profession fairly and with respect, or the architect anxious for public work might close his doors and sell his brass plate to the first broker

he meets, and inscribe over his portal: "All hope abandon, ye who enter my profession."

The architect has, however, another source of trouble in the dishonest individual client; and he sometimes falls a victim to the clever and speculative rogue. Although in the profession "bad debts" are seldom made, the ruler does occasionally go across the ledger, and amounts are what is, I believe, termed commercially, "written off." Although I have been fortunate in regard to these monetary disasters, I am not without some experience in such matters. In the winter of 1880 (owing, I suppose, to the fact that I had devoted much attention to theatre architecture), I was summoned to London to meet a certain Count from abroad. I was introduced by men whose names need not be mentioned; they were personally known to me, and who evidently believed in the Count. Our first conference was held in a fine new hotel in London. I was received in grand style in a large salon by the Count, surrounded by capitalists and others interested in matters theatrical. He was one of the most interesting foreigners I ever met; he was handsome, in the prime of life, and spoke fair English. He was courteous and dignified, and saluted me with respect.

The scheme he had in view was a comprehensive one. It embraced the purchase of land and the erection thereon of three magnificent theatres

(on the plan of the Brussels "Eden" Theatre), in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. What an opportunity! I thought both fortune and reputation would be made, and I commenced operations forthwith. I negotiated for a site on the Thames Embankment, and for other sites in the two great Cities of the North, and the plans were made. In February, 1881, I placed the scheme before an old acquaintance, John Hollingshead. He was then in the full tide of his career at the Gaiety. He was delighted, and in his impulsive and decisive manner, said: "We'll go to Brussels by this night's boat, and I'll show you what alterations to make in the 'Eden' plan to suit metropolitan requirements; and moreover, I'll lease the London 'Eden' from the syndicate."

Sir Henry Irving in 1881 was most anxious to see old Chatterton, of Drury Lane notoriety, settled in some good way of theatrical business; he was getting towards the end of his term at Covent Garden. Chatterton had said that Shakespeare spelt ruin to the theatrical manager, and Sir Henry had just proved the fallacy of the saying. The Lyceum manager, with his usual kind heart, thought that the London "Eden" Theatre offered an excellent opportunity for the employment of the Old Drury Lane manager. At Irving's request, I placed the matter before Chatterton one evening at Covent Garden during

the bustle and excitement of a pantomime. He swallowed the "Eden" bait, and insisted on becoming lessee at any price. We all swallowed that bait for something like nine months, when the Count became ominously silent. I wrote—no reply. Taking alarm, I sent in a necessarily large account for professional charges. No notice was taken of this document, and early in 1882 I received a despatch from Brussels informing me that the Count had *gone and left no address!* So ended the great scheme. Like Mark Tapley, I endeavoured to look happy under *my* Eden experiences. At all events, I had obtained a knowledge of the most polished and polite "*Chevalier de l'Industrie*" that ever came into the "strange eventful history" of an architect's career.

I do not propose to let my readers into the secrets of an architect's prison-house (his office), although I could reveal some startling episodes in connection with architectural practice. The struggling architect is tempted to do all sorts of queer things in order to gather a practice together: he enters into competitions, and ultimately retires from this line of work disappointed and disgusted with unfair adjudication. There seems to be no cure for this competition curse. We may protest and attempt professional legislation, but human nature is too powerful: men will compete, and adjudication will often be partial, unfair, and illogical. If architects of

repute would make a stand against the practice, there might be a chance of reform; and those who organise these competitions would be driven to liberality and fairness in order to secure the best talent in the profession.

Another curious thing a young architect is tempted to do, is to take into his office pupils whose parents and guardians pay premiums which in many instances are thrown away, either because the pupil has no aptitude for his work, or because his master neglects him, and leaves him to shift for himself, or to the kind sympathy of some office assistant. By adopting the plan of never allowing a pupil to be articled without endeavouring to gauge his capacity, I have been singularly fortunate in turning out young men who have taken creditable and honourable positions in life. In cases where the artistic faculty has been strongly developed, it has received proper encouragement. Ruskin has said: "It is not necessary for an artist to be an architect, but it is necessary for an architect to be an artist." I take some pride, however, in the knowledge that some of my pupils, who have attained high positions in the world of art, have made good use of the architectural instruction they received. One of my earliest pupils and assistants was the late J. Moyr-Smith. Although he stuck manfully to the "T square," it was evident that he pos-

sessed artistic faculties of a high order. The development of these faculties was encouraged, and, acting on my advice, he went to London. If I remember rightly, he gained admission into the office of the late Sir Gilbert Scott. Although his experience in this office was principally confined to a study of Gothic art, he had by nature and inclination a Classic taste, which was expressed to the world through the columns of *Punch*. In that excellent "History of *Punch*," by H. M. Spielmann, I note the following remarks: "Then came Mr. J. Moyr-Smith, whose long series of clever mock-Etruscan drawings continued with few breaks for the space of ten years. Although the spirit that runs through them becomes monotonous after a while, the draughtsmanship and the excellence of the fooling always elicit admiration. Mr. Smith had served his time to architecture; but natural love of figure-drawing, intensified by the study of Sir John Tenniel's comic illustrations of the historical costume, faithfully and even learnedly delineated and perfectly drawn, settled his career, and *Fun*, under Tom Hood's editorship, witnessed his start in humorous life." After cultivating a taste for Greek art, Mr. Smith published a book on "Ancient Greek Female Costume," a book which his old architectural master often consults, and which he is proud to acknowledge as a text-book on an interesting and learned subject.

Another pupil who drifted into pictorial art was W. G. Baxter, the creator of the immortal "Ally Sloper." Like Smith, he made a desperate effort to carry out the object of his "articles of agreement," and like him failed. He had a facile way of drawing the figure, and a keen sense of the humorous side of human nature. He resided at Buxton, where, in the season, he found all sorts and conditions of subjects. After indulging his fancy at Buxton, he devoted his whole attention to *Momus*, which was illustrated solely by his pencil. When he left for London to develop the "Ally Sloper" idea this periodical ceased. It is now a scarce article in the book market, and much prized by collectors. Baxter died young: hard work told on a frail constitution; his career was short but brilliant. In the work of these men may be noted that their knowledge of architecture proved of great value. Their backgrounds containing architectural features were drawn in with ease and rapidity, and I have reason to know that they were not unthankful for the little knowledge they obtained during the short time they were under my care.

CHAPTER XV.

THE year 1883 was a remarkable one to me, inasmuch as it brought me into contact with cultured Irish men and women, and with a delightful phase of Dublin Society. In the spring of this year I received an invitation to visit the Irish capital, from Mr. Andrew Jameson, for the purpose of discussing some alterations and additions to a house he had purchased in Fitzwilliam Square. Mr. Jameson was then located in a fine house, No. 5, Merrion Street, and when I entered its hospitable portal I little thought that I was to make one of the most cherished friendships of my life, and to enter on a course of professional work of great and varied interest.

It is not an easy matter to write of men and women, who, as Mary Anderson has said in her memoirs, "still grace the world," but my record would be incomplete without special allusions to some members of the Jameson family.

During some portion of the time that the works were proceeding in Fitzwilliam Square, I

paid frequent visits to the house in Merrion Street. This is one of those fine Georgian houses for which Dublin architecture is famous ; houses enriched by the art of Angelica Kaufmann, and the brothers Adams. Houses containing fireplaces of exquisite classical design, and elaborated with statuary marble sculpture by Italian artists. What a change came over this refined art in the later Georgian era ! Its beauty of design and its purity of line disappeared. The *rococo* result paved the way for the revival of Gothic art, and the advent of Pre-Raphaelism.

I think it was whilst the decorations were proceeding in the Fitzwilliam Square house that I paid my first visit to Howth, where my friends were housed in a typical Georgian villa. This marine residence is the country home of Miss Margaret Stokes, the well-known lady antiquary, and authoress of several works of archæological importance and value.

I suppose everyone who has travelled in Ireland has seen Howth, that great rocky promontory which forms the northern boundary of Dublin Bay. The steamers approaching Kingstown pass it on the "starboard" side ; at night its proximity is indicated by the Bailey Light, which throws its beams far out to sea.

On the occasion of my first visit to Howth, I was received by my genial host, who conducted me through the Royal Irish Yacht Club, and

placed me aboard his neat little craft, which was to carry us across the Bay. We landed on the western beach, under the shadow of overhanging cliffs. On reaching the plateau I was struck by the luxurious display of wild flowers, mosses, and ferns. I detected in rich profusion the sea-lavender, the milk-thistle, the blue-flowered iris, the bog-pimpernel, with here and there fine tufts of sea-spinach, which, I was informed, makes a dish worthy the palate of a Lucullus. After a little more climbing we reached the front of a small but picturesque residence, backed by rich masses of foliage. In front of the house is a beautiful lawn, finishing in a belt of foliage, beyond which a view is revealed such as is rarely to be met with. The whole sweep of Dublin Bay is before one, closed in by the Wicklow hills, with the Sugar Loaf towering into the twilight sky; and the dark head of Bray closes in the superb panorama of mountains.

The interior of this marine paradise is full of poetic and artistic interest. After preparing for dinner, I descended a quaint Georgian staircase with winding steps converging to the two centres of an ellipse; a dangerous arrangement, requiring considerable care on the part of a strange visitor. I reached the drawing-room door in safety, but to receive a surprise which well-nigh took away my breath. Straight before me on the opposite wall, in the dim summer twilight, stood the

“goddess of my idolatry,” Helen Faucit as Antigone. I hastened across the room expecting to find a chromo-lithographic reproduction. But no, nothing less than Sir Frederick Burton’s magnificent drawing. Yes, the same drawing which hung in the centre of the long room at the Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857. A crude youngster then, the impression made upon me by this work in those far-off days was so profound that the sight of it in its island home, “far from the madding crowd,” afforded me intense satisfaction. A genial Irish gentleman who sat opposite me at dinner (who has, alas! since joined the majority, and who had a hard time of it collecting his rents, with a carbine on one side his desk and a revolver on the other) informed me that there existed family ties between the Martins of Dublin and the owner of the drawing; and said he, “Sure I know the lady who pinned on that blanket thing for Burton to paint from.” This remark referred to the Greek *χιτών* which was equivalent to the tunic of the Romans.

Although I have in years gone by “greedily devoured” the impersonations of Imogene, Beatrice, Pauline, Iolanthe, and Rosalind, and although it was my good fortune to stand side by side with Lady Martin in 1879 when she played the last bewitching heroine, in the sacred cause of charity, I am conscious I have missed

a great thing in not having seen her as Antigone. Truly the transcendent genius of Helen Faucit is reflected in this picture by the happy inspiration of a gifted painter. After a life of art and goodness, Lady Martin may feel some satisfaction in the knowledge that a moment of her greatness in histrionic art has been chronicled by the sister art of painting.

In addition to this picture, the walls of "Carrig-Brae" are further adorned by original drawings by Ruskin, Paul Sandby, and the archæologic Petrie. Scattered about are fragments of antique sculpture, ivories, and bronzes. The books are mostly presentation copies from their gifted authors to the presiding lady genius *loci*. Over the dining-room mantel is a case of Druidical ornaments and ancient British ring coins; indeed, the atmosphere of the house is full of scholarly refinement and artistic culture. It was my good fortune later on in my Irish experiences to visit "Carrig-Brae," and to have pleasant converse on Irish antiquities with its gifted hostess and her distinguished brother, the President of the Royal Dublin College of Surgeons.

This home by the sea may well be remembered; its treasures are priceless, and its surroundings are poetic. During this visit to my client, after an evening of music and delightful converse, the guests sallied forth in the moonlight to behold a sight which cannot be described.

Preceded by our hostess, we threaded in single file the dense forest, which leads to the highest point of the rocky headland ; into this forest the moonbeams could not penetrate, and the only guide through its blackness was the white robe of our fair pioneer, which seemed to glance from rock to rock like a phantom gazelle, until her figure stood silhouetted against the vault of heaven. All around was the sea, enveloped in a white mist ; above, the clear moonlit sky ; the stillness broken at intervals by the shriek of the Bailey fog-horn and the whirr of the night-jar. The effect was weird, and will dwell in my memory as one of the most interesting episodes of my Irish experiences.

I have no desire to re-open a sad and melancholy chapter in the history of my intercourse with the Jameson family, but my life-story would be incomplete without some allusion to its distinguished member, James Sligo Jameson. During the progress of my professional work in Dublin, I had the privilege of making his acquaintance, and had much opportunity of forming a true estimate of his noble and lovable character.

How James S. Jameson joined Stanley in the search for Emin Pasha is a matter of history ; and how he became one of the victims of the "Rear Column" is still fresh in the minds of those who took any interest in the fortunes of

that remarkable expedition. The last time I saw him was at a sort of "house warming" in Fitzwilliam Square. He entered into the merri-ment of the occasion, and was full of life and high hope. He was a great hunter, and was familiar with hardship and dangerous adventure. His nature was gentle and sympathetic, and full of love and goodwill to his fellow-man. He was a born naturalist. I remember on one occasion in his home in Queen Anne Mansions, in London, we discussed the various methods of drawing in black and white for the purpose of reproduction by "process" work. The result of his draughtsmanship is seen to advantage in his "Story of the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha Expedition," so ably edited by his widow. The true estimate of Jameson's character is given admirably and truthfully by his brother in the preface to this book. He there says: "It must indeed be a strongly prejudiced mind that can read this diary without being impressed by the sense of an immediate presence, of a gentle, loving, and sympathetic nature, keen and true of observation, with a pleasant humour, and a gallant heart."

With Jameson's diary before the world, it would be superfluous on my part to remark either on his character or great ability. Whenever I think of the genial face and gentle manners of James Sligo Jameson, that brave but dreadful canoe

journey to Bangala rises before me in all its ghastly horror ; I see also his body being taken across the river by his friend Ward and the Houssa soldiers, with the Union Jack as its winding-sheet. " His resting-place is at the foot of a giant cotton tree on the island opposite Bangala, one thousand miles from the sea."

So ended the brave and gentle life of the man I knew ; a life that ought not to have been sacrificed, and which should have been spared for spheres of future usefulness. I often think of him lying in that island grave, far from those who loved him, and who still keep his memory green.

There was a remarkable week in Dublin during the month of April, 1885. In this week the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the late Duke of Clarence, visited the Irish capital, and were the guests of the then Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Spencer. It so happened that I had to go into County Wicklow to discuss some alterations which my friend Mr. George Jameson proposed to be made in his father's country house, situated at the foot of the "Sugar Loaf" mountain. I needed little persuasion to fit in this work with the week of the Royal visit, and joined the house-party in Fitzwilliam Square. I sometimes wonder how my work was got through, for what with balls, receptions, and races, attention to professional

matters was almost impossible. Business was transacted, however, and I enjoyed at the same time a delightful experience of Irish life and character.

There is nothing in social life so pleasant and enjoyable as the hospitality of an Irish gentleman. It is a hospitality that hesitates at nothing that is calculated to make its recipient happy and comfortable. In this memorable week of festivities I was invited to all kinds of functions and entertainments, including a visit to Ireland's Derby, Punchestown Races.

I think if a man wishes to study every phase of Irish character, from the highest in the land down to the humblest cabin peasant, he cannot do better than visit Punchestown Races. Through the kindness of my host, Mr. Andrew Jameson, I had the opportunity of seeing these races under most favourable auspices. Moreover, as this was the "Prince's year," a visit to the Curragh formed part of the Royal programme. I suppose that outside the sporting community Englishmen know nothing of the two days' festival on the Curragh of Kildare; it is certainly a curious experience to an outsider to visit Punchestown Races, and especially if the weather is not propitious.

We sat down to breakfast on an April morning with serious forebodings on the probable dampness of the day. As we gazed through the

windows of the house in Fitzwilliam Square, the whole face of nature looked leaden and ominously gloomy ; but no matter what the condition of the elements, I believe nothing short of an earthquake would have prevented that company of jolly guests from journeying into Kildare County. The carriages started for the railway terminus, and as we drove along the quays by the side of the ignoble Liffey, the rain began with a steady determination to keep on. Our genial host kept us in good spirits, and said we should be all right, and that Billy R—— would make us comfortable and happy ; and so he did ;—had it not been for that kindly-disposed gentleman, we should have fared but indifferently. At the station we mixed with a crowd which for high breeding, good dresses, and handsome faces, I have never seen surpassed. This was essentially an aristocratic crowd, as the last train in time for the races is reserved for the highest in the land, including the Lord-Lieutenant. Our friend (a railway director) had reserved a carriage, and shortly after we were comfortably installed he handed round cards of invitation from the Kildare Street Club to partake of luncheon in its tent on the Curragh.

Arrived at the little station, Sallins, our troubles of locomotion began. I think I may say that not only did the rains descend, but the floods came, and I shall not soon forget that five

miles' drive to the racecourse. I cannot recollect now how the whole of our party got there, but I found myself on an outside car, which we secured at a fabulous rate of fare. I should imagine that those cars amassed enough wealth to enable their drivers to pass the rest of the year in comparative ease and luxury.

On we drove through the rain and slush, smoking fiercely, and talking little. We must have presented the appearance of a moving mass of gingham and macintosh, out of which "curled thin wreaths of smoke," mingled with clouds of steaming perspiration. Our rate of progress was fairly rapid until we entered the town of Naas, one of the principal towns of the county, and long the Royal seat of Leinster. From a Danish mound in the centre of the town were issued the laws for the government of the province in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries; hence the name Naas, which signifies the "place of the elders." This old town was gay with streamers and bunting, for at this point the Royal party was to enter the line of route to Punchestown. Getting clear of this quaint old town, we entered the open country by a narrow lane, gently undulating, with an occasional abruptness in its gradients, and with "scanty room for two abreast to pass" in the shape of vehicles.

The procession to Punchestown (for it was a

procession from this point) was one of the curious features of the day. We seemed to be about the middle of three miles of Irish cars, broken occasionally by an equipage of greater bulk and pretension. As one looked ahead, or to the rear, nothing but an endless stream of cars; verily, cars in front of us, cars behind us, whose drivers "volleyed and thundered" in their argumentative brogue. The rate of progress was a slow march, with an occasional full-stop, which almost jerked one into the road, and cleared the cars of accumulated pools of rain-water. Suddenly a cry arose, "The Prince! the Prince!" whose approach in the rear was announced by the nodding plumes of the Dragoon Guards. With one accord the three miles of "jaunting cars" drew into the nearest ditch to let Royalty pass. Bowing and smiling at the stream of down-looking faces, onward sped the heir-apparent, leaving us to our damp and wearisome procession. Arrived at a gate which seemed to lead to nowhere in particular, we dismounted, and tramped across a field to the entrance to the Grand Stand. Here our scattered party assembled, and the serious business of the day began. My worthy host, knowing some of my weaknesses, took me into the paddock, and to a view of the Ladies' Grand Stand. I question whether it would be possible to find such a gathering of beauty and fashion anywhere

in Europe. It seems to be a point with the ladies of Ireland to look their best and to dress in their best at Punchestown, and despite the rain, and waterproofs, one could detect the newest fashions and the costliest materials—alas! before the day was over, to present a draggle-tailed and limp appearance. But what matter? Youth and beauty still held their own, and “all went merry as a marriage bell.”

The view of the Curragh from the Grand Stand is one of fascinating beauty; the eye wanders over an undulating plateau, covering about 5,000 acres of beautiful pasture land, enclosed by hills, clothed centuries back with “primeval forests.” In the foreground is the straight piece of the “course,” on which assemble the competing steeds, and from whence they start on their headlong career. The bell sounds, the course is cleared, and the horses assemble for the Kildare Hunt Plate. A perfect Babel of voices; but louder than all one hears the stentorian cries of the professional men of the turf, and I was assailed by “Two to one on ‘Carmelite,’” and one man in a strange white costume, carrying something in front, like a modern Autolycus, accosted me with “Two ponies on the field.” In my innocence I begged his pardon and said, “Where? I don’t see any.” He looked at me with supreme contempt, and then, with a red and angry face, he repeated in a

louder voice his strange announcement. After this I retired, and carefully avoided that man for the rest of the day.

Mounting the Grand Stand we anxiously await the start. As the horses and riders put in an appearance there is a sharp running criticism on their looks. "There goes Wyndham Quin on 'Carmelite,'" remarks my host; "he's a splendid rider." And so he was. On his riding up to the post a man behind us called out, "Odds on 'Carmelite.'" He began in a clear, business-like manner, but kept at it incessantly, till, at the end of the race, his looks were apoplectic, and his voice a hoarse whisper. "They're off!" cried the vast multitude. Up the incline they go like a flash of lightning; over a couple of fences, then they disappear for a time, and come into sight again a mile away. "Now for the stone wall!" everybody exclaims. Over they go; one rider drops, the rest speed on, some fall behind, but a small group still keep together till the return of the course brings them head foremost towards the shouting multitude.

"By Jabers! Quin leads!" "No, yes!—'Carmelite' wins!" and sure enough, in rushes the favourite and his dauntless rider, the victors in the race for the Kildare Hunt Plate.

The race ended, a move was made for the luncheon under the auspices of the Kildare Street

Club. A fine spread was provided in a handsome building at the rear of the Grand Stand. We found that the Club had been so lavish in its hospitality that the chances of getting anything to eat seemed very remote. However, by dint of a little patience and good humour we managed to see our hostess provided for; then to forage on our own account. I cannot give anything like an idea of the good things provided, but the empty jars of *pâte de foie gras* and the dead bottles of champagne were something startling as to numbers. If I was interested in this luncheon, I was more interested in the distinguished company. Irish gentlemen and ladies of "quality" were all bent on satisfying that natural craving which attacks all classes of the community at certain intervals. I noticed Lady R. C. and the beautiful Countess, "the Pride of Kildare," in gold and citron velvet; Mrs. B., one of the beauties of Dublin; and on every side handsome and genial faces, beaming and happy, under the influence of Irish hospitality.

Returning to the course, my host informed me that I must accompany him on a visit to Old —. This seemed a mysterious summons; but I was prepared for anything after the singular experience of that day. So away we went in single file across the course, threading our way amongst the vehicles and crowds of the great unwashed, until we seemed to be nearing the

centre of the Curragh. Suddenly we stood on a little eminence and looked down into a circular little valley, in which there was a circular little tent. In this tent was the soul of hospitality in the shape of a jolly-looking gentleman, to whom I was introduced as an English stranger. A hearty shake of the hand, a kindly welcome, and a fresh bottle of champagne were gone through almost before one could say "Jack Robinson." Oh! that dry champagne, shall I ever forget it? But after that memorable day I dared not look at any bottle with a gold label for a period of three months. Our host of the tent seemed to take no interest in the races; but every year he pitches his canvas house, and dispenses good things and kindly words to anyone properly introduced. This may seem strange; but it is thoroughly characteristic of an Irish gentleman, who considers "Punchestown" in the light of a national institution. •

The racing over, we waded through clay-mud under pouring rain to our carriages, and so back to Sallins, and home to a delightful dinner-party; and then "to billiards" and something else. My dreams were mixed with visions of fair women, apoplectic backers of "Carmelite," gold labels, chaffing car-drivers, and the thousand other things which made up my first and only day at Punchestown.

I should imagine that one of the most impor-

tant events in the social history of Dublin was the Citizens' Ball in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It was a wonderful spectacle, and took place on April 22nd, 1885, in the large hall at Ball's Bridge, where agricultural shows are usually held. This hall is situated a short distance out of Dublin, in the direction of Kingstown, and is admirably adapted for large gatherings, either social or political. The interior had undergone a magical change, under the skilful hand of the decorator. The walls were lined with flowered cretonne: the whole place seemed transformed, and the arrangements for the comfort of the visitors were perfect.

It was difficult to say why, but amidst all the festivities of that week there was a feeling of unrest in our minds, and a dread of something happening. We knew that every precaution had been taken for the protection and safety of the Royal visitors; still, we could not rid our minds of anxiety. When the vast assemblage in that ballroom, attired in uniforms, Court dress, silks and satins, and civilian black, opened up a passage to allow of the entrance of the Court party, one was forcibly struck with the anxious and careworn look on the face of the Lord-Lieutenant. It gave one the impression that he would be thankful when the Royal visit was brought to a safe and successful conclusion.

The sight from the galleries was a thing to be remembered. The Royal party opened the ball with a quadrille, the Prince leading out Lady Spencer, and Earl Spencer the Princess of Wales, the band playing "Erin-go-bragh." The vast assemblage looked on till this first dance was ended; then the floor of the great hall, as viewed from the galleries, seemed to become alive with waltzing couples. The good citizens in their sombre black, mixed with the bright hues of the military, the gay robes and flashing jewels of the ladies, presented an ensemble not easily forgotten. The management of that ball was perfect; the stewards with long white wands, like so many Lord Chamberlains, numbered amongst them many well-known Dublin men. One of these was the contractor, Alderman M——, who was afterwards Lord Mayor, and who received the honour of knighthood as a loyal upholder of authority in the city. I thought of my appointment with him for the following day in County Wicklow, and wondered whether either of us would keep it. We had little repose that ball night. I have a vivid recollection of driving home in the dawn, and sitting down with the house party in Fitzwilliam Square at a hospitable board, in the hall that looked baronial with my oak panelling and the trophies of the hunting members of the Jameson family.

In the autumn of 1886, I paid a visit to my

friend Mr. Vernon Cochrane in County Sligo. This visit had no professional significance. I was, however, taken across Ballysodare Bay, to be introduced to Sir Malby Crofton, Bart., whose mansion, Longford House, had been destroyed by fire. The question of rebuilding was discussed, and an interesting and pleasant day was passed in the midst of beautiful scenery.

Englishmen seem to know little of north-western Ireland: few tourists trouble Sligo with their presence, and only a few American "globetrotters" go out of the beaten track to visit Lough Gill, one of the most beautiful lakes in the island. In addition to this lake and the fine mountain scenery of the district, County Sligo may claim our best attention as a repository of pre-historic remains and old-world archæology. It was the Viking's haunt, and the battle-ground of wild, mysterious races, whose history has never been written.

The traveller to Sligo from Dublin passes through Mullingar, Carrick-on-Shannon, Boyle, with its beautiful old abbey; Ballymote, with its castellated walls, and terminates his journey amid the wild limestone ranges which enclose the picturesque town of Sligo. On arriving at Sligo one naturally expects to see the Bay and the broad Atlantic beyond; but the town lies in the hollow formed by the vast mountains around, and it is necessary to ascend by the roads leading

into the country, before a true idea of the geography can be formed. My host lives about five miles west of the town, and he had not driven many yards homewards before I became convinced that I had entered suddenly a country of megalithic remains. Dolmens, cairns, raths, and cromlechs met the eye at every turn, the crowning point of interest being the immense cairn on the top of Knock-na-Rea:—

There wrought
The people of the Westerns
A mound over the sea.
It was high and broad,
By the seafaring man
To be seen afar.

Glen Lodge, the point of our destination, is situated at the foot of this isolated mountain, which rises from the plain between the bays of Sligo and Ballysodare. The situation is isolated, wild, and weird: one seems to be in a strange country; and, but for the distant roar of the Atlantic, it would be easy to imagine the world's end had been reached. Behind this home by the sea, the "Hill of the King" rises to a height of a thousand feet; in front is the beautiful Bay of Ballysodare, with a mountain range in the distance, capped by Knock-na-Cree, the "Hill of the Queen," rising to a height of sixteen hundred feet; whilst to the right lies a vast expanse of ocean, whose waves roll upon the shores of the New World.

The shores of Ballysodare are unique in character; and, at the risk of being charged with exaggeration, I may say that they consist of one vast tract of oyster-shell deposit, covered with a thin layer of soil and velvet turf, on which blooms the wild rose in rich luxuriance. The waves of the Bay dash against a wall of oyster shells, layer upon layer, forming a cemented mass of shell-rock, rising to a height of six or eight feet above the water; and to what depth they extend it is impossible to say. How many countless ages have run, during which these shells have been deposited? It is a curious subject for speculation, and well worthy the consideration of the learned. Oysters grow in this bay in rich profusion, but the culture is carried on in a careless, half-hearted way. I saw a tract of shore, some miles in length, where the germ of oyster growth lies waiting the attention of some capitalist. What a chance for the development of an Irish industry! I visited the house of a gentleman who is cultivating a small oyster bed, and the excellent quality of the oysters is attested by the number of gold and silver medals in his cabinet, which he has carried off wherever he has exhibited. I tried to gain some information from him about the extraordinary deposit along the shores, in vain; but I was astonished when he informed me that his house, which is considerably above the shore, was built

on the same deposit. What can have happened? Has the sea gone back, or has the land been upheaved? I leave these questions to savants; the whole thing is a mystery, and one of the curious features of the Viking's Country.

Another curiosity is a geological one: on the side of Knock-na-Rea is a huge crack or fissure about a mile long, and with an average width of twenty-five feet. This is called "The Glen." On each side the rocks are clothed with moss of the richest gold colour, and hanging in tropical magnificence. The ground is covered with harts-tongue fern, growing in such luxuriance that I fancied myself in some huge conservatory. These ferns grow to such a size that their fronds remind one of palm trees, and wherever the eye turns they shoot out their graceful stems of the most exquisite green colour. This glen is what the Americans would call a "gulch," and is in all probability the course of a river which flowed to the sea long before the Vikings steered their conquering course to the shores of Sligo.

The neighbourhood of Sligo was the fighting ground of ancient Ireland, and the battles of Moytura have left us the rude memorials of the dead known as megalithic monuments. All the information we have of these bloody struggles is contained in the MS. known as the *Annals of the Four Masters*, in which we are told that a colony

of Firlogs, or Belgue, settled in Ireland, turning out the Fomorians who came from Africa. They in their turn were attacked by a colony of Tuatha de Tananns, who in the two battles were victorious, and held the country for nearly two hundred years.

I made the ascent of Knock-na-Rea under the guidance of my host of Glen Lodge. From the house it is a stiff climb, although by no means an arduous undertaking. After the steepest part is passed, a gentle ascent leads to the extensive table-land, in the centre of which stands the huge cairn. To anyone seeing such a cairn for the first time, it is an astonishing sight ; and it is a matter for wonder how such a pile of small stones was accumulated, and by what process they were deposited at such an altitude. Its original circumference at the base was 650 feet, and its circular top measured 100 feet across. It is now about 70 feet in height. In the immediate vicinity are other monumental remains, consisting of upright stones arranged in circles or ovals. These have been investigated, and human remains and stone implements found similar to those on the battle-fields. There are several theories as to the contents of the cairn ; but for several reasons I dismiss the one that it was erected over Meave, the Queen of Connaught, who is supposed to have been contemporaneous with Cæsar Augustus. This is no burial-place

of a Queen, but rather of some great chieftain, who fell on the battle-fields overshadowed by Knock-na-Rea. Here the great Viking rests, on an eminence which commands as fine a circular panorama of sea and land as can be found in the three Kingdoms. An isolated mountain of limestone, standing between the two bays of Sligo and Ballysodare, it rises majestically as a foundation for the Viking's monument. Looking inland towards the east, the town of Sligo seems no bigger than a child's toy, reposing amid a panorama of splendid hills; on the left of the town rise the mountains forming the Vale of Glencar; on the right the horizon is bounded by another range of hills, in which lies the beautiful Lough Gill, studded with islands: whilst the eye, sweeping round towards the sea, encounters Ballysodare Bay, bounded by Knock-na-Cree; and finally the sight is lost in the western expanse of ocean, with the great mountains of Donegal on the extreme right. Surely a more sublime resting-place for the Viking chief could not be found. Here he lies, overlooking sea and land, his monument a landmark for the "seafaring man," and a lasting record of triumphs on both elements. One might inscribe on this rude pile, the simple lines:—

I was a Viking old !
My deeds though manifold
No skald in song has told,
No saga taught thee.

One might dwell long on the beauty and grandeur of this Viking's country. Glencar, Tanrego, and Longford are picturesque localities; the old Abbey of Sligo, with its quaint cloisters, and rough, unkempt burial-ground, the beautiful so-called Runic Cross of Drumcliff, will dwell in the memory as representative bits of architecture of that Gothic phase peculiar to Ireland. And last, though not least, will never be forgotten, the genial, hospitable, and hearty welcome I experienced from the cultured men and women of Sligo with whom I came in contact. There seems nothing but content and homely comfort in this county; no landlord terrorism or discontented peasantry; but on all sides peace and quiet, and industries waiting development.

For several years succeeding the autumn of 1892, my professional time was mainly occupied with work in Ireland. My firm had made extensive additions to Ryecroft Hall, near Ashton-under-Lyne, in Lancashire, the residence of Mr. Abel Buckley. In this house are to be found some of the finest Turner drawings in the country; also the master's great work in oil, known as "The Trout Stream," and choice examples of Linnell, J. C. Hook, Nasmyth, and Herkomer. Mr. Buckley inherited extensive estates near Mitchelstown, in County Cork. In a beautiful valley at the base of the Galtee Mountains a small shooting-box had been built

by the Lord Kingston who has left behind him the reputation of having ruined his fortunes in his efforts to entertain George the Fourth. Mitchelstown Castle, a huge limestone pile of Gothic architecture, is still the home of the Kingston family. The shooting-box referred to has always been known as Galtee Castle. It was to the extension and completion of this building that my professional efforts were directed for some years. In this wild and beautiful country, I had many opportunities of studying the agricultural and peasant life of the Irish people: my experiences were in strange contrast with the phase of life I had been accustomed to in such centres of civilisation as Dublin and Belfast. The workmen in connection with the building trades have several peculiarities of character. They move slowly and almost leisurely in their work; and as the works at Galtee had to proceed speedily and promptly, it was deemed expedient that the contract should be let to an English firm. The English contractors wisely employed a large number of Irish masons, under a native foreman, who was energetic and thoroughly understood his business. In justice to these men, I must record the fact that they turned out a first-class set of workmen, and their work was highly satisfactory. By explanation and quiet argument I obtained their good opinion, and got good work from them. Without taking any

credit for this method of treatment, I take some pride in the knowledge that I never met an Irish workman a second time but he was pleased to see me, and to work under my supervision.

Cotemporary with the work in County Cork I was engaged in superintending the erection of a country home at Howth, in County Dublin, for which my firm received a commission from my old friend, Mr. Andrew Jameson. The social intercourse I enjoyed during this important work will always remain with me a pleasant memory. The hospitality I experienced in Fitzwilliam Square, the Irish Yacht Clubs, and at the time-honoured Sackville Street Club, resulted in some of the pleasantest social functions I have experienced. It was at the Sackville Street Club that I first met Professor Dowden. The occasion was a quartet dinner-party. At one end of the table sat the governor of the Bank of Ireland, Mr. Robertson; at the other end my host, Mr. Jameson, deputy-governor; my *vis-à-vis* being the learned professor. I was in doubt as to what would be the nature of the conversation: whether I should venture on finance—of which I knew nothing—the prospects of the Manchester Ship Canal, a subject on which my ignorance was also profound—or Literature. On the latter subject I scarce could venture in the presence of such a scholar; I therefore adopted my usual course in such a situation, and boldly launched the subject

of Irving and his art. I have always found that this subject either provokes a storm of abuse or a pæan of praise. In either case something happens, and there is abundant conversation. I knew that Professor Dowden had written a life of the Bard for "The Henry Irving Shakespeare," and I felt I was on safe ground. The result was a pleasant talk on dramatic art; and our friend Sir Henry Irving was declared to be its greatest living exponent.

One of the most pleasant and interesting works of my professional life was the extensive alteration and decoration of No. 18, Rutland Square, Dublin, for my friend Mr. George Jameson. This house stands in the immediate neighbourhood of that well-known classical stone residence of the Lords Charlemont. The interior is remarkable for that beautiful stucco ornament peculiar to the work of the brothers Adam. The detail of this work is refined in its lines and beautiful in design. It was the fashion of the time to leave this ornament white, with occasional gilding. In the main salon of this house the ceiling of Adams' work was enriched by circular medallions by Angelica Kaufmann—four figure subjects of the Seasons, and a central picture of the Dawn of Love. The white surrounding of these beautiful works caused them to look like crude blots with no balancing accompaniment of colour. Without changing a single

line or ornament, a colour result was produced which enhanced the beauty of the work of the two great artists who did so much for the decoration of the town houses of the second half of the last century. I record with pleasure that this work was carried out with the help of Irish workmen and Irish artists.

With the year '95 closed my interesting work in Ireland. I look back upon the pleasant intercourse incidental thereto as a bright episode in a chequered professional career, and which has generated a delightful and abiding memory.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was probably owing to the fact of my association with the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, during the Calvert régime, that I was consulted in the early part of 1881 by the Committee of the Lancashire Independent College in reference to an Artistic Bazaar held in the Great St. James's Hall in Oxford Street. I had designed and modelled the scenery for Charles Calvert's great revival of "Henry the Fifth," wherein the architecture of Mediæval London was reproduced on the stage. The College Committee thought that something of the same kind on a large scale would attract the whole county, independently of the usual attractions of a bazaar. I determined to reproduce the quaint and picturesque architecture of the "Fatherland," in the form of a German town existing at the close of the 15th century or beginning of the 16th, with streets, bridges, towers, squares, and churches.

This determination was based upon two reasons: first, the unusual size of the St.

James's Hall, Manchester, which rendered the idea practicable; and secondly, the fact that the picturesqueness and florid exuberance of German architecture constitute rare elements for artistic and scenic display. At no period in the history of German art was this richness of fancy more expressed than in that age when Maximilian I. reigned over the Holy Roman Empire, and delighted to honour Germany's greatest artist, Albert Dürer. It is precisely the sort of architectural art that reached its acme at this period, the *spirit* of which the artists attempted to realise in the St. James's Hall. Although the town was called Mediæval, many details of Classic origin and tradition are found grafted on to Gothic forms; this being the result of the great wave of the Renaissance, which had swept over Europe, and only reached this country in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and France in the reign of Francis I. Both monarchs ended their reigns in the same year, 1547, having fairly inaugurated the Renaissance through the medium of those great German artists who were called in to practise a style of art already firmly planted in their own country. Under the influence of this great art revolution, the severity and purity of Gothic architecture was drowned in the wild extravagance of revived Classicism, the result being picturesque confusion at the sacrifice of all known canons of Art.

This is the condition of German architecture that was represented in the Bazaar Town; in the Cathedral front the old Gothic of the grand Minsters of the Rhine country was thoroughly realised, as also in the exquisite fountain, based upon the original at Brunswick. Some of the stone-fronted gables indicated evidence of their mediæval origin, whilst in the various wooden houses was to be observed that mixture of styles before alluded to. Like Dürer's grand old city of Nuremburg, and many others in Germany, these buildings were surrounded by fortifications, with their various entrance towers, protected by portcullis and barbican. Towns similarly enclosed may still be seen in Germany, Northern Italy, and especially in Tuscany. An attempt was made to assimilate the costume of the ladies to the architecture and art character of the town. Some of these costumes were severe and simple, others more ornate and picturesque; the material employed was British printed calico, in various groupings of colour, and the happy harmony thus secured was most effective.

The Bazaar was opened on the 2nd of May, 1882, with important ceremonial, and the Band of the 2nd Dragoon Guards in full uniform, by special permission of the War Office, marched through the streets playing appropriate music. Thus was inaugurated that series of "Shows" with which I have been associated, including

the great "Scotch City," in the Curzon Hall, Birmingham; the "Fortified Town," in the St. James's Hall, Manchester; the "Shakespeare Show," in the Albert Hall, London; and lastly, the *magnum opus* in this line of art, "Old Manchester and Salford," at the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, in 1887. I recall these efforts with satisfaction for many reasons. They were successful from an artistic point of view (thanks to the clever painters who worked on them); they realised large sums of money for their respective objects—the profits from the German Town realised a sum exceeding £15,000;—they secured many friendships of which I have pleasant memories.

The history of these "Shows" would form a fair-sized volume, but I must confine myself in these pages to a brief record, and only touch upon the main points of interest. These exhibitions were not realised without much research, anxiety, and some troubles. My duties did not end with the representations of bricks and mortar, timber and stone, but I had to design the costumes appropriate to the different periods of architecture, and to the respective nationalities in connection therewith. I sometimes wonder how I got through these costume troubles without serious quarrels! but somehow they *were* got through, and I cannot remember that any woman really detested me for my autocratic behaviour.

I hit upon the happy idea of addressing the ladies *en masse* at a meeting devoted to the consideration of costume. I explained how necessary it was that the dresses should be correct, even if unbecoming a nineteenth century woman. The dresses were made from my drawings, and when tried on I was called in to pass judgment on the result. I think the source of my greatest vexation was with the dress-makers; these persons could not resist the temptation of introducing some modern feature or "fancy" trimming as, "more becoming, you know, to the lady's figure and complexion." "To what base uses we may come, Horatio!" I often had to cut out patterns (full size, to use a professional term), and generally discharge the duties of a lady's tailor. What a time Worth must have had! yet, I do not envy him his immense reputation.

This dress-designing phase of my professional life has enabled me to study all sorts and conditions of women, from the lady of noble rank down to the autocratic bourgeoisie dame. I always experienced respect and kind consideration from ladies of aristocratic associations; they entered with enthusiasm into the spirit of our object, and occasionally they would add to the interest of the costume by donning historic jewels, old lace, and other heirlooms of the exact period sought to be represented.

The most complete and beautiful result in these "Show" costumes was at the "Scotch City" in Birmingham, the bazaar being in aid of St. Alban's Church, then under the care of the brothers Pollock, and was opened on Sept. 18th, 1883, by the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton, in the presence of a distinguished assemblage. My scheme was to reproduce a phase of Tudor dress peculiar to the period of Mary Queen of Scots. The ladies of the Midlands responded heartily, and embraced the idea with enthusiasm. I recollect standing under the awning over the entrance doorway to see the ladies arrive on the opening day. Some arrived in carriages, others in humble four-wheeled cabs. After a while the immense crowd had to make way for the approach of a family chariot, driven by postillions in blue and gold liveries. I recognised its occupants, and as I assisted Lady Georgina Vernon from Hanbury Hall to alight, a murmur of applause arose: it seemed as if a figure had escaped from a frame in its ancestral home, and had wandered forth to show the nineteenth century what beautiful costume was worn in the days of the fair but frail Queen Mary of Scotland. The master of the ceremonies, at my suggestion, persuaded the ladies of the bazaar to parade the streets of the old city: as they crossed the bridge connected with its fortified walls a beautiful sight was revealed, very satis-

fyng to the artistic eye. This idea was realised daily at a certain hour, and hundreds paid their shillings to see the procession who did not spend even a copper at the bazaar. The unlooked-for financial success of the St. Alban's Bazaar was in a great measure owing to this daily event. It is a pleasant memory in connection with the "showman" portion of my professional work.

The great Military Bazaar, held in aid of the funds of the First Manchester Volunteers, took place in the St. James's Hall. On this occasion I converted the great room into a fortified city, with battlemented walls, bastions, barbicans, and other architectural features. Inside these fortifications was a small mediæval town, with narrow streets and quaint shops. Outside the city gates were various "shows" appropriate to a town *en fête*. This town was built so as to give the idea of solidity and reality. The opening ceremony was an interesting event, and took place on the 11th of November, 1884. Colonel Stanley, a former War Secretary (now the Earl of Derby), presided, and declared the bazaar open. Lady Constance Stanley, now Countess of Derby, presided over the flower stall; the Countess of Wilton and the Countess of Sefton were in charge of the refreshment stall, or "Canteen," as it was called. The other stalls, which represented the several companies forming the regiment, were under the charge of well-known local ladies. The

“First Manchester” has always been a favourite regiment with the public. When the Volunteers were first massed in Hyde Park in 1860, this body of men passed with steady step and compact form under the arch, and won the admiration and applause of the Cockney crowds. They were greeted with shouts of “Well done, Lanky!” “But where are yer clogs?” They received high praise from regular officers, and from those in high places interested in military matters. The “Fortified Town” Bazaar was a great success, and in five days an amount was raised of something like £4,000. This sum enabled Lieutenant-Colonel Bridgford, C.B., to change the uniform of his corps from grey to scarlet, in obedience to War Office commands, and to secure in many ways the efficiency of the regiment.

The Chelsea Hospital for Women in the Fulham Road, London, is an admirable institution, which has been fortunate in securing the patronage and support of the greatest ladies in the land. The foundation-stone was laid by the Princess of Wales, and the building was declared open by the Duchess of Albany. In 1884, when my professional services were required, the hospital had for its secretary Mr. J. S. Wood, since the founder and accomplished editor of the *Gentlewoman*. Mr. Wood was, besides being an admirable secretary, a first-class showman. When he determined on any line of action, having

for its object the raising of money for his favourite hospital, the Committee of Management backed him up, and placed implicit confidence in his efforts. The supreme effort made by Mr. Wood took the form of a bazaar, which was known and will be ever known in bazaar history as "The Shakespeare Show."

This event took place in the Royal Albert Hall, London; the opening ceremony was on May 29th, 1884. The Earl of Cadogan officiated in the place of the Prince of Wales—who was unable to be present—and amid a flourish opened the "show."

Many of my readers will know that the Albert Hall is an immense building, on the plan of an ellipse, similar to the great Flavian Amphitheatre in Rome. It was a matter of considerable difficulty to design a setting for the show which should be effective in so large an area. Each stall was called after one of the plays, decorated with appropriate scenery, and the stall-holders were habited in correct costume, in accordance with the period of action. The plays selected for the stalls were: The Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet, Winter's Tale, Much Ado about Nothing, Measure for Measure, Hamlet, King John, Macbeth, Richard the Third, Merry Wives of Windsor, and As You Like It. The stalls were enclosed in an architectural structure of Elizabethan design, with a central dome; the

cupola of the dome was surmounted by the well-known cross-legged statue of the poet. The great organ was concealed by the Stratford-on-Avon Church, and by a representation of Shakespeare's birthplace. The realisation of this idea was a complicated and difficult matter. The artists and contractors selected were not accustomed to work on such a large scale. It was with the greatest difficulty that the structure was erected in time for the opening ceremony; in fact, the spire of Stratford Church was lying on the top rows of the amphitheatre seats when the public entered the building. How I longed for my Lancashire workmen! they would have overcome all the difficulties of the situation, and would have worked incessantly rather than leave their work incomplete or break faith with the public.

The troubles in connection with the painting and erection of the structure were light in comparison with those I experienced in dressing both the male and female characters who took part in the bazaar. After carefully drawing out the costumes, and sending the drawings to their respective wearers, I was met by a sea of troubles. Some of the ladies and gentlemen worked them out to suit their own fancy, whilst others were anxious to have the correct thing. Discussions were held over lunches, dinners, and suppers in all parts of the West End of London,

and I felt a tired and miserable being on the opening day. Oh! that Opening Day! I shall never forget it. When the stall-holders entered, my disappointment was intense. The correct dresses were modernised and so improved upon, that I scarcely knew what they were intended to represent. In some cases, however, the drawings were carefully adhered to; and when we posed the Juliet, the Beatrice, the Hero, the Hermione, and the others for the opening tableaux, the effect was very pleasing and satisfactory. The arrangement of these living Shakespearian pictures was a matter of some difficulty; in this part of the work I was kindly assisted by the late Lord Leighton and Mr. Val Prinsep. These tableaux decided upon, the curtains to each stall were drawn over them, and looped up again to a blast of trumpets as Lord Cadogan approached. Thus the great "Shakespeare Show" was opened on behalf of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

This bazaar was lavishly advertised, and inaugurated under the highest patronage. My friend, the late Randolph Caldecott, made some beautiful drawings of the costumes, and of the humours of the "Show" for the *Illustrated London News*; and Dr. Furnivall organised and arranged the display of Shakespearian Relics.

"The Show Book" was an admirable production. It was written and illustrated by the

leading literary men and artists of the day. The late Poet Laureate sent the following lines, specially written for the book:—

STANZA.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the State
Convoys the people's wish, is great;
His name is pure, his fame is free.

A. TENNYSON.

Robert Browning sent us the following lines:—

THE NAMES.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Shakespeare!—to such name's sounding, what succeeds
Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell,—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only; if from lips it fell,
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
Would own "Thou did'st create us!" Nought impedes
We voice the other name, man's most of might,
Awsomely, lovingly: let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as—below—above—
Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,
Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

ROBERT BROWNING.

March 12, '84.

Literary contributions came from the pens of

Herman Merivale, Lewis Wingfield, Lady Brassey, "Violet Fane," Frank A. Marshall, Lady Constance Howard, F. J. Fargus ("Hugh Conway") and many others. As joint showman with Mr. Wood, I wrote the following by way of explanation of the "Show," under the title of—

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

I, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, one of the Right Honourable Lord Chamberlaine his servants, of the Globe, on the Banke side, and belonging to the towne of Stratford, by the Avon, from my tomb, wherein my body lieth, in the church of the Holy Trinity, my voice proceedeth to the men and women of the nineteenth century, and I bid them to come forth to witness the show of my plays, which have been enacted divers times by the Right Honourable Lord Chamberlaine, his servants playing usually at the Globe, on the Banke side, as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, as well as before her most gracious and Protestant Majestie Elizabeth, of sacred and illustrious memorie.

These sayed plays will be showed in the month of May next ensuing, at the Great Albert Halle, situate in the district of fair Kensingtowne, whither I invite all good people, in the most sacred name of Charitie, for the allaying and removing of the bodily sufferings of women living in the good Hospital situate in the Fulham Road, in great London towne. Therefore, ye men and women of England, if ye love and cherish my memorie, for the tales of loves, joys, and sorrows incident to humanitie, which I humbly told when in the flesh, I entreat ye to come to my Show aforesaid,

which has been so carefully and beautifully prepared by men of design and exceeding cunning in art. My heroes and heroines will be with ye in the flesh, and in their divers habits as they lived.

There shall ye see my fair Portia, in the Place of Saint Mark, in the fair towne of Venice. She will be attended by Nerissa and the gentle daughter of Shylock, the Jew. Ye may also see her habited in the doctor's robes, which she so cunningly used for the saving of the merchant and to the great undoing of the vengeful Jew. She will deal in various kinds of merchandise, and will entreat ye to buy of the same liberallie, for "'Twere good ye do so much for Charitie." Ye will also meet my lovely but unfortunate Juliet, in her fair garden, looking over the Towne of Verona. In the same garden is the porch of the house of the Capulet, her father; above the said porch is the balcony ye wot of, all beautifully wrought by the cunning artist. Should ye wander into this garden, ye will meet the two great ladies of the rival houses of Montague and Capulet; maybe also the ancient nurse and go-between the loves of Romeo and the fair Capulet.

In close proximitie ye may walk into the streets of London Towne, as it was when my "crook-back" Richard limped on his secret visit to the Tower. Here ye may see the old hill of Ludgate, the Fleet water, and the tower and spire of the ancient Church of Sainte Paule. Strolling in these streets, ye may perchance meet the fair Lady Anne, the Duchess of York, and divers other ladies of Regal and noble dignitie. Ye know them well; therefore of your charity buy their wares.

Hard by the Capulet's garden is the ancient City of

Angiers, and beneath its walls the French King's pavilion. Here, once more, Elinor, the Queen Mother, King John, Philip, the fair Blanch, and many others assume their mortal shapes, as when Prince Arthur and the Ladye Constance sued to them in vain. Ye know the tale, 'twas wondrous pitiful; but now, their stern alarums changed to merry meetings, to ye they offer gentler recompense, with true effect of grace and courtesie.

Turning the corner, the visitor will find the public place of the German Towne, adjacent to the gate thereof where my good Duke Vincentio dispensed the justice, punished offenders, and won the pure and thankful love of the fair Isabella. The gateway is strong, and of good masonrie; the portcullis is up, and ye may view the Towne Street through the portal thereof. Methinks ye may here encounter the Saintly Isabel, the ill-used Mariana, together with waiting-maids, and nuns of the convent where I found the sister of Claudio in the novitiate state; she will be in her sacred garb, on her charitable mission intent, therefore give her welcome.

If my "Winter's Tale" live in your memories, turn the corner and behold Hermione, standing in statuesque grace, in the atrium of Paulina's house, in the classic land of Sicilia. Through Doric columns you may see hills covered with Temples, fair to see, of white marble, glistening in the glorious sunshine. Let it not surprise ye, if on this classic scene, ye behold the living forms of Hermione and Paulina; so may ye also have friendly intercourse with the youthful Perdita, attended by her fair Shepherdesses. I affectionately commend them all to your gentle and tender regard.

Adjoining, and in immediate proximities to the fair Queen of the Adriatic, ye will find the stately Castle of Elsinore, sleeping quietly in the moonlight; whether ye will meet my ill-starred Prince I know not, but Queen Gertrude and the fair Ophelia with ladies of the Court of Denmarke ye *will* encounter, truly a goodly companie.

Then pass ye into the lovely garden of Signior Leonato, overlooking the Towne of Messina, the glorious orb of day sinking below the distant waters. Here ye will meet my sprightly Beatrice, the slandered Hero, and perchance the love-conquered Benedick, with many others who had much to do in my Comedie of "Much Adoe About Nothing," but which (my friend Ben Jonson whispers in my ear) did not end in "Love's Labour Lost."

Now turn ye towards the Great Organ, there shall ye behold the Church of my Tomb, my humble birth-place in the Street called Henley, in the aforesaid Towne of Stratford by the Avon. Beneath again, ye may see the "Garter Inn," where ye may enjoy good cheer in the sweet companie of Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Ann Page, and Mistress Quickly. Perchance ye may encounter a certain fat knight; if so, give him welcome and a cup of sack, for I loved him well and truly.

Ye may pass from the "Garter" into the "Pit of Acheron," where ye will find the sisters, the Thane of Cawdor's wife and Hecate. They will rehearse the Cauldron Scene, with *real* "properties," which I conjure ye to obtain in memorie of your humble servant, and for the good of suffering humanitie.

Before ye leave my mimic show, enter the fair glades of my beloved Arden, commune with the gentle

Rosalind (the fair Ganymede), Phœbe, and Audrey. A certain motley fool will vend his wares and make ye glad with merrie jest. Mayhap ye may find *me* also wandering with tottering steps, in the disguise of my old Adam, whom I loved with an exceeding great love. If chance carry ye in my way, ye will find me walking on the outskirts of the forest, near the rural home of my dear Anne Hathaway.

In order that all may be properly appointed, I have deemed it right and wise to take my stand on the cupola which crowns the architectural casket containing my humble tragedies and comedies. I have deemed it right and seemly to have this casket cunningly made in the art of my time, which doth also testify my love and loyaltie to the great Queen who deigned to throw the light of her countenance on her humble servant.

From this coign of vantage I shall view the drama which will be enacted by my great and specially-engaged companie; and it is my earnest prayer that the grand Albert Theatre may be daily and nightly filled with the good citizens of the ancient Towne of London, for "Charity's sweet sake."

I am happy in the knowledge that Master Darbyshire hath designed the Architectural Casket, and drawn the Scenes and Costumes for my Companie, and when my Showman, one Master Wood, who hath devised and planned the Show, doth draw the curtain on the Opening Day, I shall look down with pride and exceeding joye; and so commending me to your gentle loves, I subscribe myself with all humility,

Your bounden Servante,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEAR.

Special illustrations were done by John B. Burgess, A.R.A., Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane, Geo. Cruickshank, Thos. Faed, R.A., Luke Fildes, R.A., Harry Furniss, F. Goodall, R.A., Mrs. Houghton, Wallis Mackay ("The Captious Critic"), Phil Morris, A.R.A., Val C. Prinsep, A.R.A., W. F. Yeames, R.A., J. D. Watson, G. A. Storey, A.R.A., and many other artists of repute. A song was written by Fred W. Cowen, and a march was composed by Augustus L. Taplin.

The "Show Book" was sold by young ladies, habited in a dress such as was worn by Elizabethan waiting women; the book had an immense sale. Mr. Punch's "Note-taker," who was supposed to be accompanied through the Hall by the Shade of Shakespeare, said of it:—

"What hast thou in thy hand?" asked the individual in costume.

"'The Shakespeare Show Book,'" replied the Note-taker, handing a handsome-looking oblong volume (for which he had paid half-a-crown) to his companion.

"A goodly tome," said the Elizabethan, turning over the leaves, "the pictures please me much." From what followed, it was evident the shade of the immortal one did not think much of some of the poetic efforts.

The Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Manchester,

was a remarkable event of 1887; and was held on the same site as the ever-memorable Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857. In the autumn of 1886, whilst on a visit to my old friend, Vernon Cochrane, in County Sligo, I received an intimation from my partner, F. Bennett Smith, that the Executive Committee wished to consult us on the "Old Manchester" section of the forthcoming Exhibition. After the preliminaries were arranged, I found myself face to face with the solution of an artistic problem of considerable magnitude, involving archæological knowledge and much antiquarian research. Moreover, as the "Show" was to be an outside one, I had to grapple with constructive points not hitherto experienced in the bazaar towns I have spoken of as erected inside buildings. "Old Manchester and Salford" was erected in the open air, and in the beautiful grounds attached to the Exhibition buildings. The idea was not a new one: "Old London" had already been realised at one of the Kensington Exhibitions. We were instructed to surpass any previous efforts in this direction, and I entered on the work with enthusiasm.

The question has often been asked: how was this work designed, and by what *modus operandi* was it accomplished? It is difficult to answer this enquiry in a popular manner, or to avoid technicalities in the description of a work of

this kind. Having made models of stage scenery for the Calvert Shakespearian Revivals where architecture was concerned, I determined to adopt the same method, and made a cardboard model of "Old Manchester and Salford" to a scale, from which the contractors could work, and from which the artists could reproduce the correct colour scheme and artistic effect.

After the plan of the town had been arranged, and the old buildings fixed upon for reproduction (a work involving much research) each block or group of buildings was modelled in cardboard, carefully coloured, and then placed in position till the whole town was built up, and ready for the constructive portion of the work. A permanent model was made in plaster, in order to allow the cardboard model to be taken to pieces. Upon these pieces the constructive framework was drawn for the instruction of the builders. When this mass of framework was in position, the town presented a curious sight, and a perfect forest of timber met the eye. On this timber construction were fixed thin slabs of fibrous plaster, the portions in relief being carefully modelled from the old examples. A white, wintry appearance was the effect of this operation, and the old town looked like a miniature city of snow. On this white surface followed the magic brush of the artist, Mr. Walter Hann, each block being painted from the model in plaster. By this

process the *tout ensemble* was reached, and the work brought to a successful conclusion.

At the request of the Exhibition Committee I wrote a detailed description (with illustrations) of our work; and "The Booke of Olde Manchester and Salford" became part of the literature of the Jubilee Exhibition of 1887. I will therefore briefly state in these pages the main features of the undertaking.

It occurred to me that in this mimic old town of Manchester, it would be interesting to realise the features of its architecture, from the Roman occupation about the time of Agricola down to the latter period of the Georgian Era. The visitor therefore entered the town through the *Porta Decumana* of ancient Mancunium, guarded by Roman sentinels. I was fortunate in finding my authority for this reproduction in the Harl. MSS. in the British Museum. The rest of the work was produced from known authorities, representing the period of Edwardian Gothic, the timber structures of the Tudor times, and the brick and stone buildings of the Georgian Era. The streets had their quaint shops; the shopkeepers were habited in the correct costumes appropriate to the architectural period of the buildings in which they carried on their various trades and handicrafts. The stocks, conduits, pillory, and hanging lamps were carefully reproduced; the proclamations of the Boroughreeves,

and the Theatre Bills were carefully reprinted and posted in the streets, illustrating points of interest in the history of the ancient Borough of Manchester. The success of this reproduction was unique in the history of outside "Shows." From the memorable opening day on the 3rd of May to the close of the Exhibition the streets of the old town were crowded day and night, and a sum of nearly £1,500 was taken in coppers for the pleasure of ascending the old Parish Church tower, which was reproduced nearly actual size.

The opening ceremony was a memorable occasion. After presentation to the Prince and Princess of Wales, it was my duty to conduct the Royal party, accompanied by their host and hostess, Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton, over the "Old Manchester and Salford." This was a pleasant episode, and my memory recalls an incident, which at this time of writing has a melancholy interest. After completing the survey of the old town the late Lord Leighton told me in words which I cannot forget, how much he appreciated my work. Lancashire men are practical; their approval of a work they have to pay for is rarely expressed, and they seldom indulge in enthusiastic commendation; therefore it was with pride and satisfaction that I received enthusiastic commendation from the very "head and front" of English art; and strange tale to tell, almost on the very spot where, 30 years before, as a young

art student, I had stood and gazed admiringly on Leighton's early pictorial effort, "Cimabue's Madonna carried through the Streets of Florence."

The appreciation of the antiquarian and artistic worlds with regard to our work was very pleasant. The illustrated newspapers sent their artists to sketch the queer old streets, buildings, and costumes; the pencils of Herbert Railton, John Jellicoe, Hal Hurst, Raffles Davison, and Mrs. Houghton found plenty of material. My old friend Railton thoroughly enjoyed the work; himself an architect by profession, he realised all the points of interest, and his artistic pencil could hardly keep pace with his desire to secure a record of the picturesque features of the "Show." I recollect an amusing incident occurred in relation to his large drawing (a view looking down the main street), which must be recorded. *He had finished and despatched his drawings for the *Graphic*, when he and Jellicoe set to work in collaboration on a double-page illustration for the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. Railton's portion of the work was completed in his best manner; the two artists were invited to meet a notability in a neighbouring town, and they took the drawing with them to discuss its completion on their journey. On the Monday morning following this visit I met Railton, and saw at once by the "dejected haviour of his visage" that something was wrong. They had

lost the drawing on the journey. Nothing could be heard of it; the person who had found it knew he had got something worth keeping, and accordingly stuck to it. There was some humour in the situation, and I quoted Charles Keene's memorable drawing in *Punch*, representing a volunteer who had not only lost his ticket, but the big drum also. Of course, I did not even hint that the cause of the loss was the same in both cases. The drawing was due in London the following morning; a new one was started, and Jellicoe got in his figure groups in a masterly manner. The picture was despatched by the night mail, and was reproduced the same week. Notwithstanding the peculiar conditions under which this piece of journalistic illustration was achieved, I doubt whether these two distinguished artists have ever excelled this work. It may be regarded as a typical example of artistic collaboration.

The Manchester Jubilee Exhibition was a great success, both financially and artistically. I experience some satisfaction in the knowledge that "Old Manchester" and Salford was an important factor in a result achieved by the pluck and determination of the men who conceived and carried out the undertaking, in commemoration of the half-century reign of our Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria.

When engaged upon the work of the great

“German Town” Bazaar, held in the St. James’s Hall, Manchester, I made the acquaintance of the owner of the building, Mr. James Reilly. Although the general public outside Manchester and the district might not know of his existence, he was well known to the fraternity of “show-men,” and his peculiar individuality was familiar with the community in which he lived. He was Irish by birth, short and rotund in figure; he had little education, but he was a shrewd and energetic business man. His business was that of a chairmaker on a wholesale scale: this business he carried on at the Globe Mahogany Chair Works, at Cornbrook, Manchester. On the adjacent land he created the well-known Pomona Gardens, in which he built a fine concert and dancing hall; wherein, also, were held immense political meetings, at which the leading statesmen of our time poured forth their eloquence on stirring events of the day. In the same grounds he erected the immense Agricultural Hall, in which the great horse shows were held, and where exhibitions of various kinds were housed, requiring a large covered area. At this time the site of Pomona Gardens is occupied by the Ship Canal Docks; the huge glass palaces have disappeared, and their places are occupied by the steamships of commerce, unloading their cargoes from distant lands.

Reilly was wise in his generation: he antici-

pated the coming change in his Pomona property by erecting the great St. James's Hall in the heart of the city. Here, also, have been held great political meetings, bazaars, and exhibitions of various kinds. After the success of the "German Town" Bazaar, Reilly conceived the idea that I might get up a Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition. I hesitated for some time, but ultimately decided to make the attempt. This work was destined to bring me into contact with persons of consequence and with representative men. I therefore place the event on record in these pages.

After consultation with Ford Madox-Brown, I determined to secure the goodwill and interest of the late William Morris, as a lever wherewith to raise the fabric of this Art Exhibition. Thus came about my acquaintance with this distinguished man; and my knowledge of the men who were originating and developing design and elevating handicraft was completed in this fortunate contact with the author of "The Earthly Paradise."

I started the undertaking with a list of distinguished patrons: the late Earl of Wilton acted as president, and took a keen interest in the work. On it becoming known that the firm of Morris & Co. were interested in the Exhibition, I had no difficulty in persuading the leading art firms in the country to contribute

examples of their work. The late Duke of Albany and other members of the Royal Family took a great interest in the establishment of the Royal Tapestry Works at Windsor. I visited Windsor, and was successful in obtaining a fine set of examples then being made for Mr. Vanderbilt, the American capitalist. In this Exhibition all the fine and industrial arts were represented, and by the best known artists in their respective work. The North of England had thus an opportunity of seeing the progress and development of the industrial arts in the Victorian age.

This Exhibition was opened by the Earl of Wilton on October 20th, 1882. The luncheon was an interesting event, over which Lord Wilton presided. The guests included the Countess of Wilton, Mr. Woodall, M.P., Sir Henry Roscoe, William Morris, and other well-known persons. After the preliminary toasts proposed by the President, Mr. Woodall (a member of the Royal Commission on Technical Education) proposed "English Decorative Art," coupled with the name of William Morris.

The speech made in response by the poet, artist, and decorator has always seemed to me a most important utterance, and worthy of record. I shall, therefore, include it in these pages. Mr. Morris said:—

I think we may without rashness congratulate ourselves on the

progress made in decorative art of late years. I should be loth to speak slightly of any of the brotherhood to which I belong, past or present. (Laughter.) But the plain fact is, that some twenty-five years ago these arts of mere decorations were in such a state that one is bound to say that they looked as if they were coming to an end; of the traditional part of them there was, in England at least, scarce any more left than there is now, *i.e.*, nothing. On the more obvious and self-conscious side there was nothing stirring. What individual talent was left could only show itself in eccentricities that most often deserved to be called by any other name rather than decoration. The public was as blankly ignorant of the history of the art as the designers were of its first principles. The contempt with which the whole subject was treated in those days is shown pretty clearly by the law which relates to the copyright in industrial designs, which, strange to say, is to this day all the protection accorded to them. The framers of that law doubtless wished to secure to manufacturers all reasonable advantages for those designs which they had paid for or invented; yet to this day it is only possible to protect such designs for three years. Three years seemed at the time when that law was made ample time for a manufacturer to reap all reasonable advantages from any design he might produce. I don't think I need make much comment on that. Well, really, I must say that twenty-five years ago it did not much matter whose design you got hold of. (Laughter.) They were all much the same, and did little but spoil the materials out of which they were made. (Laughter.) I well remember when I was first setting up house, twenty-three years ago, and two or three other friends of mine were in the same plight, what a rummage there used to be for anything tolerable in the way of hangings, for instance, and what shouts of joy would be raised if we had the luck to dig up some cheapish commonplace manufacture, which, being outside the range of fancy goods, had escaped the general influence of the vacuity of the times. (Applause.) On the whole, I remember that we had to fall back upon turkey-red cotton and dark-blue serge, since even the very self-colours of fancy goods had grown to be impossible, which is the more inexcusable as at that time the beneficent march of science and commerce had not yet destroyed the ancient and worthy traditions of the craft of dyeing, as it has since done. (Applause.) My

lord, this last sentence shows itself to me like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, and reminds me that I have something else to say than self-satisfied triumph over our advance on the blank nothingness of the first half of the century. Yet, certainly that advance has been made; a reaction from ugliness to beauty has touched at least some part of the people who live among civilisation, and in what we technically call the decorative arts this new Renaissance has been helped in this country by many agencies, not least among which has been the steady endeavour on the part of the Department for Science and Art to spread artistic education among the public in general. Some of the results of this new Renaissance are now before the people of this great city, and I think I may say that they very fairly represent what has been done in the arts of decoration since the change I have been speaking of took place; nor am I ashamed, in the name of my brethren in the craft, in the first place, to beg some tenderness from the public for our shortcomings, considering the difficulties we have had to fight against; and, in the second place, to remind them that things have changed, that no young housekeeper need now take so much pains for such a scanty result as I had to do in 1859; that anyone can now find in shops all over the country goods at commonplace prices which both intend to be and are beautiful, and more or less marked by artistic individuality; that, in short, anyone who chooses can make the interior of his house comely and pleasant without an unreasonable expenditure of time and trouble. (Applause.) Now, I will not ask my craft-brethren to be content with my using no greater words in praise of our noble selves than these, which, after all, do seem to me to imply great encouragement to us all, for something more I have to say before I sit down. I am always asking myself is this apparent success real—is this seeming advance of a quarter of a century going somewhere or nowhere? That is a serious question, to which it is impossible to answer ay or no. But, after all, to us as practical people it does not matter much whether it can be answered directly always, so long as we see clearly what are the conditions of the health or disease, the life or death of our art. In short, so long as we can see what work is immediately ahead of us to maintain our art in a hopeful state. Now, to my mind, it is not so very difficult to see this. Firstly, we have, to put the matter in its simplest form, to interest the whole public in the

work. Firstly, and indeed lastly, there is nothing else for us to do. That once done, the whole public will see to this matter. Well, that is easy to say and very hard to do; short to say and very long to do, and yet we must set to work about it, unless we æsthetic upholsterers—(laughter)—are content to be what I am afraid many people think us—contemptible waiters—(laughter)—or mere pleasure-seekers and triflers with life. For in truth, these decorative arts, when they are genuine, real from the root up, have one claim to be considered serious matters which even the greater arts do in a way lack, and this claim is that they are the direct expression of the thoughts and aspirations of the mass of the people—(applause)—and I assert that the higher class of artist, the individual artist, he whose work is, as it were, a world in itself, cannot live healthily and happily without the lower kind of art—if we must call it lower—the kind which we may think of as co-operative art, and which, when it is genuine, gives your great man, be he never so great, the peaceful and beautiful surroundings, and the sympathetic audience which he justly thinks he has a right to. If you compel a Michael Angelo to live in a world of dullards and blunderers, what can happen to him but to waste his life in ceaseless indignant protest, till his art fades out in sour despondency, and his whole career has turned out a useless martyrdom? (Applause.) Great minds need no slaves to rule over, but rather fellow-workmen whom they can help and be helped by. So I say that the decorative arts are as necessary to our life as civilised men—nay, as men, as the more strictly intellectual arts are, and that that which has become our end and aim, to wit, the new birth of popular art, as on the one hand it is a most arduous, so on the other it is a most worthy undertaking. Such great works both make the utmost courage necessary, and inspire us with the necessary courage for carrying them out. Striving to arm myself with that courage, I will venture still to try to tell you what seem to me the chief difficulties that we have to face in our undertaking, and will beg you also to be courageous in listening to my few last words, since courage, as you well know, is the very mother of kindness and good-nature. Well, once for all, I am afraid I must admit that the public in general are not touched at all by any interest for decorative art; a few of the upper and middle classes only have as much as heard that

there is such a thing as decorative, which should be popular, art. How could it be otherwise? Consider: that lapse of all the arts of decoration that I began by speaking of, and which got to such a pitch at last that it became unbearable to some of the cultivated part of our population—this paralysis of the art was brought about by commerce (so called) forbidding the exercise of art as an essential part of manufactured wares. Time was when all manufactured wares had some claim to beauty; and, other things being equal, the most beautiful thing was the most marketable. I fear we cannot say that this is the case now. Pray excuse me for drawing an illustration from a very interesting and useful class of goods to which we are none of us strangers—printed cottons. If you turn over the pattern-books of this or that cotton printer in this city, you will find many patterns which are exceedingly pretty, while some of them are exceedingly—well, ugly, as, I am sure, the gentleman who prints them will admit. Now, having the honour of the acquaintance of a cotton printer in this city, I am able to say that, so far as I could understand, the ugly patterns sell quite as well as the pretty ones. (Laughter.) Now, you know, if the decorative arts were in a healthy condition, instinctive good taste would refuse the ugly patterns and demand the pretty ones; and so prevent what I must consider a degrading waste of money, time, and intelligence; for what in its way can be more wasteful than using all the accumulated knowledge and skill of centuries in spoiling the fair white surface of a piece of cloth by putting a pattern on it which you know to be ugly? (Laughter and “Hear, hear.”) And in like manner it fares with all the other industrial arts. If a manufacturer determines to be also somewhat of an artist (as he most certainly should be), and to turn out nothing but what may do credit to his own reason and intellect, he must also make up his mind to give up a great part, probably the greatest part, of his business. And I will say at once, before I go further, that if a good few of our makers of common wares were so much touched by the importance of the decorative arts of England as to do this, it would make a new era in that advance of the art which I have been speaking of; and if we could add to such a sacrifice of apparent welfare an obvious and lively interest on the part of the public in the processes and

methods of the art, I do think we should be nearing our goal. For at present the divorce of commercial manufacture from art has made the public bad marketers; too often they don't know what they are buying. Often I have had it said to me when I have been showing my friends some process of designing or making a piece of goods: "Dear me, I had no idea that all that trouble was necessary." In short, it seems to be generally believed by a people, to my mind somewhat overdone by machinery, that works of minor art can be and are turned out like the sausages in the mythical Yankee machine—live pig at one end, sausages at the other. (Laughter.) Whereas, in truth, every work of art, however humble, as on the one hand there has gone to make it real human pleasure of body and mind, so on the other every stage of its making has been attended by painful care, anxiety, and chance of failure. And this it is, this play of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, over it which makes it what we call a work of art: indeed, we may call it a work of nature also. That word "nature" reminds me that I have still something to say to you, if I do not weary you overmuch. The divorce of commerce from art has been wasteful of more than the works of man's industry, and in many places—and, I must say, nowhere more than in South Lancashire—has made the advice which we must always give to all students of art—to go to nature—somewhat of a mockery. Believe me, I do not speak of this or any other evil wantonly, but with the hope of, in my small way, encouraging those who are fighting against it. And, indeed, fight against this evil we must, if we are to have decorative or any other art for long. The choice lies before us: which will you have—art or dirt? In the long-run I believe you will find art the cheaper of the two commodities; for, if we choose dirt, we shall make England—all of it, sooner or later—what it was not meant to be, an uncomfortable country; and discomfort breeds discontent, and discontent—what will that bring forth in this land of stout-hearted men? This is far from being beside the question: it is English decorative art I am speaking of, and can we forget what the country is like which bred that art as it once was, which has made an ancient English house, for all its simplicity and rudeness, the loveliest of the habitations of man? Surely my voice is speaking the thoughts of many people when I plead with

the mighty and overwhelming commerce of England to spare the source from which all English art has sprung, what is left us of the land of England, with all its growth of familiar beauty, sweetened, every acre of it, with the memories of the men that made us. (Applause.) When that plea is listened to, and we make up our minds (first) to keep all we have left us of fair and unspoiled country and dwellings, and (second) to replace what we have lost by a reasonable and living art which shall really express our lives and their aspirations—I say, when we have made up our minds to do this, then is all gained. Nature, which has covered with her kind hand the battle-fields of the Edwards and Henrys and Charleses, will in one way or other, when we call upon her, do no less for the battle-fields of commerce. Our scientific men—who to me, an outsider, seem able to do anything they care to do—will have shown us the right use of carbon and sulphuric acid, and the sun will shine as brightly through the boughs outside the factory windows in Lancashire as it does through the Kentish hop garden. (Applause.) I think these days will come, wild as the prophecy seems. We shall not see them. Who cares? since we amongst others shall have worked to bring them about. Nor will anybody in those days need to talk about English decorative art, for every one will have it ready to his hand, like the company of a friend with whom one can talk if one wills, or be silent with if one pleases; so restful, so familiar shall it be.

The success of this Art and Industrial Exhibition was complete. Not only was it financially successful, but it helped to increase an appreciation of the beautiful in the surroundings of home life. Towards the close of the Exhibition I persuaded Mr. Reilly to open it on one Sunday, as an experiment to test what amount of appreciation existed in the minds of the masses for art, and for things of beauty. I shall never forget the result of this experiment. We had not made

any preparation for a crowd, and had taken no precaution for the protection of the beautiful and breakable things exhibited. I remember it was a cold, miserable wintry afternoon; but when the doors had been open about two hours the turnstiles recorded the passage of fourteen thousand people into the great Hall. I was alarmed for the safety of the exhibits, and the President of the Manchester Academy of Arts and other artist friends constituted themselves into a sort of police force, and delivered explanatory lectures to the interested crowds. When the Hall was finally cleared, it was found that not a thing was injured and not an article disturbed. I was mightily proud of Lancashire folk on that Sabbath day. The whole event was a splendid argument in favour of the Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries.

I have occupied so much space with a reference to this Exhibition, that I shall simply record the fact that I was induced to organise another in the following year devoted to the "Building Trades." This Exhibition was opened on the 10th of July by the Mayor of Manchester, Mr. Alderman John Hopkinson. Another success was achieved, and I resolved to retire from this class of work, which involved much responsibility and a large expenditure of time.

CHAPTER XVII.

“WHY, you are historic !”

Thus exclaimed Herman Merivale at a festive gathering, where the Drama was the subject of conversation.

“You were Irving’s first Polonius, and Helen Faucit’s last Jaques !”

Such an idea of my histrionic importance had never occurred to me ; but when the point came to be argued, this statement of the distinguished dramatist turned out to be nearly the fact. When Sir Henry Irving was a stock actor at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, he once tried “Hamlet” for his benefit ; and I think on that occasion Everill was the Polonius. When, however, he played the Royal Prince of Denmark a second time seriously, and after much study, I had the honour of playing the old courtier. This was on the occasion of his taking leave of Lancashire, in 1865.

The last appearance on the stage of Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) took place at the Calvert Memorial Performances at the Manchester Theatre

Royal, in 1879. On this occasion I had the honour of playing the "Melancholy Jaques" from her own "prompt" book of the play. I shall have much to say of this event later on. It was a memorable episode.

I am not quite clear how it was that I developed a taste for poetry, and the poetic drama; but I think I must have inherited it from the maternal side of our house, as I remember when quite young hearing my mother quote from Shakespeare, Scott, Cowper, Byron, and other well-known authors. I cultivated a taste for reading and reciting at the Alderley Academy where my scholastic education ended. This fancy was fostered, curiously enough, by association with two persons who happened to be in the office in which I commenced my studies in the architectural profession. One was the old assistant I have alluded to as "Tom Pinch," and the other was my fellow-pupil of the name of Hodgkinson. This young gentleman was absolutely "stage-struck," and his histrionic vagaries were amusing, and sometimes extraordinary. In personal appearance he was thin and gaunt-looking, with large protruding eyes; he had a peculiar way of standing "at ease," after the manner of Macready. His vanity was so extreme that he hired the old Library Hall at the Athenæum, placarded the walls of the town with posters, announcing his appearance as a Shakespearian reciter under a high-sounding

name which I have forgotten. The event I shall never forget. My part in the transaction was to stand at the door, collect the money, and sell programmes. I recollect I stood there like the Roman sentinel, "faithful unto death," waiting for the audience to arrive. The audience did arrive a few minutes before starting time, to the number of six or seven. The ambitious young man went through his performance, but for the second part the audience did not return, having taken advantage of the interval to effect an escape. The result of this affair was artistic failure and financial disaster.

There is still a portion of the Manchester Theatre Royal devoted to a hotel, and at the time I am writing of—viz., the late "fifties"—it was the haunt of the great "star" actors visiting the town, and of the stock company, under Mr. John Knowles's management, at the Theatre. There were no luxurious clubs like the Brasenose and Arts in those days, where actors are now honourably entertained; but this Theatre Royal Hotel, or "Cox's," as it was familiarly called, was the rendezvous of the profession. It was here that I came to know Barry Sullivan, Walter Montgomery, Vandenhoff, Charles Dillon, and other exponents of the "high and palmy" school of acting. Here, also, I came in contact with Henry Irving, Sinclair, Shickle, Glenny, Bickerstaff, Everill, Bielby Lee—

the fine amateur and courteous gentleman—and many others of that clever band of stock actors, scenic artists, and musicians who were destined to expound their art on new lines on the decay of that of the old school. At this inn I was destined to meet Charles Alexander Calvert (then manager of the Royal), and to enter upon one of the dearest friendships of my life. Often as I pass this hotel I picture the white-haired, venerable “Old Cox” in the midst of his theatrical guests: I fancy I can hear the merry jest and the stage anecdote. I think of the devilled kidneys, the foaming stout, and other simple fare wherewith histrionic genius regaled itself. All is now changed: that “goodly companie” is dispersed, and, so far as my knowledge goes, Sir Henry Irving is the only survivor, as he is the greatest actor of the Victorian Era.

In the year 1861 was established what was called the Manchester Engineer Volunteer Corps, composed of architects, artists, surveyors, and civil engineers. The men, I remember, were dressed in scarlet Garibaldi shirts and smart scarlet caps, decorated with gold braid. The corps first appeared in public in regimental order at the review of volunteers on Newton Race-course, before Sir George Wetherall and staff. This little band of citizen soldiers needed funds for its maintenance and efficiency. By way of raising these funds a grand amateur performance

was arranged for, under distinguished patronage. This dramatic event took place at the Theatre Royal on the 11th of November, 1861. Charles Calvert managed the stage for the amateurs, and during the rehearsals I came closely in contact with him ; and thus a life-long friendship was commenced. I shall have more to say hereafter of my intimate association with Calvert during his memorable management of the Prince's Theatre, which became the recognised home of Shakespearian productions.

There were some curious incidents in connection with this amateur performance. The bill consisted of "As You Like It" and "High Life Below Stairs." I had rehearsed the part of Jaques twice, when the fact became known to the Society of Friends, to which religious body I then belonged, and I was threatened with all sorts of terrible things if I persisted in play-acting, and for encouraging the idea of war. I saw my mistake, and retired from active participation in the movement. Being young and thoughtless, I was forgiven, both by the Society and by my parents. This play-acting, however, was destined in after years to be the means in some measure of my expulsion from the Society of Friends, and of which event I shall have something to say in its proper place.

I doubt whether any of the gentlemen who took part in the performance had ever faced the

glare of the footlights; but, as usual with amateurs, they *thought* they knew all about it. Although the financial result was excellent, the artistic result was something dreadful. "As You Like It" was pulled through by such clever and experienced actresses as Mrs. Charles Calvert, Miss Lucy Rushton, Mrs. Bickerstaff, and Mrs. Raymond; but the farce was worthy of its title, and was played—anyhow. Arthur Marsh, now the well-known artist, played the coachman, and when he and Tom had their drinking scene together, Marsh's wig *would* slide off; his frantic efforts to keep it on plunged the house into roars of laughter, and when he uttered the words, "We got drunk together, let's go bed t'gether," it slipped off on to the table. A scene of uproarious merriment both in the house and on the stage was the result, and "High Life Below Stairs" concluded in dire confusion. So ended the first amateur performance with which I was associated.

Having in the year 1862 affixed a brass plate to a doorpost in St. James's Square, Manchester, on which I intimated to the British public that I was an *architect*, I devoted that and the following year to matters professional; but in the next year, 1864, I found myself once more in the theatrical arena. This year was memorable as marking the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of our immortal Shakespeare. Along with a band

of young enthusiasts, I plunged heartily into a scheme for an amateur performance in celebration of the occasion. The head and front of this undertaking was the late J. M. Whitehead, a solicitor, of Bury, in Lancashire. He was an admirable actor, and shortly afterwards embraced the Stage professionally, starting with a company of his own, travelling through the country and passing through the usual vicissitudes of theatrical enterprise. He ultimately abandoned the venture, and returned a wiser and a sadder man to the realm of the Law. It was decided that our Tercentenary Performance should take place in Bury; our enthusiastic manager secured the large hall of the Athenæum, painted special scenery, engaged the professional ladies, and advertised on a great scale. His method of advertising had some original features about it. Beside the usual "posters," "double royals," and ordinary bills, he had small slips printed about three inches long by one inch wide, with prepared gum backs. For weeks before the event every lamp post, stump, or pump in the town and vicinity for miles around, was decorated with one of these slips, with the simple announcement thereon: "'As YOU LIKE IT,' 'TAMING OF A SHREW,' April 23rd." I heard on good authority that if a client set down his hat in the office he was certain to go out with one of these little labels stuck on the lining; they were found in all sorts of queer places, and

aroused universal curiosity. As time went on the secret was divulged by wall-posting and newspaper announcements, and as a result the scene on the night of performance was one of wild excitement. The whole area of the Hall was occupied by a full-dress audience, and thousands were scrambling, fighting, and yelling in the streets for admission to the cheap parts of the house. An attempt was made to scale the walls and enter by the windows of the large Hall; this was stopped by the police; the performance was repeated on the following night (Saturday), or the event might have ended in disaster.

This being the first occasion on which I faced the glare of the footlights, and a sea of upturned faces, I often wonder how it was that I did not take "stage fright" and fly ignominiously from the scene. To make matters more serious, I was told off to recite Hogg's celebrated "Invocation to the Spirit of Shakespeare." I shall never forget the sensation when the curtain rose, displaying the whole company standing in front of a beautifully painted "cloth" of the Birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon. The sound of my own voice was strange to me when I stepped in front and burst forth with

"Spirit all limitless," &c.

I remember I seemed in a dream; and when the poem was completed and the curtain dropped amid a round of applause, I fairly bolted to

my dressing-room; here I was followed by the manager, who dragged me back again to the stage, to answer a clamorous call from the audience; and we all bowed our acknowledgments. I also remember a kind of dazed feeling that came over me when at the end of the "Seven Age" speech; nothing could be done for two or three minutes on account of the applause from the vast audience. I happened to catch a sight of the manager gesticulating fiercely at the wing. I could not understand the situation, but, losing all patience at my amateur ignorance, he shouted out, "Why the —— don't you bow to the audience?" I bowed, the noise ceased, and the play was allowed to proceed.

This was my first attempt at acting; but, strange to say, the newspapers said nice things of my effort, and I was seriously advised to throw up the "**T** square" and take to the sock and buskin. But no, I held true to my first love. I clung tenaciously to bricks and mortar, in spite of the tempting prospect held out. The manager shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel, and exclaimed to a mutual friend, "Another good man gone wrong." I shall always remember this youthful histrionic effort with satisfaction, because it made some pleasant friendships, notably that with Miss Ada Dyas. She played Rosalind, and Katherine for the first time, with a charm that won all hearts; her musical voice and expressive

features in the charming heroine of "As You Like It" fairly took the audience by storm. A great future was predicted for her; she appeared just as the Robertsonian drama was fascinating people, and it was soon evident that she must take up the charming heroines created by the new dramatist. Esther Eccles in "Caste" was a *chef-d'œuvre*. She carried this masterpiece to America. Our cousins on that continent so loved her that she was not allowed to return for something like a quarter of a century. Old playgoers saw her once again in 1892, in Sir Henry Irving's production of "King Lear," in which she accepted the part of Goneril for old acquaintance' sake. It has pleased Providence that my friendship with this accomplished lady still continues. Often in these (our grey-hair days) we recall our youthful efforts at acting in the Lancashire town in honour of the Tercentenary Commemoration of the birth of William Shakespeare.

In the same year I yielded to the earnest request of Mr. Whitehead, our manager at Bury, to go to Hereford, and play on the occasion of his benefit. Whitehead was on tour with his own company; funds had got low, and he determined to make an attempt to restore his shattered finances, by what he called a supreme effort. He announced a special performance of "Othello" with myself as the Moor, and my friend Mr. Lawrence Booth (an architect of Manchester) as

Cassio. The Tragedy was followed by "She Stoops to Conquer," in which also we were announced to appear. I began to think that I was fairly on the way to histrionic fame. The sequel will show my disenchantment.

Now, when a man becomes "stage-struck" he is likely to meet with experiences which may lead to fame and reputation, but which in nine cases out of ten will disgust him, and cure him of his passion for histrionics. My experience at the Theatre Royal, Hereford, certainly tended in the latter direction. I need not say that to all amateurs the dress, or "get-up," is quite of as much consequence as a proper performance of the part; in many cases much more important. My friend and I soon found that we both possessed certain physical characteristics which had to be worked up to or provided for in our costumes. For instance, it was absolutely necessary that I should wear a turban, brass breast-plate, curved scimitar, and other adjuncts peculiar to a swarthy Oriental. Never shall I forget that dress and the worry it caused me, for on it hangs my story of what I will call "Othello's Difficulties."

On a beautiful Whitsuntide morning we arrived at the Old London Road Station, and to our horror the package of costumes was not to hand. Just as we were taking our seats, a quaint old costumier of the name of Tyrer turned up with

many apologies, producing the "togs." We were soon deep in our parts, and rehearsed them during the whole of the journey. After passing Shrewsbury town and during the run to Ludlow we disrobed and got into our acting costumes. I shall never forget the consternation of the porters at the latter station when they beheld the strange spectacle; I believe they thought we were "two wandering lunatics," for the guard locked both the carriage doors; and, on arriving at Hereford, he was astonished to find us clothed and in our right minds, as we thanked him kindly for securing the carriage for our own special use. Under any other circumstances our first thoughts would have been for the Cathedral; but we had no eyes for anything but the long streamers on the walls, bearing these startling announcements: "Othello to-night, Mr. Charles Addison"; "Cassio to-night, Mr. Frank Howard." Other posters declared in big letters that on this occasion, being the manager's benefit, "Othello" would be performed with the aforesaid gentlemen in the cast, "*both of the Theatre Royal, Manchester.*" This announcement made me nervous; but my companion burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, remarking that it was "just like Whitehead to 'star' us in that style."

Arrived at the Theatre Royal, the rehearsal began in earnest, and a curious experience it

was. Nobody but Iago seemed to know his part, and the "heavy" man sulked and growled all through. The scenery reminded one of the "blood and thunder" shows at a fair. There were a few properties, consisting of chairs and tables, and when we mildly asked where so-and-so was, we were informed in the most light-and-airy manner that he was "cut out." The company was so small that they had to "double" in order to mount the piece at all. When that rehearsal was ended, I felt so depressed that I wanted to take the first train home. What a destruction to the castle-building I had indulged in! What a sacrilege to treat the great master's work in such a manner! To rouse our spirits the manager took us over the Cathedral, and treated us to a copious draught of cider at the first hostelry we came to. Whilst there the "heavy" man entered, and, putting on a tragic air, exclaimed to the landlord, "Simpson, it is now a long time since you said to me, 'Bertram, will you have a glass of beer?'" to which the landlord remarked that that period of time would probably be considerably extended. It was evident that Bertram had not been a strict teetotaler during the day, and the manager quaked as he thought of the Duke of Venice and Lodovico of the evening. He whispered in my ear that the man was annoyed at our coming, and advised me to be civil to him. I

was civil; but what that civility cost me is a matter of history in theatrical annals.

The dreadful evening arrived. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, and the summer heat was almost intolerable. Our dressing-room was reached by a ladder from a back yard, and, I believe, was a hayloft hastily arranged for the occasion. Othello, Cassio, Iago, and Lodovico shared this adjunct to the temple of the drama. I had arrayed myself in my Moorish costume, and was creating the dusky hue before a large mirror, when I caught the reflection of the inebriated form of Bertram vainly endeavouring to pull on his "tights." At the same moment my image caught his sight—from that moment Othello was doomed. His first exclamation, in a deep, sepulchral, thick voice, struck the keynote of the situation: "Where on earth did you get that make-up from? It looks just like the Turkey rhubarb merchant on London Bridge!" Quite true: there was no mistake about it. Yet the thing could not be altered, and Othello made his first entrance with this horrid thought in his swarthy bosom. Fortunately the audience were not impressed with the same notion, and the burst of applause which greeted the Manchester "star" drove the rhubarb idea from my mind. All went well till the great scene where the Moor appears before the Duke and his Court to answer the charges of Brabantio for charming

away his daughter. From the wing we saw the noble Duke assisted to his throne by two "supers," and the acting edition coolly laid open before him on the table. Brabantio exclaims, "My daughter! O, my daughter!" The Senator exclaims, "Dead?"

Brabantio:

Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,—
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,—
Sans witchcraft could not—

Then to our horror, the deep husky voice of the Duke was heard to enquire, "What! not with rhubarb?" It would be impossible to describe the effect produced on the stage. The diabolical grin of that noble Duke haunts me still. Those Senators shook with suppressed laughter; and Michael Cassio, who stood beside me at the footlights, fairly turned on his heel, and fled the scene. Fortunately the audience did not see the joke; the rhubarb seemed part of the drugs and charms, and just as the curtain was about to descend, I started off in a fit of passion with "Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," and thereby prevented the collapse of the Tragedy.

We worked through to the fourth act, during which time the Duke of Venice, after desperate efforts, exchanged his robes for the simple dress appropriate to Lodovico. It was with the greatest difficulty that the latter character got on to the

stage with the papers from the Duke and Senate. I snatched them from him whilst a slight hissing came from the audience; then, retiring up the stage to peruse the papers, still keeping my eye on the inebriated messenger, I heard the gentle Desdemona say, "And what's the news, good Lodovico?" The answer came with a leer at myself, "Rhubarb's cheap." This fairly aroused the audience into a fit of frenzy. To save a catastrophe, I cut the speech short, ending with the words, "I do entreat that we may sup together." Then came the climax: "Thank ye. Will there be any Turkey rhubarb?"

I shall never forget the scene that followed. Iago (poor Henry Drayton) seized the drunken Lodovico by the collar, and hurled him off the boards. It is needless to say that he fell with a fearful crash into the scenery, and the curtain descended amidst the yells of the exasperated audience. How I got through the last two acts is a mystery. I think anger carried me through, for I remember Desdemona (Mrs. Henry Drayton) struggled under the pillows, and she afterwards informed me she was afraid I was really going to crush the breath out of her. We wound up that disastrous evening with a supper, but my mind never fairly recovered the shock. I was cured of my craving for histrionics. The stage-struck youth who entered that theatre full of high hope, left it in disgust, and returned to his

legitimate avocation, a sadder but a wiser man. Many years ago I wrote an account of this theatrical adventure in the *Manchester City News*, and my friend Booth wrote a continuation which the Editor called "Cassio's Supplement."

In this article he said:—

Henry Bertram, the bête-noir of the noble Moor, acted in the "Tempest" when it was produced at the opening of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and would probably have continued to do so much longer but for a misrepresentation of his "condition" by Mr. Calvert when "Henry" was engaged, or expected to be, on important business.

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Tender thoughts are coming as I approach the conclusion of my little supplementary narrative. The Manager was cured of his craze by meeting, in his character of Jim Baggs, the eyes of an amiable and most estimable lady, one of the audience, who had the good sense and knowledge of human nature to adopt in practice the injunction as to "not despising a man because he wears a ragged coat." This lady he married, and lived happily ever after, in the practice of his own legitimate profession, and the society of his old friends. But he never lost his sympathy with the companions of his former toils in the dramatic world. Nothing gave him greater delight than to assemble round his hospitable table as many of them as possible, and one of my most pleasurable reminiscences is that of a Sunday spent at Helensholme in the company of Irving, his honoured guest, who had then almost reached the height of his ambition—always supposing that there is any limit in perpendicularity and altitude to that enormous ladder.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE year 1864 was remarkable in the Theatrical Annals of Manchester; in this year the Prince's Theatre was opened in the month of October. A number of cultured gentlemen and capitalists, with the late Mr. Peacock at their head, induced Mr. Charles Calvert (who, as I have said, was the manager at the Royal for the owner, Mr. John Knowles) to throw in his lot with the new venture, and to take the reins of management. This opportunity was embraced by Mr. Calvert without hesitation, for he saw a prospect of gratifying an ambition always in his mind, namely, to produce the works of Shakespeare, and the modern high-class drama, in a scholarly and worthy manner.

This combination of brains and capital resulted in the brightest epoch in the history of the provincial Stage, and was regarded by the artistic and literary world as a monumental effort to maintain the dignity, the beauty, and the grandeur of the greatest dramatic works, to uphold the honourable position of the Theatre, and to elevate the general tone of the art of the Stage.

The *raison d'être* of the Prince's Theatre venture was well expressed in the opening Address, written by my friend H. M. Acton, and spoken by Mr. Calvert, a portion of which may be appropriately quoted:—

On our side, too, perhaps some ancient claims
May pass as warrant for our present aims?
If so, believe no purpose, light or vain,
Rears to the Drama this its last-built fane.
Here we aspire, you aiding us, to lend
The Art we live for to its worthiest end;
To bid the grand old masters of our craft
Speak as though still they lived; abroad to waft
The words of wisdom, charity, and wit,
Which Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Goldsmith writ;
Nor yet neglect whate'er the modern age
And living talent yield to grace the stage.
So may we hope the generous mind to reach
With sweetened lore, and, pleasing, still to teach;
Alike at Virtue's and the Muses' call
To bid the alternate passions rise and fall;—
The mirth that asks from modesty no blush;
Tears that from Nature's kindest fountains gush;—
And deeper grave those lessons on the mind,
Which, while they charm, instruct and warn mankind.
A great ambition! but if you assist,
Hard though our toil, its aim will not be miss'd;
And, think! if, haply, in some future year,
Children of yours seek chastened pleasure here,
How just the pride, if honour then be due,
To feel no trifling share belongs to you!
Yours, generous patrons! were the eyes to mark
When from the shore first crept our modest bark;
You saw its form, and deemed its promise good;
You helped its trembling passage to the flood,
And sped it bounding, in a worthy cause,
Before the favouring gale of your applause!



CHARLES ALEXANDER CALVERT.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.

To write the history of the Manchester Prince's Theatre under the Calvert régime would involve a task far exceeding the limits of this work; therefore I must rest content with an abbreviated history, with especial reference to that portion of it with which I was more intimately associated. It must be admitted by everyone acquainted with the history of the modern English stage, that the work done by Calvert in the Provinces was valued and respected by the artistic and cultured patrons of the Drama throughout the country; and during a period of ten years the little Prince's Theatre was the home of legitimate art, and the abiding place of the Shakespearian drama. It is true that Charles Kean and Samuel Phelps were the pioneers in the great work of Shakespearian production; but the developments made under the Calvert "Revivals" in Manchester, and now being carried beyond the most sanguine expectations by our great actor-manager, Sir Henry Irving, have caused the earlier efforts to fade almost away into the historic past; and there are only a few old playgoers who remember them, and from whom any detailed account can be obtained.

At the outset of his work, Calvert adopted the dictum of the late Cardinal Wiseman: that Shakespeare wrote *to be acted*, and *not to be read*. As Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and not for the scholar, how should the stage give

expression to his inspired works? On this point Calvert had only one opinion—all that art, intellect, and stagecraft could produce should be forthcoming to provide a glorious and gem-like setting suitable for the brightest jewels which have ever sparkled from the human brain. Calvert was conscious that in holding such a strong and decided opinion he would come into conflict with those persons who are content with a *moderate* setting of the Shakespearian drama, and who joined in the cry against Charles Kean when he was called the “upholsterer” and not the upholder of the drama. It has always seemed to me a strange thing that this class of objectors to complete representation should not have taken the trouble to look into the Poet’s own pages for some argument in favour of their theory. Perhaps they have done so, and found all the internal evidence against them: at least, such I judge to be the case, inasmuch as I have failed to detect, as yet, any authoritative utterance on the subject; and one would fain believe that the often ill-natured and ignorant criticism of twenty years ago has disappeared, and died a natural death in face of the superb conditions under which we now behold the Shakespearian drama.

From that memorable night of October 15th, 1864, when the Prince’s Theatre doors opened with “The Tempest,” revived on Calvert’s prin-

ciples, to the date of the last "revival" of "Henry IV." (second part) in 1874, playgoers had the satisfaction and enjoyment of a brilliant epoch in the history of the stage—an epoch which brought prestige and profit to those who had had the courage to expend time and money on what was predicted would be a disastrous undertaking. The true keynote was struck on the opening night: I venture to think that that event was of vital importance in the history of the Manchester stage. That night inaugurated a policy from which, in spite of adverse criticism and prophecy of financial disaster, Manager Calvert never swerved or departed from in the slightest degree. "The Tempest" was produced with beautiful scenery, good acting, good music;—will the episode of Julia St. George singing "Where the bee sucks," time after time, ever be forgotten by those who were present? In fact, everything was as good as money and brains could produce. As I have already said, I cannot attempt anything like a complete history of the work which illustrated Calvert's policy of Shakespearian production. I will therefore rest content with a few allusions to the main features of that work, and to its influence on the world of art and culture.

I will enumerate the "Revivals" in order of time. I have just said the theatre was opened with "The Tempest" in 1864. This was fol-

lowed in 1865 by "Much Ado about Nothing." "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced in the same year, "Antony and Cleopatra" in 1866, "Winter's Tale" in 1869, "Richard III." in 1870, "Timon of Athens" in 1871, "Merchant of Venice" also in 1871, "Henry V." in 1872, "Twelfth Night" in 1873, and "Henry IV." (second part) in 1874. "Henry VIII." was Calvert's last Shakespearian revival, at the Theatre Royal, after he had severed his connection with the Prince's Theatre.

In the three first productions Calvert tested the public taste. In "Antony and Cleopatra" everything was achieved by a lavish expenditure of art, knowledge, and money. This was a wonderful production, with its quaint, old-world architecture, its revel under the shadow of Philæ, its Augustan grandeur, and its Egyptian mysticism. The late Tom Taylor wrote to the *Manchester Guardian*: "Feeling grateful to Mr. Calvert for the pleasure he has given me, I feel it a reflected credit for Manchester that it should be made the scene of such a theatrical venture. . . . I can only wish that we had in the Metropolis more of the spirit which, judging by this revival, does not despair of recognition and reward in this great seat of manufacturing industry."

Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) wrote: "I may sincerely say that, neither at home nor abroad, have I

seen a play put upon the stage more satisfactorily in all its details of scenery, grouping, and costume."

These expressions of opinion determined Calvert to continue the line of action he adopted when the Prince's Theatre opened its doors. He foresaw the attainment of a prestige for the theatrical enterprise, of which he was the "head and front"—a prestige which, I venture to say, has never been attained by any provincial theatre of our time. In the early years of the theatre it was worked under the auspices of a limited company, and the Directors stood loyally by the Manager in the line of policy he had adopted. Calvert called to his aid such artists and scholars as Grieve, Talbin, Alma Tadema, R.A., J. D. Watson, Rawdon Brown, and Arthur Sullivan. The musical director was the late Alfred Cellier, that genius and delightful gentleman, of whom I shall have more to say hereafter. As these revivals advanced in popular favour, it was curious to note the influence that Calvert obtained over those who had to provide the necessary funds. I recollect an incident that happened at the full-dress rehearsal of "Richard III." We were watching the progress of the piece from the stalls, when one of the Directors (a well-known and well-to-do gentleman) exclaimed: "Calvert, this beats the lot; it's a rare good piece! Who wrote it?" The effect on the little auditory may be better imagined than described.

The production of the "Merchant of Venice" illustrated Calvert's enthusiasm, and the confidence that was placed in the policy he was pursuing. He was sent to Venice—where he gathered a mass of material and local colouring, purchased and brought home a gondola (afterwards transferred to the waters of the Thames),—and everything that trouble, research, and money could do was done in honour of this immortal play. It was in this revival that Calvert realised one of those artistic master-strokes which took the art-world by storm, so to speak, and cast a halo of poetry over the piece which still lives sweetly in the memory. Portia's last speech begins—"It is almost morning," and on these few words Calvert built up a result that was fascinating in its beauty. At the end of the speech the pages went round and quietly extinguished the lights; the guests dispersed to the sounds of song and music; the scene became gradually empty, dark, and silent; and the curtain slowly fell. This was a bold stroke of stage art, but it was exquisite in its quiet beauty. The audience dispersed with a consciousness that their hearts had been gladdened and drawn very closely towards the genius of the immortal dramatist. The power and beauty of the work were made apparent, and a feeling of thankfulness was expressed in the applause which burst forth for the manager who

was doing so much in honour of the great master.

There still exists a body of carping critics who argue that amidst the beautiful and poetic setting of the Shakespearian drama the acting is neglected and swamped: the same line of argument was adopted against the work of Charles Kean and Charles Calvert. Without pausing here to refute such shallow and unworthy criticism, I will say with confidence that the best available talent in the profession was engaged in these "Revivals," and that Calvert himself was one of the best Shakespearian actors of his time. I recollect on one occasion an incident occurred which illustrates the powerful hold he obtained over his audience. Calvert one evening came into the Brasenose Club after finishing his work as Shylock; when he had taken his place in the circle he said, "Well, boys! I think I must have played the old Jew pretty well to-night." "Why?" some one said. "Because, when broken down and despairing, I said, "Give me my principal, and let me go," a man in the pit shouted out, "No! not a d—d meg."* A ringing cheer went up from the audience, and the incident constituted a splendid tribute to the power of the actor. The sympathies of the audience on that occasion were decidedly *not* with the Jew.

* "Meg," in the Lancashire dialect, signifies a halfpenny.

As time went on, the policy pursued by Calvert became so popular, that the little Prince's Theatre was found inadequate to accommodate the increasing audiences. It was accordingly determined by the Directorate that the house should be enlarged. I was called in to devise a scheme by which the house should be stretched to its utmost capacity; thus commenced my professional association with the architecture of the theatre. The alterations were very extensive, and somewhat difficult of attainment. I was instructed to provide an additional circle without raising the roof, and to construct a new proscenium. I was allowed *carte-blanche* in the decoration; but the scheme was to be in accordance with the Shakespearian idea of the management. I accordingly induced H. Stacy Marks, R.A., to paint a proscenium frieze, "the subject being Shakespeare enthroned between Tragedy and Comedy, and attended on either side by representative figures from the principal plays." This picture is one of the finest decorative paintings of our time, and retains its beauty and freshness to the present day. The box fronts were adorned by medallion portraits of the principal tragic characters, with incidents from the plays, all painted by William Phillips. Colour was freely introduced to balance these decorative pictures; and what was admitted to be the prettiest theatre in the country was

opened on the 6th of August, 1869, with a production of "Much Ado about Nothing."

Calvert's greatest, and I think his favourite, work was "Henry V.," produced in 1872. In this revival he reached the zenith of his managerial efforts. In recording Calvert's work, I may remark that he not only desired to please the eye and delight the ear, but he strove to make his revivals educational; consequently he found in "Henry V." an opportunity of illustrating the life and manners of mediæval England, and the "pomp and circumstance" of mediæval warfare. In short, that period of English history was displayed on the stage immediately before the advent of the Renaissance under the Tudors. It was the epoch of plate armour, flowing robes, picturesque architecture, and of that pictorial splendour which could appropriately be cast around Shakespeare's favourite hero.

I had the good fortune to be intimately associated with my friend in this celebrated revival. When this work was in contemplation, I happened to be resident at Marple Hall, in Cheshire, formerly the home of Bradshaw, the regicide, and it was in this house, surrounded by armour, tapestry, old pictures, and quaint furniture, that I planned out and designed the architectural scenes; and it was here also that I conceived the idea of realising the correct blazon of the arms and banners, as they were actually

used on the heroic field of Agincourt. Calvert would spend hours with me in the gloomy old mansion, and would pace about its rooms and corridors in delightful restlessness and excitement, as I described and explained my portion of the work. Calvert seemed as though he could not rest content until he saw the idea in some tangible shape, either on paper or in modelled form. On my return to Manchester, I commenced the practical working out of the duties I had undertaken.

It is difficult to convey a true idea of the amount of trouble, research, and anxiety involved by this revival of "Henry V." A faithful historical picture of the period of the early part of the 15th century had to be realised. The architecture and the scenery had to be as nearly as possible reproductions of the streets of London, the seaport of Southampton, the walled town of Harfleur, the battle-field of Agincourt, the Palaces of Westminster and Rouen, and the Cathedral of Troyes. The costumes were made from a series of beautiful drawings by that master of pictorial habiliments, the late J. D. Watson. Watson's enthusiasm knew no bounds: he not only made his careful drawings from the best authorities, but he would actually cut out the patterns to ensure correctness and exactitude; and personally superintend the work of the costumier. The most difficult scene to

represent was "The Entry into London," described by "Chorus." In this case it was necessary to follow the accounts of the old chroniclers of the period; not only had the architecture of old London to be reproduced, but the decorations and incidents which constituted "The Pageant." Metrical histories, Harleian MSS., and all the available sources of information had to be consulted before the scene model could be made. Many practical difficulties had to be overcome; the "wings" and "flats" were of such a height and size that they had to be hinged in several flaps for convenience of movement, and for transmission to other countries. When that great scene was set up and lighted, everybody felt satisfied and repaid for the trouble and expense it had involved. The scene settled on, the entry and incidents of the pageant had to be realised.

The patrons of the theatre have no idea of the difficulty a manager experiences in drilling a crowd of "supers." The "super" is an individual, as a rule, without intellectuality; in fact, if he had any, he would not be a super. It was only by incessant drilling that the crowd of soldiers and the mass of London citizens could be got to do the right thing at the right moment. There is an amusing story told which illustrates the quality of the "super" mind. When "Faust" was being prepared by Sir

Henry Irving at the Lyceum, the idea of the "Brocken" scene had to be carried into practical effect; after some trouble the leading idea of the scene was firmly planted in the brain of the "super master." He then proceeded to drill his men in squads, and worked hard till the rehearsal of the complete scene. After weeks of labour, what was the result? The witches rushed on exactly in the style of frolicsome pantomimic demons. The super master was simply horrified; he shouted at the top of his voice, "No! No!! No!!! No!!!! not so 'appy, not so 'appy, go back—you're not on 'ampstead 'eath, you're in 'ell!"

The entry into London in "Henry V." contained between two and three hundred persons; but on the first night they were perfect, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." There are old playgoers who still have pleasant memories of this great scene. To me it was the realisation of an ideal: it represented all that art and stagecraft could do to illustrate a great historical poem. Those who saw the scene will not have forgotten the crowd of citizens, artizans, youths, maidens, and nobles of the land who filled the streets and temporary balconies hung with tapestries, and who with eager expectation awaited the arrival of the young King-hero at the entrance to London Bridge. One remembers the distant hum of voices, and how the volume of sound

swelled as the little army approached on its march from Blackheath ; how the sound burst into a mighty shout as the hero of Agincourt rode through the triumphal archway, the "Deo gratius Anglia redde pro victoria" and other hymns of praise filled the air, showers of gold-dust fell from the turrets, red roses of Lancaster covered the rude pavements, the bells clashed out, and a great thanksgiving went up to heaven for the preservation of the gallant King and his little army of heroes. The curtain descended on a perfect picture of mediæval England. If any doubts existed as to the proper method of producing the plays of Shakespeare, this revival of "Henry V." removed them, and settled the question beyond argument.

I have said that Charles Calvert's revivals were educational in their scope as well as dramatic. In "Henry V." I made an effort to display the heraldry of the time ; and the banners, shields, and other devices actually used at Agincourt were, after much labour and research, faithfully reproduced. In the process of investigation, certain points in English heraldry, about which doubts had existed, were set at rest and settled, and for the first time the Agincourt roll-of-arms was blazoned. It cannot be doubted that this production of "Henry V." in Manchester was an event of importance in stage history. The annals of the stage will record the production of this

piece in America, under Calvert's personal supervision, at Booth's Theatre, New York, on Feb. 8th, 1875, and the immense success it achieved. The *Boston Herald* wrote: "More than 100,000 persons have already visited Booth's Theatre to enjoy the magnificent revival of 'Henry V.', and there is thus far no perceptible diminution in the size of the audience."

If I were writing a life of Charles Calvert (which I am not), I could insert letters of the greatest interest which I received from him during his visit to America, wherein the difficulties he experienced on producing the piece are detailed. It is a matter of history in stage annals how George Rignold carried the production through the States and into Australia, and that immense sums of money were taken by its exhibition, till it finally disappeared from the stage, with my old scenery worn out, and the proudly-waving banners of Agincourt tattered and torn till their devices were beyond recognition.

I may here appropriately insert some extracts from Calvert's farewell address, delivered on the last night of "Henry V." He said:—

This night is the end of a memorable event, and in reviewing the results of this our latest effort, I see three special reasons for mutual exultation—the success in every sense of the production, the enlarging taste for the works of the greatest dramatist that ever lived, and the indisputable fact that the ignorant prejudice against the theatre as an institution is declining. I feel assured that these three truths are as gratifying to you as they are to me, and although

at this moment it is your good pleasure to direct your approval towards your humble servant, still the chief merit rests with you; for had you not supported and encouraged us we should have reaped nothing but the consolation that we had suffered in a good cause. But this night marks the accomplishment of one of the greatest Shakespearian triumphs that has ever been known in the history of art. A greater amount of money has been paid to obtain admission to the performance of "Henry V.," and a greater display of enthusiasm has been shown regarding the play than can be recorded in our previous annals. I ask you who, by your oft-repeated visits to these representations, have testified that to Shakespeare at the Prince's Theatre you owe many and many an evening of keen enjoyment, to bear your testimony to the certain truth, that that inspired man has not written in vain; nor should the stage of our country, that he so graced by his genius, be denounced as a vain thing.

I appreciate very highly the honour you do me this night. My crown of "borrowed majesty" I now give up. My court is dismissed; my soldiers disbanded and their bows unstrung; and all our glories fade from your view; but I hope not from your memories. The laurels you bestow on me by your applause, and by your hearty and enthusiastic patronage during the seventy-four representations of the play, you will, I am sure, allow me to share with my brothers and sisters in art, to whom I am indebted for a zealous and hearty co-operation, and who are now assembled in some numbers behind this curtain, and anxious with me to bow their acknowledgments of the honours you this night confer.

Amid the applause which greeted this address the curtain rose, discovering the whole company, who seized the opportunity of testifying their appreciation of their manager by a hearty round of cheering. Thus "Henry V." and all his mimic surroundings passed away into the history of Manchester theatrical enterprise.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN December, 1871, the shareholders of the Prince's Theatre Company, Manchester, were induced to sell their interest in the undertaking to two of the Directors, J. M. Wike and G. H. Browne, or "Boston" Browne, as he was familiarly called in theatrical circles. I recollect dear Johnny Toole grumbling about this change: he said to me, "I don't know why I should part with my interest in a good going concern; but I suppose it will benefit Calvert somehow." So it did: the successful manager was awarded a good share in the profits, and a salary which in amount was unusual in the theatrical profession. This coalition of capital and brains was known as the "Manchester Triumvirate." As a professional man, I soon felt the advantage of the new arrangement. I had only three masters to serve instead of a Board of Directors. In 1871, further alterations and further decorations were added to the theatre prior to the great production of the "Merchant of Venice."

This event reminds me of a curious incident that occurred in 1869, during the run of the pantomime entitled "Froggie." Calvert's pantomimes generally ran a prosperous course up to Easter; but somehow this one fell off in popular appreciation, and Calvert determined to curtail it in the form of a "second edition," and to precede it with a hasty production of the "Merchant." In the second act he determined on the representation of a "Grand Carnival," and for which he desired me to produce *and paint* an architectural scene representing Venice in the 16th century. The designing and modelling of such a scene was a work after my own heart, but the *painting* of it was another matter. However, I called to my assistance an artist friend and well-known literary man, Robert Pollitt: we took possession of the paintroom for a week, night and day. This was a new and fascinating experience, but I soon mastered the technique. Our work turned out the *pièce de résistance* of the play. The first night's receipts ran up to £190, and the succeeding night's exceeded £200. As we worked we could hear every word on the stage: one topical song was a great favourite, and was given every night by John Wainwright, who played "Froggie." There were no encore verses, but the audience would call for a repetition of the song. Pollitt, who fully took in the situation, wrote a verse and sent it down to

Wainwright, who sang it out of his Froggie hat. This took the audience by storm, and while the new verse was being sung, another was written and dropped down the paint frame opening into Froggie's hat on the stage; and so with a third and fourth, till the poet's brain "dried up," and the actor's breath and voice both forsook him. This was an extraordinary performance, and convulsed both actors and audience. The young man who attended on us in the paintroom was demoralised with merriment, and failed in his duties. That young man was Richard Flanagan, now the respected lessee of the Queen's and St. James's Theatres, in Manchester. He has distinguished his management by producing the first part of "Henry IV." and "Antony and Cleopatra" for the son of his old employer. These fine productions have interested the theatrical world, and Louis Calvert has proved himself the worthy son of a worthy sire.

The Triumvirate I have spoken of was dissolved by the secession of Wike in 1873: the possession of the little gold mine, the Prince's Theatre, passed to George Harrie Browne as sole proprietor. I chronicle this event because it had a considerable influence on my professional life.

From the moment when Mr. Browne came into possession of the Prince's Theatre, in 1873, until his lamented death in 1877, I was constantly

employed in embellishing the house, adding to its beauty, and increasing the comfort and accommodation of the audience. Mr. Browne took the front of the theatre into his care; money and thought were lavished on making the auditorium a model of artistic excellence and luxurious comfort. We were not merely associated as architect and client, but we became intimate friends. I have always thought that this intimacy was the cause of much of my professional work in connection with theatre architecture; and I shall always gratefully cherish the memory of "Boston" Browne.

In 1874 extensive alterations and additions were made in the theatre. A new ceiling and dome over the auditorium, an increased proscenium opening, better accommodation for the artistes, and a new scheme of decoration were carried into effect. These improvements were inaugurated on the night of April 11th, 1874, by a series of thirteen "Promenade Concerts," conducted by M. Riviere. I constructed an immense terraced orchestra on the stage, the walls of which were lined with scenery, and a complete promenade was realised from the front of the house to the back and round the stage. The music was of the highest class, and the success of the experiment complete.

I have said that it is not part of my scheme to write a life of Charles Calvert. I cannot,

however, dismiss the portion of my life story with which he was associated, without some allusion to his managerial work outside its Shakespearian phase. The popularity of the Prince's Theatre was so great that it was a matter of ease to command the best talent in the profession, and to secure the best theatrical attractions. To enumerate all the successful engagements made by Calvert would occupy more space than I can spare, but the most successful, both financially and artistically, were those made with Jefferson, Emmett, Nielson, Toole, and Phelps.

Calvert's mind was cast in a mystical and physiological mould: this mental condition was fostered and cultivated by his study and contemplation of the writings of Swedenborg; it will not therefore be a matter of surprise that the dramatic work of Lord Byron had a strange fascination for him. He produced "The Two Fascari," a gruesome play never before given on the stage; and he took a strange delight in presenting the weird play of "Manfred" to his Manchester patrons. Both these, although beautifully given, were not popular; but he was destined to achieve a success with "Sardanapalus," which was first produced at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, after his association with the Prince's Theatre had ceased. Louisa Moore was the Myrrha, and

the late Frederick Clay wrote some original music, barbaric in character, and conducted the orchestra on the first performance of the piece. I shall never forget that first night; the burning of the palace was so realistic that the audience took alarm, and had to be quieted by an explanation from the stage.

“After the adieu to Assyria, Sardanapalus mounts the pile, and stands by the throne”; this is the stage direction in Calvert’s acting edition of the play. The last words are spoken by Myrrha. “’Tis fired! I come!” Then the final stage direction runs thus:—

“As Myrrha springs up the pile to join the king, the flames suddenly break forth, surround and seem to devour them, the whole mass becomes a huge conflagration; great volumes of smoke roll across the stage; the columns are heard to fall and crumble; the pyre sinks; the roof falls; the walls of the palace give way, disclosing the distance; and after a time, the clouds of smoke clearing off, the palace is seen a heap of ruins.” As the proof-sheets of the play came to hand, Calvert would insist on my reading them to him; I caught his enthusiasm, and readily entered into all his proposals for the mounting of the play. When, however, the final catastrophe was reached, I recoiled at his realistic propositions. His reply was, “Don’t be alarmed, my boy! the play is

a poem over the heads of the people, but the 'conflagration' will make it a *financial* success." Such was the fact; "Sardanapalus" went through the country, and reaped a golden harvest.

I have before mentioned the fact that the late Alfred Cellier was secured by Calvert as the musical conductor of the theatre. I well remember his arriving one evening from London; he came into the managerial sanctum in a quiet, shy manner, and seemed to me altogether *too* quiet and gentlemanly to grapple with the worry and fatigue of a theatre. I expressed my opinion to the manager; he said, pointing to Alfred's retreating figure, "He is the coming man, mark my words; and moreover, he is a *gentleman*." Never was a truer prophecy uttered—this was my first meeting with the author of "Dorothy," and the commencement of a friendship which only ended with his premature and lamented death in December, 1891.

Calvert soon discovered the musical genius of his *chef d'orchestre*, and when Cellier came to him with his first musical composition in the shape of a comic opera, he gladly undertook to produce it at the Prince's Theatre. The book was written by Mr. Jarratt, of local literary fame, and who, I am pleased to say, like the Thane of Cawdor, "still lives a prosperous gentleman." Everything was done as usual to make the production a success. The first night

came; and with it Sir Arthur Sullivan to witness the performance of this maiden effort of his old friend and boy companion. I sat with Sir Arthur in the prompt-side box, and when Alfred Cellier entered the orchestra to conduct the "Sultan of Mocha," the audience rose to greet him with a great shout of welcome. "What a reception!" said Sir Arthur. "Well, he deserves it; for he has more music in his little finger than I have in my whole body." I stared in amazement—"It's a fact," he said, "BUT!—" We soon got to understand the meaning of that word *but*. We soon came to know the weakness of Cellier's character; he lacked force and concentration, which prevented the financial success which should have waited on his genius. He could not write to order, but achieved wonders when the inspiration was upon him. I have seen him start to write at the Brasenose Club, an overture that had to be played on a special occasion at the theatre in the evening. By some marvellous process the band parts were placed on the music stands when he entered the orchestra; and still more wonderful to tell, the piece was played at sight. I recollect he told me after the success of "Dorothy," in London, that the song, "Queen of my Heart," was written in the middle of the night without a pause; and simply because the idea suddenly came to him, when he ought to have been

asleep. The success of that song was phenomenal, and the publishers reaped a substantial reward from its sale.*

The "Tower of London," † "Nell Gwynne," and "Belladonna" followed the success of the "Sultan of Mocha" at the Manchester Prince's Theatre; and, as was only to be expected, the gifted author of these operas left the scene of his provincial triumphs for the Metropolitan stage.

On November 26th, 1874, a supper was given at the Brasenose Club to Alfred Cellier, to commemorate the success of his first opera, "The Sultan of Mocha." On the above date the members assembled to do honour to their fellow-member, and to celebrate the success of his musical effort for the lyric stage. This supper

* The famous song, "Queen of my Heart," was not written originally for "Dorothy." Cellier himself once said: "I wrote that song some years ago, and received a few pounds for it. I tried hard to get a royalty as well, but unsuccessfully. If I had had a royalty of one sixpence a copy, I should have received more for it than for the whole opera, for since "Dorothy" has started 40,000 copies of the song have been sold."

† As an illustration of Cellier's absence of mind, I may mention that he lost sight of the "score" of the "Tower of London," and it was not till a London firm of music publishers reminded him of it and offered him a price for it that he remembered its existence. He wrote one of his genial, light-hearted letters, asking me to try to find it for him. After much speculation as to its whereabouts, I determined to search the premises of the Brasenose Club. There I ultimately found it in a cellar amongst waste paper intended for fire-lighting purposes.

took place in the little dining-room (now the library) at a late hour, and after the performances had closed at the theatres. The actors who took the leading parts in the opera were present, including Fred Mervyn, Clifford, and Jack Cook. Helen Faucit was playing Lady Macbeth at the Theatre Royal; stalwart, handsome, and manly John Clayton being "leading man," and playing Macbeth. His speech in response to "The Profession" was full of humour. He told how, when he came off the stage after the murder of Duncan, he was accosted by the "call boy," who handed him a small strip of paper, on which was written, "Respond for 'The Profession' to-night.—A. D." He went on with his work, but now and then those horrid words stuck in his throat worse than the "Amen" of the sleeping grooms, till at last, when he came face-to-face with Macduff, he could think of nothing else; and as he rained blows upon blows on him, he cried out in a loud stage whisper, "Respond for 'The Profession,' you blood-thirsty ——." Well, he did respond; and that was the last occasion on which John Clayton's trumpet voice was heard within the walls of this Club. He died too early, and the Stage lost a true gentleman and a good actor.

After supper, a merry evening was spent in the Clubroom; all the choruses were sung from the

“Sultan,” and the talented composer officiated at the piano.

Alfred Cellier achieved fame and reputation; I venture to think that the men who were present at that supper will remember the event with pleasure, and will feel proud in the knowledge that the successful composer was a member of the Club.

On the evening of October 13th, 1890, Alfred Cellier was my guest as chairman of the Club at dinner; and a large company of members gathered to greet and toast their former colleague. In proposing the health of the guest, I reviewed Mr. Cellier's career, with special reference to that portion associated with Manchester; and referred to the occasion when he first entered the conductor's chair at the Prince's Theatre, under the Calvert management. Reference also was made to the original works produced under that management, and subsequently under that of “Boston” Browne and Alfred Thompson. I concluded by congratulating Mr. Cellier on the high position to which he had attained as a composer through his beautiful “Dorothy.” The toast was received with enthusiasm, and Mr. Cellier responded in a speech in which he chiefly alluded to his life and work in Manchester, with some reference also to the work in contemplation for the future; to his collaboration with W. S. Gilbert, and to the proposed production in

America of an opera to be founded on Longfellow's "Pandora." It was a cause of much regret that Mr. Cellier was in indifferent health, and that it was not without an effort that he responded to the toast.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Alfred Cellier died on the 28th of December, 1891, and the Brasenose Club placed its mourning wreath on his grave. On the eve of the crowning triumph of his life, the last stroke of the pen given, the composer passed away without seeing the success of his work.

I have dwelt thus at length on Alfred Cellier and his work, because his genius was first recognised by Charles Calvert, and because his first lyric production saw the light at the famous little theatre which was the centre of artistic work in the provinces.

A trait in Calvert's character strongly developed was a love of his fellow-man. A tale of trouble or suffering affected him deeply. In 1871, after that dreadful Franco-German war, subscriptions were got up in the country to alleviate the sufferings of its victims. Calvert conceived the idea of a series of Stage Tableaux or living pictures, which should illustrate the horrors of war, the sufferings entailed, and the blessings of peace. The first exhibition of these pictures took place at the Prince's Theatre, on February 6th, 1871.

Here is the Programme:—

- | | | | |
|-----|----------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1st | TABLEAU: | "Summoned to the War." | |
| 2nd | „ | "Another Sortie." | |
| 3rd | „ | "The Prayer in the Church." | |
| 4th | „ | "War." | } After <i>Landseer</i> . |
| 5th | „ | "Peace." | |

6th: "An Allegorical Tableau," in which Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT will appear as "PEACE," and deliver an Ode.

FINAL TABLEAU:

"THE DOVE AND THE OLIVE BRANCH."

The success of this event was extraordinary; a morning performance of the Tableaux had to be given, and, after paying all costs connected therewith, there was at the disposal of the "War Victims' Fund" a sum of over £300.

A curious incident occurred in connection with this sum of money. Calvert seemed in doubt as to which committee or body it should be presented. I knew the great work that was being done towards the alleviation of the war distress by the Society of Friends, and suggested that that body should have the money. Calvert replied: "My friend, the fact of your being a Quaker, combined with the fact that a magisterial 'Friend' yearly signs the renewal of the theatre licence (this 'Friend' recognised the good work that Calvert was doing; and, like the good Bishop Fraser, believed that the Theatre might be made the medium of good rather

than evil under such management as Calvert's), decides me that the money shall go to the Society of Friends."

In 1879 I was turned out of the Society, or "disowned," as the phrase used to be. No doubt I deserved it. When, however, the Committee, who waited on me previous to the "minute of disownment" being passed, made the fact of my "play-acting" for the widow and family of the man from whom they had taken the war victim money (theatrical proceeds) with open hands and grateful thanks, one of the charges against me, my surprise was so great, that I dismissed that committee as quickly and as respectfully as I could. It is only right that I should record the fact that this reason was not set forth in the minute of disownment; and I conclude that such inconsistency was not acknowledged by the majority of those who sat in judgment on my Quaker delinquencies.

A pleasant feature in Calvert's career was his engagement of Phelps, from whom he confessed that he had learned his art. The great actor came to Manchester after the doors of Sadler's Wells were closed, and made "Twelfth Night" and "Henry IV." historic in the annals of the Manchester stage by playing Malvolio, The King, and Justice Shallow. I recollect Forbes Robertson played Prince Henry; and the impersonation by Phelps of Shallow will ever dwell in my

memory as the most consummate piece of histrionic art in the second half of the Victorian Era.

In 1877 an address was drawn up by the members of the Brasenose Club, and signed also by many men of note in the locality (the list is given in the life of the great tragedian by Forbes Robertson), and presented to Phelps on his retirement from the Stage. The members were proud of the grand old actor who had done so much for the representation of the Drama in its highest forms. When the old manager of Sadler's Wells entered the Club he was received with tokens of respect and high regard. He invariably seated himself between the arms in the centre of a long ottoman, and around him would gather his fellow-members to listen to angling adventures and anecdotes of stage life. I remember on one occasion he entered with Calvert (Phelps was then fulfilling an engagement at the Prince's Theatre). "Business" was not quite what they expected at the theatre, and Calvert said, "Let us put up 'Sir Pertinax Macsycophant.'" Phelps replied, "No; I'm sick of every word he ever uttered." They decided to put up "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and thus local playgoers had an opportunity of seeing the celebrated impersonation of "Bottom the Weaver." The whirligig of time is a strange thing: here was Charles Calvert (now the pros-

perous actor-manager), who confessed that he had learned his art and fixed his career from seeing Phelps, talking to the old tragedian on the business of the theatre. It was on this occasion that Calvert suggested to Phelps the production of "Henry IV.," and that the latter should double the parts of the King and Justice Shallow. The great man calmly stroked his chin and said, "A capital idea, Calvert: we'll do it!" The result of this conversation is, as I have said, a matter of history in local stage annals. "Old Double" is dead, and so is the last member of the old school of acting. Lovers of the Drama will know his genial presence no more, but on the roll of this country's dramatic history will ever remain the name of Samuel Phelps.

In 1875 Mr. Calvert took on John Hollingshead's Company at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, with Phelps as Falstaff in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and supported by the best talent the profession could produce. In the same year Calvert left the scene of his managerial triumphs in Manchester, and produced "Sardanapalus," as I have said, in Liverpool. In 1877 he revived "Henry VIII." in grand style at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. This was the last of his great Shakespearian Revivals, in which he sustained the part of Wolsey with marked success.

Calvert was never a strong man physically, and those who knew him well often saw indications of failing health. He carried "Henry V." to Birmingham, and it was in that city that the first serious break-down occurred, in 1873. On the first night it was evident he was suffering from severe indisposition, and on uttering the line, "Oh! God of Battles, steel my soldiers' hearts," he suddenly stopped, swooned, and was carried from the stage in what appeared a dying condition. The curtain fell on one of the most painful scenes ever witnessed in a theatre. The run of the piece continued, with Mr. Reginald Moore as the King. Calvert slowly recovered, but the rest of his career was characterised by broken and uncertain health.

A second seizure occurred in December, 1875. I had to journey to Stratford-on-Avon, where I paid a brief but pleasant visit to Mr. Edgar Flower at his beautiful home, "The Hill." We discussed the proposed Memorial Theatre to be erected on the banks of the Avon. From Stratford I went to Birmingham, where Calvert was playing in "Sardanapalus." He was staying at the Plough and Harrow Hotel, at Edgbaston. Here Mr. Partington was painting his large picture of the last scene; Miss Louisa Moore as Myrrha and Mr. Calvert as the King were sitting to him in the large dining-room which served as a studio. On the second night of my

visit I was called up by the alarmed household to find Calvert in a fit of complete prostration. I thought the end was coming, but he recovered sufficiently to struggle through his work at night; but it was evident to his audience that he was suffering acutely, and that he might break down at any moment.

The last years of Charles Calvert's life form a melancholy record. I was the last of the old circle to see him at Fulham, where he was under careful medical treatment; but he died in a few days after my visit on the 12th June, 1879, at the age of 51.

The late Mrs. Alexander Ireland (author of the "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle"), in her "Lives of Manchester Men and Women," has written of Calvert: "Charles Calvert was a man we could ill spare, and those who can look back and remember what the 'Prince's Theatre' was in his days will acknowledge that we lost in him a stage manager unrivalled for resource, organisation, and the weightier qualities of scholarly research and historical accuracy. Add to these an inborn artistic gift, a fine cultivated mind, and deep powers of spiritual conception, and you will have some idea of what he was"!

Charles Calvert was laid to rest in the Brooklands Cemetery on the 18th of June. The long cortège came from the station, paused before the Theatre Royal, and the hearse drew up for a few

moments opposite the façade of the Prince's Theatre. I shall never forget that dense crowd, that sea of human faces, standing silent and grave. The tears welled into the eyes at such a tribute to the man, and the art he had taught those masses of Lancashire people to love and honour. A London paper described the scene in these words: "Between Manchester and the Brooklands Cemetery, where lie the mortal remains of Charles Alexander Calvert, no fewer than 50,000 people had assembled to pay their friend and teacher the last tribute of respect in their power to offer. It is in this peaceful spot that he rests, after a long and honourable life, the effects of which happily yet remain, and may be distinctly traced in many of the theatres to which he had at different times devoted his attention."

The funeral oration at the grave side was an impromptu effort, and so admirable that it is inserted here as an honourable tribute to the memory of Charles Alexander Calvert:—

The frame which is now consigned to its grave must have been much beloved in its frequent appearances before men and women to have commanded this mighty audience this afternoon to tender the last tribute of affection and regard. It is very true, if I am not impertinent in saying so, that we come to bury Calvert, not to praise him. He must have had a large hold upon the hearts and affections of men and women, not only here, but very likely throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire, too. That he was much beloved and much honoured, surely this audience before me attests and witnesses. It is often supposed that there is a sharp line of demarcation between the profession

of the minister and the Christian profession and that of the great actor. I don't know why it should be thought so exactly, for it seems to me that whoever he may be who impersonates noble emotions and lofty conceptions—whoever he may be who imparts innocent and cheerful mirth, must be regarded as a great public benefactor; and in the memory of this we may say that a great public benefactor has gone, and gone unexpectedly, from our midst. All genius is from God. The power to interpret great ideas, the power to impersonate noble emotions, no less than the power which expresses them, we are to conceive is derived from God, who is the giver of every great and good gift. We cannot but know that he whom we are interring to-day has really stirred and aroused noble feelings and impressions in the hearts and minds of men. I have had conveyed to my mind also the knowledge while I have been coming here that he was not less a man of religious convictions and religious impressions, although, perhaps, not finding their solution in some of those which are regarded as the ordinary and popular forms of such ideas. However that may be, the mighty impersonator of death is dead. The mighty and masterly tragedian has yielded to that tragedy to which at last we shall all have to yield, the great tragedy which closes life—death! Through a painful illness, through a complication of painful diseases such as have been described to me, he has found that the best physician is death—death from which we shrink back and shudder all our lives, but which that great spirit whose words he was so fond of interpreting and quoting has told us is

“As a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd.”

Well, now then we leave him here in the midst of this presence of duty, beneath that blue sky, in the midst of the glories and pomp of these trees, with their green and gold, and in the beauty of this sunshine; but we do not leave him altogether in the grasp of Nature. We do not leave him there at all. Whatever lived of Calvert, lives. It is not possible that the spirit which can stir noble sentiments or express noble thoughts can pass away as something which resolves itself into dust, but as no more. The immortal spirit lives, and I shall believe that through the faith which we have in Jesus Christ our Lord, who says, “Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you

rest"; who tells us, or of whom we are told, that it was His province to bring life and immortality to light through His gospel. With these pleasant hopes, with these bright and cheerful sentiments, we now consign to the grave this beloved brother and dear neighbour and townsman of yours, whose last wish was that he should repose in this beautiful cemetery. We leave him here in the full and assured hope that, as he lives among the spirits yonder in the light and love of the world to come, those who long to meet him again shall meet him on the morrow.

This address was spoken by the Rev. Paxton Hood.

On the Brooklands gravestone I had the words cut—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

With Calvert's death was closed one of the brightest chapters of my life's story.

CHAPTER XX.

AS one of the executors of the late Mr. Calvert, I deemed it desirable that the public should have some opportunity of showing respect for his memory, and at the same time, of making some substantial addition to the funds at the disposal of the trustees for the benefit of his bereaved family. With this object in view I determined to consult the late Mr. Tom Taylor, the well-known dramatic author, and at that period the editor of *Punch*. Mr. Taylor's acquaintance I made in 1873, when he came to Manchester to try his experiment of mounting "Hamlet" after the fashion in which it was played in Shakespeare's time. He invited me to meet the late Steele Mackye, to talk over the idea, and the piece was produced in Manchester, with Mackye as the Prince of Denmark. Mr. Taylor also consented to preside at the banquet given to Mr. Calvert, prior to his departure for America to produce "Henry V." His speech was an eloquent tribute to the cultured and artistic manager, and

the affair passed off with considerable enthusiasm. I felt that if Mr. Taylor would enter into the project, success was certain. And so it was. We hit upon the idea of performing a Shakespearian Comedy, the cast of which should be composed of those literary men, musicians, and artists who had been associated in any way with Calvert's great work at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

The project was discussed in London, and at Tom Taylor's delightful home at "Lavender Sweep." I returned to Manchester, and organised a committee, which was so important and representative in character, that I insert here the list of names in order to show how far reaching Calvert's genius had been amongst men of culture and high position:—

COMMITTEE.

H. M. Acton	Ben Brierley
A. Aspland, J.P.	E. J. Broadfield
J. H. Agnew	Sir Thos. Bazley, Bart., M.P.
Peter Allen	Thos. Browning
J. W. Addleshaw	J. L. A. Bennett
J. Addison	J. Coleman
Thomas Agnew	T. Cavanah
Thomas Ashton, J.P.	John Cavanah
Benjamin Armitage, J.P.	John Crook
Dr. Ainsworth	Captain Child
J. Bagshaw	W. T. Charley, M.P.
W. G. Baxter	Alfred Cellier
F. C. Burnand	Charles Leigh Clare, J.P.
J. H. Braybrooke	John Duffield
C. Bradshaw	A. Darbyshire, F.I.B.A.
S. M. Bradley, M.D.	Henry Duncley
E. O. Bleackley	E. Edmonds
H. F. Blair	J. Emerson
C. K. Ballinger	George Falkner
Hugh Birley, M.P.	George Freemantle
Samuel Barlow	John Fullalove
Jacob Bright, M.P.	

T. Walton Gillibrand
 Michael Gunn, Dublin
 Dr. Gumpert
 Philip Gillibrand
 Wm. Grimshaw
 Chas. J. Galloway, J.P.
 C. Napier Hemy
 John Hollingshead
 Wilnot Holt
 John Hare
 Charles Hallé
 Abel Heywood, jun.
 John Hall
 John Harwood
 Sydney Hudson
 W. H. Houldsworth
 Chas. J. Holliday
 Henry Irving
 Alexander Ireland
 James Jardine
 Edward De Jong
 Hy. J. Jennings, Birmingham
 J. G. Lynde
 J. Lawton
 B. Lee
 R. Lee
 Robert Leake
 John Lancaster
 A. Lafosse
 J. Manchester
 Thomas Manchester
 H. S. Marks, R.A.
 A. H. Marsh
 G. Du Maurier
 F. Mehl
 J. William Maclure, J.P.
 Herman Merivale
 F. Merriman
 Geo. Milner
 J. H. Nodal
 Jas. Oliver

Samuel Pope, Q.C.
 A. C. Poole
 R. S. Pilcher
 R. Pollitt
 R. M. Pankhurst, LL.D.
 George Peel
 R. Peacock, J.P.
 E. Crompton Potter
 H. Patteson
 Thomas Rose, J.P.
 J. Rodgers, Birmingham
 Arthur Sullivan
 Linley Sambourne
 Thomas Sowler
 A. G. Symonds, M.A.
 John Slagg
 Edwin Simpson
 E. G. Simpson
 Mayor of Salford
 C. P. Scott
 R. Smith, B.A.
 C. H. Stephenson
 J. Stanislaus
 Edward Saker, Liverpool
 Alfred Thompson
 W. A. Turner
 J. Fox Turner
 W. H. J. Traice
 Tom Taylor
 L. Alma Tadema, R.A.
 Gilbert Tate
 J. L. Toole
 Jonathan Tong
 R. Udall
 Hon. Lewis Wingfield
 J. D. Watson
 Edwin Waugh
 Professor Ward
 O. O. Walker, M.P.
 James Worthington
 John Watts, Ph. D.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

George Falkner, *Chairman*
 W. A. Turner, *Treasurer*
 H. M. Acton
 J. Bagshaw
 John Cavanah

A. Darbyshire
 J. Duffield
 A. Ireland
 J. Lawton
 J. Manchester

T. W. Gillibrand, *Hon. Sec.*, 56, George Street, Manchester.

The forming of this great committee was a matter of ease—everybody was anxious to be associated with the event; but the getting up of the performance was quite a different matter. It was an experience that a man would not care to have twice in a lifetime. In the matter of the committee, everybody was content to appear in alphabetical order; but in the matter of the performance, everybody seemed to want to play the best parts, and everybody wanted to be stage manager. There were two Rosalinds in the field, with two versions of the play, and the prompter stood a chance of becoming a hopeless lunatic before those two memorable nights were ended.

Although the *raison d'être* of those memorial performances to many of us was sad, the humours and adventures were so curious, that my work would be incomplete without a history of the event in some detail.

It was soon decided that the only Shakespearian Comedy that amateurs could approach was "As You Like It," and I was made responsible for the production and cast of the piece. As I write, I am saddened as I note how many of those clever men, and dear friends, have "gone to that bourn from whence no traveller returns"; I trust my record will wound nobody living, and I shall certainly "set down naught in malice," although I may not extenuate some of the amateur faults of the dead.

Shall I ever forget the worry and anxiety of

the three months occupied in organising these memorial performances?—I think not; as I write, I seem to live the anxious time over again; and the wonder is how it was got through, and with such a successful result. Mr. Tom Taylor was a tower of strength to me; and my good friend, the late Hon. Lewis Wingfield, novelist, playwright, and critic, stood manfully by our side through all the trials, difficulties, and disappointments which beset us.

At the outset two “tyrannic thoughts” took possession of my mind. One was, that if we could enlist the help of the *Punch* staff we should be certain of success; and the other was that if Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) could be induced to come from her retirement and play Rosalind, success would be doubly sure, and the event would become historic in the annals of the Stage. The latter idea was realised; the former partially. Our earliest efforts seemed destined to be crowned with success, and I insert a copy (on next page) of the first circular that was issued in regard to the coming event.

As may be imagined, the issue of this circular caused quite a sensation. Applications for tickets poured in from London, and other parts of the country, and so hopeless appeared the task of allotting places that the Committee determined to open the box office on a certain day for places to be secured in the ordinary way.

CALVERT BENEFIT DEMONSTRATION.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

October 1st and 2nd, 1879.“*AS YOU LIKE IT.*”

Characters.

DUKE (living in exile) B. LEE, Esq.
FIRST LORD . . .	J. D. WATSON, S.P.W.C.
SECOND LORD J. CHARLTON, Esq.
AMIENS (with Songs) .	G. DU MAURIER, Esq. (<i>Punch</i>)
JAKUES .	A. DARBYSHIRE, F.I.B.A.
DUKE FREDERICK (Usurping) .	{ HENRY J. JENNINGS, Esq. (<i>Birmingham Mail</i>).
LE BEAU . . .	L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.
CHARLES (the Wrestler)	EDMUND YATES, Esq.
OLIVER A. H. MARSH, Esq.
JAKUES DE BOIS . . .	BEN BRIERLEY, Esq.
ORLANDO HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD.
ADAM	. . . TOM TAYLOR, Esq.
TOUCHSTONE }	
CORIN LINLEY SAMBOURNE, Esq. (<i>Punch</i>)
SYLVIVS	{ ARTHUR C. POOLE, Esq. (<i>Manchester Histrionic Society</i>).
WILLIAM . . .	F. C. BURNAND, Esq. (<i>Punch</i>)
ROSALIND (First Night)	MISS HELEN FAUCIT.
ROSALIND (Second Night) MISS WALLIS.
CELIA . . .	MISS KATE PATTISON.
PHEBE	{ Miss ROSS (<i>Manchester Histrionic Society</i>).
AUDREY Miss EMMA TOMS (<i>Theatre Royal</i>).

LORDS ATTENDING ON USURPING DUKE AND BANISHED DUKE—BY GENTLEMEN AMATEURS. (Members of Dramatic Societies of Manchester).

FIRST FORESTER—EDWIN WAUGH, Esq.

LADIES OF THE COURT AND SHEPHERDESSES—BY LADY AMATEURS OF MANCHESTER.

The Chorus will be composed of the Royal and Prince's Choirs, under the direction of Mr. YARWOOD, Composer of Ballad Music, &c.

The Orchestra will be conducted by Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN (his health permitting).

The Memorial Programme will be designed by H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

The Address will be written by H. M. ACTON, Esq. (*Manchester Guardian*), and which the Committee trust will be spoken by Miss BRADDON, the distinguished novelist.

The Theatre will be placed at the disposal of the Committee by the kindness of the Lessees, Messrs. DUFFIELD and LAWTON.

Mr. T. CROOK, of the Theatre Royal, will kindly rehearse and superintend the music. Mr. JOHN BYRNES and his staff will render their services, and the production will be under the control of Mr. E. EDMONDS, who will kindly assist the Committee in mounting the Piece in a complete and efficient manner.

The Costumes will be under the control of the Committee, and the first Stage Rehearsal will take place on Tuesday, September 30th.

All information as to the production of the Piece and Cast may be obtained from Mr. DARBYSHIRE, College Chambers, Brazennose Street, Manchester, or at the Theatre Royal.

The programme-circular was a wonderful document, and quite historic in importance. But alas! it soon became evident that it must undergo considerable change and modification. With its issue the period of worry and trouble began. I was most anxious that the address should be spoken by Miss Braddon : in early life she was

in Mr. Calvert's dramatic company, and played under the stage name of Mary Seyton in some towns, I think, on the South Coast. But it was not to be; a letter from her husband, Mr. Maxwell (the publisher), dated from Lausanne, told me of her illness, and how incapable she was of speaking the address. This question of speaking the address was surrounded by misfortune from beginning to end. Lady Sebright very kindly promised to undertake the duty, and Mr. Acton's beautiful lines were sent to her: all went well till the *day before the first* performance. After a rehearsal a telegram was placed in my hand from her ladyship's maid, saying that she had been thrown from her horse, and was lying in an unconscious state surrounded with blocks of ice, or something to that effect. I felt stunned and helpless. Mrs. Duffield, the wife of the lessee (formerly known in the profession as Miss Margaret Cooper), like a good angel, came to the rescue; sat up all night trying to get the words; but alas! she was so nervous that they left her at night, and "prompting" was necessary. However, the lines were spoken; and so ended one phase of the Memorial Performances.

One by one of the great names dropped out of the cast. The late George du Maurier found his voice not equal to the songs; Linley Sambourne, Frank Burnand (now editor of

Punch), and Alma Tadema begged off. Those who could regard the situation from a humorous point of view said it was "stage fright": perhaps it was. Anyway, their places had to be filled, and by men of repute in the literary and art worlds. To add to our troubles, Edmund Yates fell ill, and my hopes of effecting a reconciliation between the editors of *The World* and *Punch* were scattered to the winds.

However, good men and true were soon found. Herman Merivale offered to play Touchstone; dear, gentle Arthur Matthison undertook Amiens, and sang "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind" as no one else could sing it. Tom Taylor doubled the parts of Adam and Corin; and an old friend, good Mrs. Saker (now, alas! the widow of Edward Saker), accepted the part of Audrey. Sir Arthur Sullivan's illness robbed us of his services, and our old friend Alfred Cellier came to the rescue. With these changes we commenced the rehearsals.

Those rehearsals dwell in my memory as curious experiences. In this crowd of distinguished men there seemed two elements of trouble and disaster. Herman Merivale and Tom Taylor, being used to the stage and its conventionalities through the production of their own dramas, assumed a right to "boss" the "show," to which the professional ladies objected. Then, again, some of those amateurs

were absolutely ignorant of the stage and its ways: hence the frequent loss of temper on the part of those who *did* know the requirements of dramatic art.

I shall never forget the effect on everybody when Lady Martin was on the stage. No one dare speak to *her*; she went through the work as though she were actually playing the part. We stood spell-bound before her dignity, her splendid presence, her musical voice, and rhythmical utterance of blank verse—nay, more, we applauded vigorously; poor Wingfield was bewitched and forgot his words, and as far as our own individual work was concerned, we were demoralised. I well remember that at the close of the rehearsal, Lady Martin said to me, “You know I do the scene with Jaques according to the text, I suppose?” I said I was not aware of the fact. “Had we not better do the scene?” I asked. “Oh, no,” she replied, “you will be all right, I know.” Although I accepted this speech as complimentary, I said, in reply, “But where do we come on, and go off?” She gave me one of her beautiful smiles, and said, “Watch me at night, for this scene, and follow me on; we will do it naturally.” I must say a good word for the foresters and “supers.” They were all men of high intelligence, and of repute in the worlds of literature and art: they entered heartily into the work, and the consequence was a

pictorial result of much beauty in the forest scenes. In a long and critical notice of these performances in *The Era*, the writer said of our supers: "Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the merits of amateur as compared with professional actors, there can be no question that gentlemen, when they undertake the unambitious office of 'supers,' are more capable of training than the average professional super. And so it was, that in the scenes where the exiled Duke is represented as surrounded by his sylvan court, there was an absence of woodenness, so to speak, on the part of the non-speaking portion of the company that was highly refreshing. During the delivery of the 'Seven Ages' speech, some excellent business was introduced by the foresters gathering round Jaques in a closer circle, as the interest in his oracular deliverance increased. But we fear the appearance of an intelligent interest in what transpires is only possible with such exceptional supers as these."

It would be a matter of ease to fill a volume with the humours of these rehearsals, and in recording the pleasant social scenes enjoyed with our distinguished visitors, in the hospitable homes where they were domiciled, but I pass on to the performances.

After three months of worry and anxiety, the night of the 1st October arrived. Alfred Cellier took his seat in the orchestra, amidst a reception

that showed how he was valued and respected by his Manchester friends. The Shakespearian overture was played, and then the "Address" was spoken. This address was written by Mr. H. M. Acton, so long honourably associated with the *Manchester Guardian*, and an old friend of Calvert's.

ADDRESS.

WRITTEN BY MR. H. M. ACTON.

Stalls, pit, and gallery thronged, above, below !
What kindling motive prompts this glittering show ?
Small need to ask—the sympathetic eye
And saddened smile are quick to make reply.
Beneath this roof, where, many a time, in quest
Of mirthful pastime, eager feet have pressed—
Where you and pleasure have so often met—
You come to-night to pay a generous debt ;
To honour one now lowly laid, who bore
The Master's part in those glad scenes of yore.
He ruled this mimic kingdom, and how well
He swayed its sceptre none like *you* can tell.

The actor's calling—arduous at the best—
Hard school for vanity, and foe to rest—
Knows nothing worse, in all its list of ills,
Than when the sense of disappointment chills.
Who counts what aids of Heaven and Art unite
To form the whole that yields an hour's delight ?
What careful pains and studious toil prepare
Effects which charm with seeming want of care ?
Fame's our reward ! but Fame's inconstant gale
Not always swells the most deserving sail !
With varying tastes, the treacherous standard shifts,
And Merit droops where praise crowns meaner gifts—
So frail our trust ! But none who Calvert knew
Will doubt his place among the foremost few,
Endowed by Nature, in a liberal hour,
With no small share of the great actor's power.

To every rendered phase of life he brought
Rich stores of cultured taste and earnest thought;
So nothing that he touched seemed tame or dim,
And Shakespeare's self spoke worthily through him.
True to the art he loved, who'er might fail,
He served her altar, though its fire grew pale.

Nor think that, when the actor's meed is paid,
Large e'en as he deserved, the whole is said.
Turn next where kindred arts their grace combine
To bid Illusion's perfect triumph shine:
The glowing canvas, the voluptuous light,
The long-drawn pomp, the group that speaks at sight;
The self-same garb his living heroes wore,
And all their harness mocked with loving lore.
On themes like these bestowed, his ardent zeal
Made scenes, but half conceived before, seem real:
Arden's green glades, Miranda's island-home,
The martial grandeur of Imperial Rome,
The quays of Venice, Wolsey's princely halls,
Dover's white cliffs, and Harfleur's peopled walls;
All these arise, till, every access gained,
The captive senses scarce believe them feigned.
In vivid truth the poet's past returns;
In actual fire Sardanapalus burns;
And, fashioned as he lived, in sword and shield,
Our English Harry leads his troops a-field!

His claims were these: and if a thought arise
Of feelings based on nearer, homelier ties;
Of her, companion of his struggling days,
Who shared their labour and partook the praise;
Of children whom this hour may spur to fame,
Proud of the pride that decked their father's name;
Reflect that where the deadliest blow was dealt,
You helped to make the pang less keenly felt;
That while you paid to public worth its due,
A mourning hearth found faithful friends in you;
And think with pleasure 'twas your hands that gave
A wreath of laurel to your favourite's grave.

After the applause which greeted the conclusion of the Address had subsided, the curtain rose, discovering Tom Taylor as Adam, and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield as Orlando. From the reception accorded to these two distinguished men, it was evident that the event was to be received with enthusiasm. It may at this point be desirable to insert a copy of the *final* programme. (See pages 278-279.) The only variation in it was caused by Linley Sambourne failing us at the last moment. Tom Taylor, who I believe was ready to fill every part in the piece, "doubled" Sambourne's part of Corin with his own fine impersonation of old Adam.

The crowded audiences who witnessed those two memorable performances of "As You Like It" had no idea of the confusion and anxiety caused by the presence of two Rosalinds in the field. Each, of course, had different ideas of the character and its "business," and the consequence was that some of the actors got mixed; some forgetting in their excitement whether it was the Wallis night or the Faucit night; even the little prompter, Dempsey (who, by-the-way, was a well-known character in the profession), got his prompt-books mixed, and when I remonstrated with him on a blunder, either of business or scenery, held up his hands in agony and exclaimed, "For heaven's sake tell me, is it Faucit or is it Wallis to-night?" As I have before said, I was honoured with a scene with

Lady Martin, and I think as I went through it, we two alone on the stage, it seemed to me not only the proudest moment of my life, but almost a dream. There I stood with the "Goddess of my Idolatry," the grand and noble woman, the finest actress of Shakespearian heroines since the days of the immortal Sarah Siddons. The wonder now to me is that my head was not fairly turned with the glamour of the situation; but, somehow, the great genius of the woman carried me along like a torrent. I saw no audience, I heard nothing but the immortal words we had to speak. There was dead silence at the crowded wings, and in the densely-packed auditorium. When we had finished, there stood Orlando at the wing ready to come on; but the idea that he *had* to do so seemed completely to have forsaken his mind. I had to step to the wing and say: "Wingfield, are you coming on or not? Rosalind is waiting." I mention this little incident as it illustrates the powerful effect which the genius of Helen Faucit had upon those men of literature and art.

I am here reminded of the speech of Herman Merivale with which I opened my first chapter on Theatrical experiences. Helen Faucit has never trod the stage since that 1st of October, 1879, and I *was* the last Jaques to whom she addressed the words of the immortal Master. It was a curious coincidence, and the event will always dwell pleasantly in my memory.

Programme.

THE ADDRESS, WRITTEN BY H. M. ACTON, ESQ., WILL BE SPOKEN BY
MRS. JOHN DUFFIELD,

WHO HAS KINDLY UNDERTAKEN THE DUTY IN THE ABSENCE OF
THE HON. LADY SEBRIGHT.

Shakspeare's Comedy**“AS YOU LIKE IT.”****. . Dramatis Personae . .**

DUKE (living in exile)	.	.	.	B. LEE, Esq.
DUKE FREDERICK	{	Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions	{	HENRY J. JENNINGS, Esq., (Birmingham).
FIRST LORD . . .	{	Lords attending upon the Duke in his Banishment.	{	J. D. WATSON, Esq., S.P.W.C.
SECOND LORD JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Esq.
THIRD LORD G. DU MAURIER, Esq.
FOURTH LORD R. WATSON, Esq.
FIFTH LORD W. CALDER, Esq.
AMIENS (with Songs)	{		{	. ARTHUR MATTHISON, Esq.
JAQUES				A. DARBYSHIRE, Esq., F.I.B.A.
LE BEAU	C. NAPIER HEMY, Esq.
CHARLES (the Wrestler)	.	.	.	R. J. DAVIES-COLLEY, Esq.
OLIVER . . .	{	Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois	{	. A. H. MARSH, Esq.
JAQUES W. G. BAXTER, Esq.
ORLANDO . . .				HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD.
ADAM	TOM TAYLOR, Esq.
TOUCHSTONE	HERMAN MERIVALE, Esq.
CORIN . . .	{	Shepherds	{	LINLEY SAMBOURNE, Esq.
SYLVIVS ARTHUR POOLE, Esq.
WILLIAM	JOHN CAVANAUGH, Esq.
FIRST FORESTER	EDWIN WAUGH, Esq.
ROSALIND (<i>Wednesday, October 1st</i>)	.	.	.	Miss WALLIS.
ROSALIND (<i>Thursday, October 2nd</i>)	{		{	Miss HELEN FAUCIT (<i>Mrs. Theodore Martin, now Lady Martin</i>).
CELIA . . .				Miss KATE PATTISON (<i>By kind permission of Messrs. Hare and Kendal</i>).
PHEBE	Miss EMMA TOMS (<i>Theatre Royal</i>).
AUDREY	Mrs. EDWARD SAKER.
STAGE MANAGER	.	.	.	MR. E. EDMONDS.

CHORUS—Messrs. DOWNS, FILDES, BOARDMAN, FAIRHURST, FAWLEY, BECKET, ALLEN, WOLSTENCROFT, BROOMHALL, KENYON, PAGE, SMETHURST, MUDDIMAN, LEES, LAW, RUDDOCK, HIGSON, HART, FOULKES, LYNCH, DIXON, RAY, WALTON, OPENSHAW, WILLIAMSON.

LADIES OF THE COURT AND SHEPHERDESSES—Mrs. JULIET SMITH, Mrs. THORPE, Miss DOW, Miss HARLOW, Miss RITCHIE, Miss CATTERALL, Miss LYNCH, Mrs. LYNCH.

MR. YARWOOD, CHORUS MASTER.

LORDS ATTENDING UPON DUKE FREDERICK—WALTER LEES, D. ANDERSON, F. ELKINGTON, W. HUMPHREYS, R. S. NADIN, H. PAGDEN, R. DANIELS.

FORESTERS—W. ADAMS, A. MARRIOTT, W. H. RUMSEY, W. H. MEAKIN, A. T. FOREST, T. CAVANAH, J. W. MCGOWAN, J. MARRIOTT, R. WINSTANLEY, D. A. MURRAY, J. HARWOOD, J. ROBERTS, R. POLLITT, J. H. E. PARTINGTON, CHARLES POTTER, H. WATKINSON, W. MEREDITH.

➤❖ MUSIC ❖➤

SHAKESPEARIAN OVERTURE . . . Sir H. BISHOP.

THE LORENZO MASQUE { Specially composed for the
Revival of the Merchant
of Venice. } ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

PAGEANT MUSIC . { Specially composed for the
Revival of Henry VIII. } ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

REVEL MUSIC { Specially composed for the
Revival of Sardanapalus. } FREDERICK CLAY.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR MR. J. CROOK.

MACHINIST—MR. JOHN BYRNES. | GAS ENGINEER—MR. J. WATMOUGH.

Conductor of the Orchestra :

MR. ALFRED CELLIER.

THE THEATRE placed at the disposal of the Committee by the Lessees—
Messrs. DUFFIELD and LAWTON.

➤❖ SCENE ❖➤

FIRST NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE; AFTERWARDS PARTLY IN THE USURPER'S
COURT AND IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

❖ THE MEMORIAL PROGRAMME ❖

has been specially designed by

H. STACY MARKS, Esq., R.A.

And the Original Drawing presented by him to the Committee.

It is not my intention either to criticise or to comment on the genius of Helen Faucit: she was as an actress beyond criticism and beyond comment. This truth was ratified in Manchester in the evening of the great actress's life. When she entered the stage, leaning on the arm of Celia (Miss Kate Pattison), the house rose *en masse*, and both from before and behind the curtain rose a thunder-clap of applause which at first seemed to frighten her; then tears came, she broke down completely, and leaned on Celia for support. The audience saw the situation and calmed their enthusiasm; in a few moments that beautiful voice rang through the theatre, and the play got fairly launched on its amateur career.

There were some amusing incidents occurred during the performance. Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, was the First Forester. *His genial heart and quaint ways had charmed many of his distinguished *confrères*; he had only one line to say (" 'Twas I, my lord") in answer to the enquiry of Jaques as to who killed the deer; but he was so busy thinking of something else, or making old Adam almost ill with suppressed laughter at the "wing" by his side-splitting stories, that he even forgot this little bit of "study." For the sake of giving that great Lancashire audience a chance of a hearty welcome to its favourite poet, I arranged he should have a separate entrance immediately on the

question being asked. The question was asked, but no Edwin Waugh was visible to answer. Arthur Matthison (Amiens) took up the cue. In about two minutes afterwards Waugh came on, looking more like a trussed fowl than anything else. As soon as the warmth of his reception cooled, he shouted out at the top of his voice, "'Twas I, my lord." Then a roar of laughter from the audience told him there was something wrong or amusing. As the glee was being sung, Matthison said: "He looks very awkward standing there alone; I'll go to him and congratulate him on the slaughter of the deer." He had hardly shook hands with him when he recrossed the stage behind the singers, laughing to such an extent that I thought he would have to leave the scene. It seems that Waugh had resented his cue being taken by Amiens. He said, in his broad Lancashire dialect: "It were thee, were it? Just thee wait till this play's over, and I'll warm thy d——l for thee!" However the two poets became firm and fast friends. Waugh committed the same blunder the second night, and Matthison again took up the cue. Peace be with them. They have both gone to their long rest.

Herman Merivale, in a magazine article, recorded some curious incidents of the performance. He wrote: "There was our fine *doyen* Tom Taylor, an ideal Adam, brimful of Shakespearian enthu-

siasm, and ready to play every part in the piece. I blame him not, for so was I. Did he not rush upon an eminent painter whom he had never seen before, with a sudden and introductory adjuration of some force to 'turn his toes out'? And did not the painter take it in the best possible part, with infinite amusement? There was the banished Duke, a trained amateur, who gave a rock-like impression of security, and upset the entire apple-cart in the last scene by forgetting his part, and then looking reproachfully at Touchstone, who thought it must be Jaques, who thought it was Touchstone. Neither of us could have suspected that Dook, till I found him out in the book afterwards. There was Duke Frederick, who forgot to say 'How dost thou, Charles?' as I, Touchstone, knelt over the fallen wrestler. Whereupon, after a pause, I volunteered the information, 'He cannot speak, my lord.' 'Oh, ah,' said his Grace, recalled to a sense of duty; "How dost thou, Charles?" And to my lips, as a dramatist, rose the necessary repartee: 'I have just told you, my lord, that he can't speak; why ask him?' But I crushed it sternly."

The dressing of the piece was a matter of much interest and discussion. Most of the men who had the principal characters allotted to them had hirsute appendages which they would not cut off—no, not even for Shakespeare! My

suggestion was adopted that we should dress in what may be called the Holbein style ; we, therefore, adopted the English Renaissance costume of the time of Henry VIII., and the result was eminently satisfactory and picturesque. We had, however, to run the gauntlet of the sketcher and the newspaper illustrator. Both on and off the stage we could hardly turn round without seeing a crowd of these gentlemen busy at work ; they followed one about, and even confronted their subjects with, "One moment, sir"; "Thanks—that will do," &c. J. D. Watson, with that enthusiasm which characterised his actions when picturesque costume was in the ascendant, actually put on an Inverness cloak and coolly went into the stalls to draw Rosalind. We may be thankful for this eccentric action, for it gave to the *Graphic* an excellent full-length portrait of Helen Faucit, the last taken of her in stage attire and in the character of that immortal heroine she loved so well. I take some pride in the recollection that the Calvert Memorial performances were successful from an artistic point of view. We were earnestly solicited to transfer the whole affair to the Metropolis ; but as one and all declared they would not go without their goddess, Helen Faucit, the idea was abandoned. That they were successful financially was, of course, the main cause for congratulation. Everybody appeared *con amore*. There

was nothing to pay of any consequence. H. Stacy Marks, R.A., gave us his beautiful drawing for the back of the programme; this we sold for a large sum, which was added to the proceeds. The amount realised was little short of £1,000, which was placed in the hands of trustees for the benefit of the dear ones left behind by the man whose memory we all delighted to honour.

I have incorporated thus much of Calvert's career in these "Experiences" because it is now generally admitted that his work was good, healthy, and noble in its aspirations; and because what he did for the Stage in Manchester affected the theatrical enterprise of the country; and lastly—because I was so intimately associated with his work and professionally connected with the little building in which his noblest efforts were made

Perhaps nothing better has been said of Calvert and his work than in the utterance of the late noble Bishop Fraser, at the Social Science Congress held in 1879. He said:—

In the present state of artistic and literary education, the taste of our people is so coarse and unrefined, that it is almost impossible to prevent their amusements from degrading into vulgarity and indecency. Mrs. Theodore Martin, with that generosity which is characteristic of her, is this very night performing in the Theatre Royal, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Mr. Charles Calvert, who did so much, not in Manchester only, but in other provincial towns, to uphold the character of the Stage. I remember well on one occasion, when I endeavoured to

show in public my approbation of his efforts—for which I am afraid I fell into the black books of many sincerely good, but gloomy people—that in acknowledging what I said, he told me what up-hill work he found it, and how constantly his aims were defeated by the vicious public taste, not only of the lower class—which preferred what was indelicate, and prurient, and revolting.

With the death of Charles Calvert, it may truly be said that the decay of the Manchester Stage commenced. Those who have followed the history of that stage know to their sorrow that this is an undoubted fact. There are two causes for this decadence: in the first place, the conversion of the Prince's and Royal properties into a limited liability company, and consequently into a monopoly, was the death-blow to sentiment, poetry, and art; and secondly, after failing in their own management, the directors let the theatres to managers who have had no inclination to stake their capital on the higher and nobler aims of the Drama. The effort made by Calvert and his partner Browne was universally respected and encouraged, and a vast amount of prejudice against the Theatre was removed. After what I have quoted of Bishop Fraser's utterance at the Science Congress, it will readily be believed that I once heard him tell Calvert that the Theatre, in his hands, might run with the Pulpit in its influence for good. The public utterances of the noble-hearted prelate in connection with theatrical amusements, always tended towards this fact. Manchester people who had been accus-

tomed to the higher art of Charles Calvert, hurled back the "sacred lamp of burlesque," and sent its crestfallen advocates back to London, wiser but sadder men. The Prince's Theatre was doomed from this time, and the Theatre Royal has drifted, from similar causes, into a condition which, considering the traditions of the house, is absolutely melancholy.

It is sometimes said that the higher art of the Stage will not pay, and that Shakespeare means ruin to the present race of managers; but in spite of such arguments, I have no hesitation in saying that if the managers or directors would hold out the proper encouragement, a man or men would be found, ready to prove that Shakespeare means anything but ruin. Almost as I write (after many years of decadence) it is interesting to be able to prove the truth of the statement. And, curiously enough, it is through the medium of Calvert's son Louis, that this proof has come. It has been an interesting and gratifying sight to behold a third-rate theatre in Manchester (because those in charge of the first-rate theatres had not the pluck or inclination to risk the experiment) crowded nightly for weeks to witness young Calvert's production of the first part of "Henry IV." So unusual was the event that London managers and pressmen came down to see the piece, and Mr. Tree ran the play in London on alternate nights with the famous

“Trilby.” The play was mounted from a slender purse; but such was the intelligence and culture of its producer, and so excellent was the acting, that recognition was instant, and success phenomenal.

In Manchester there has recently been another proof that a programme of “legs” and burlesque vulgarity must give way to a healthy, clean bill-of-fare. The spectacle of a theatre (the Comedy) running a pantomime twice a day for three months to crowded houses (without even a suggestion of uncleanness or music-hall coarseness in it) has not been witnessed for the last fifteen years in the city, where theatre-goers of culture and intelligence have had to turn the cold shoulder on theatrical enterprise during this long period of the decay of the Manchester Stage.

Those who patiently study the fashions of the times, detect a disposition to return to the higher forms of art, even in amusements; and I venture to think the day is not far distant when the policy of such managers as Kean, Calvert, Irving, Tree, and Benson, will be universally acknowledged; and when the unclean drama, the filthy and flippant literature, now passing current, will be consigned to that oblivion and darkness for which there is no morning light.

CHAPTER XXI.

I HAVE placed the name of the foremost man of his time in connection with the art of the Stage at the head of this chapter. I have, however, no intention of dealing in detail with the life and work of Henry Irving, beyond that portion with which I have been in various ways associated, and by which I have secured one of the most interesting and pleasant friendships of my life.

I have before alluded to the gatherings of that famous Stock Company of the Manchester Theatre Royal at "Cox's," during the late fifties and early sixties: it was in the year 1860, on September 29th, that the young actor, Henry Irving, made his first bow to a Manchester audience, as a member of this historic stock company, in a piece called "The Spy; or, a Government Appointment," and in the character of Adolphe, a young carpenter.* Charles

* It is interesting to note that on the same occasion Miss Louisa Angel (afterwards the celebrated leading lady of the famous Hay-



SIR HENRY IRVING, D.Lit.

From the picture by the late Sir J. E. Millois, Bart., P.R.A.

Engraved by Thomas Oldham Barlow, R.A.

By permission of Arthur Lucas, London, publisher of the large engraving.

Calvert was then manager for John Knowles at the Theatre Royal; he took an immediate interest in the young recruit, and a friendship resulted between them of which many interesting anecdotes might be told. It was curious that I should have my introduction to Irving through my friend Calvert, and that between the two men I should have enjoyed two of the most cherished friendships of my life.

It was not long before Henry Irving won his way to the hearts of Lancashire audiences, and when he said farewell to them in 1865 the event was marked by much enthusiasm. I was elected a member of a committee, constituted for the purpose of organising a series of farewell benefits, and to speed the departing actor on his London career, under the auspices of the late Dion Boucicault, at the St. James's Theatre. The first benefit performance took place at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. This event was of such importance that I shall insert the programme (page 290).

The exposure of the tricks of the Davenport Brothers was a triumph; and Mr. Irving's imitation of the celebrated Doctor Fergusson was a magnificent piece of satire. Speaking of this portion of the performance, the *Manchester*

market Company) made her first appearance, and that her co-débutante was Miss Henrietta Hodson, now known in London Society as Mrs. Henry Labouchere.

FREE TRADE HALL.—Wed., April 12, 1865.

MR. HENRY IRVING'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

The following ladies and gentlemen have kindly volunteered their Services (by permission of Mr. CHARLES CALVERT):—

Miss ALICE DODD.

Miss FLORENCE HAYDON.

Miss MAUD HAYDON.

Mr. FREDERICK MACCABE.

Mr. PHILIP DAY.

Assisted by CAPTAIN LATHBURY, together with Messrs. JOHN CAVANAH and W. ELLIS, of the Manchester Athenæum Literary and Dramatic Society; and Mr. E. HOWARD, of the De Trafford Club.

An Address, written by FOX TURNER, Esq., will be delivered by Mr. HENRY IRVING.

The Performance will commence with the COMEDIETTA of

"WHO SPEAKS FIRST."

Mr. MACCABE will appear in a selection from his popular entertainment, "BEGONE DULL CARE," and will recite (in character) the poem of "SHAMUS O'BRIEN."

SONG . . . "Home, Sweet Home" . Miss ALICE DODD.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CABINET AND DARK SEANCE (à la Davenport)

Will be explained and produced without the aid of darkness by Messrs. MACCABE and DAY, assisted by Mr. IRVING as the Doctor.

To Conclude with the FARCE of . . .

"RAISING THE WIND."

Mr. McQUADE will conduct the Band of the 64th Regiment.

Guardian said: "The hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. The whole of the tricks were speedily accomplished, and the exposure was most complete and satisfactory to the audience, who made the hall ring alternately with laughter and applause."

The inhabitants of Bury (an important town near Manchester) were anxious to have a share in these farewell performances, and a committee was formed for carrying out this object. This event will always dwell vividly in my memory, inasmuch as I had the pleasure of playing in both the tragedy and the farce. When I look back to those far-off days, it seems almost a dream, and I can scarcely realise the fact that I once "trod the boards" with the man, who is still my friend, and the only actor ever honoured with a title by the Sovereign of these realms. What a change has come over the history of the Stage since the time I am writing of! What a transformation! Prejudice against the actor and his art has almost disappeared.* Men and women of culture are proud to be enrolled members of

* The strongest piece of evidence of the decay of prejudice against the Stage is the recent episode of a *play-actor reading a play within the sacred precincts of an English Cathedral*. The scene in the restored Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral on the last day of May, 1897, when Sir Henry Irving read Tennyson's play of "Becket," will become historic in the annals of the English Stage: when we remember that five-and-twenty years ago such an event would not only have been regarded as a sacrilege, but as an utter

the profession ; and a Sovereign Lady has been graciously pleased to acknowledge the powerful influence of dramatic art for good, as presented at the Lyceum Theatre by Sir Henry Irving.

It is a curious fact that the man or woman of genius is never afraid of looking back upon the days of small things. Early struggles amid humble surroundings are regarded from the high standpoint of success as pleasant memories ; and Sir Henry Irving is no exception in this respect. I know that this performance of "Hamlet" in the Lancashire town is remembered with pleasure by the great actor and manager, and I therefore have no hesitation in recording incidents of an event which is historic in his career, and which is a pleasant memory to myself. The programme of the performance has been preserved, and may with propriety be reproduced in these reminiscences (pages 294-295).

Irving thoroughly enjoyed this initial performance of the great tragedy. I recollect he filled both his fellow-actors and his audience with enthusiasm. Indeed, the performance was such a success that it had to be repeated the following

impossibility, we cannot but experience satisfaction and pleasure at such an altered condition in the appreciation of the Theatre and its functions. Whenever in the future the advance of civilisation in the Victorian Era is spoken of, the names of the greatest actor of the time, Sir Henry Irving, and the cultured and enlightened Dean Farrar of Canterbury will be coupled, and held in honour by those who study the history of the English Stage.

evening, and to another crowded house. Although we were all impressed with the actor's rendering of Hamlet, little did we dream that in after-years our Prince of Denmark was to take the world by storm by an accentuated and matured rendering of the psychology of the part. It will be observed that the Ghost on the occasion was played by Mr. B. Lee. This gentleman was a fine amateur, with a grand presence, and deep voice. He played, as before recorded, the Banished Duke in the Calvert Memorial performances, in 1879. Mr. Lee was a great friend of Mr. Irving's, and he was always present at these farewell performances of 1865.

For some reason, which I have forgotten, the Davenport business did not come off, and a farce, "My Wife's Dentist," was put up at a moment's notice. I remember Irving played the title-rôle, and Lee and myself the other two male characters. Shall I ever forget that farce? Neither of us "got the words," and the nonsense we talked was so dreadful that Irving frequently dashed on the stage and very adroitly got us off, amidst the uproarious laughter of the audience.

The "togs" for this performance were mostly hired, and, as a matter of course, arrived at the last moment. Poor Lee! His helmet was made for an ordinary cranium, and not for the fine rounded head of our particular Ghost; but by

AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE,
ATHENÆUM, BURY.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY,

Friday, June 23rd, 1865.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF
"HAMLET,"

With NEW SCENERY, Painted expressly for the occasion by
Messrs. F. W. LIVESEY and T. SHAW.

To Conclude with an Exposure and Explanation of the so-called
SPIRITUALISM of the

DAVENPORT BROTHERS,

As recently given by Messrs. IRVING, MACCABE, and DAY, at the
FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

. . . HAMLET. . .

HAMLET . . .	{	MR. HENRY IRVING
THE GHOST . . .	{	(Late of the Theatre Royal, Manchester).
CLAUDIUS . . .		MR. B. LEE.
HORATIO . . .		
ROSENCRANTZ . . .		
OSRIC . . .		
MARCELLUS . . .		
BERNARDO . . .		
FRANCISCO . . .		
GUILDENSTERN . . .		
FIRST PLAYER . . .		
SECOND PLAYER . . .		
SECOND GRAVEDIGGER . . .		
PRIEST		

. BY GENTLEMEN AMATEURS OF BURY.

POLONIUS	}	BY GENTLEMEN AMATEURS OF MANCHESTER.
LAERTES		
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER		
THE QUEEN	{	MISS REINHARDT (<i>From the Prince's Theatre, Manchester</i>).
OPHELIA	{	MISS FLORENCE HAYDON (<i>From the Prince's Theatre, Manchester</i>).
FIRST ACTRESS	{	MISS MAUD HAYDON (<i>From the Prince's Theatre, Manchester</i>).

Exposure and Explanation of the so-called SPIRITUALISM
of the

DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

DR. FERGUSSON MR. HENRY IRVING.
MUSICAL DIRECTOR JOHN M. WIKE, Esq.

No Money will be taken at the Doors.

Admission by Tickets only, which may be obtained from Mr. CROMPTON, Bookseller, Fleet Street; and Mr. W. S. BARLOW, Bookseller, Haymarket Street.

**Private Boxes, £1. 10s.; Boxes, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.;
Gallery, 6d.**

A few STALL TICKETS, numbered and reserved, **price 5s. each**, may be had at Mr. CROMPTON's, where a Plan of the Seats may be seen.

Doors open at Seven o'clock; Performance to commence at half-past.



the aid of a blacksmith it was ultimately "driven home." Some curious incidents happened. I recollect I played Polonius in Charles Calvert's King Lear dress used in the mad scene (wearing a beard which I would *not* cut off); it was thought this flowing fur-trimmed robe would go well with the hirsute appendage. My arms were bare, and altogether I must have looked very barbaric. Amateur-like, I burst out laughing when Irving said in a very pointed manner, and a merry twinkle in his eye, "*You to the barber's with your beard.*" I remember the weather was very hot, and after being consigned to oblivion, I was sitting on a table behind the tapestry, fanning myself, when, to my astonishment, Hamlet drew aside the tapestry, and repeating the well-known words, "Thou rash, intruding fool, I took thee for thy betters," he gave me an agonised look, and *sotto voce* exclaimed: "For goodness' sake get me a pint of stout! I'm as dry as a limekiln." This, from the Prince of Denmark, startled me, and for some little time I failed to take in the situation.

I never saw a better Ghost than Bielby Lee; and that thirsty Hamlet has lived to astonish the world by his masterly and consummate impersonation of the ill-starred Prince.

It is curious to note the effect of acting a great part like Hamlet upon different temperaments. Sir Henry Irving throws his whole soul

into such an impersonation, and the thirsty anecdote I have just told reminds me that once if not twice during the play a complete change of garments is necessary, when he is enacting this trying part. I once asked Barry Sullivan how the part affected him physically. He replied, in that peculiar tone of voice, and tragic action, we so well remember, "Never turn a hair, sir!" Many years after the performance of "Hamlet" at Bury, the two tragedians, Irving and Sullivan, happened to be playing in Manchester at the same time, Sullivan at the Queen's, Irving at the Royal; and curiously enough, "Hamlet" was in the Bill at both theatres. I do not think a greater contrast could be possible, than between the one actor who was all soul and intellect, and the other, "who never turned a hair, sir," and who was conventional and histrionically academic. The most curious sight I ever saw in connection with dramatic history in my time, was that of Irving and Sullivan sitting side by side at a dinner; Sullivan being Irving's guest. A distinguished gathering witnessed this strange juxtaposition of two theatrical stars; and one felt that the last link was about to be broken between the traditions of the "high and palmy" school, and that of the original and cultured body of actors who are forming the histrionic art of the 20th century. Barry Sullivan, the

last of his race, was soon to depart to "that bourn from whence no traveller returns"; Sir Henry Irving still lives to carry on the new and unconventional method of dramatic art.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT will not be a matter of surprise that, associated as I happened to be with such men as Charles Calvert and Henry Irving, I should become professionally engaged in Theatre architecture. I have before alluded to my connection with the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, which I transformed, decorated, added to, and altered for many years, until the death of Mr. G. H. Browne. A manager then came into possession (to wit, John Hollingshead) "who knew not Joseph," and my professional interest ended in the theatre where so much splendid managerial work had been achieved, and which was one of the best appointed and most luxurious houses in the country.

It was not without a feeling of regret that I left the little theatre with which I had been associated for so many years. It is a curious fact in connection with my profession, that after an architect has designed and carried out work—

whether it be in a theatre, a church, or a palace—he should be turned away in favour of some one who has neither plans, documents, or ideas to enable him to carry on the work to a complete realisation of an original idea. If he has proved himself incapable, or if he refuses to entertain the ideas or instructions of the new man, he must expect to be cashiered. What architects have to complain of is the inconsiderate way in which they are turned adrift, without reason or respect for schemes they have elaborated and partially realised. Much might be said on this matter; but it is not my intention to obtrude upon my readers the sorrows, trials, and troubles of professional life.

During the decade from 1870 to 1880 my time was often occupied with work in connection with buildings used as theatres, and it was during this period that I gradually arrived at the conclusion that the usual plan and construction of such buildings were on wrong lines as far as regards the safety of an audience in case of panic. It was not, however, until the work at the Lyceum for Sir Henry Irving came under my consideration in 1878 that this matter received serious attention. I was instructed to do everything possible with the existing building to ensure the safety of the audience and artistes. The matter had to be discussed with the Lord Chamberlain's office; Sir Ponsonby Fane, from whom I received

courtesy and kind consideration, entered fully into the matter, and the theatre was opened, as I have before mentioned, in December, 1878.

In the new Comedy Theatre, Manchester, opened in December, 1884, I had a better chance of carrying out my "safety" ideas; but the nature of the site prevented their complete realisation. It was not till the awful disaster at Exeter in 1887 that people realised the fact that theatres were not properly planned and constructed. There was nothing unusual in the Exeter Theatre designed by my friend Mr. Phipps; it was as good a type as could be planned on existing lines; but the fearful loss of life when it was burned startled everybody into the conclusion that something must be done by which such fearful tragedies as those of the Ring Theatre at Vienna, and at Exeter, should be rendered impossible.

Sir Henry Irving was the first and only theatrical manager who seriously set himself the task of thinking out a solution of this problem. When he had arrived at certain conclusions, I was consulted on the possibility of expressing them on paper. My instructions were received under peculiar circumstances. It was about midnight when Sir Henry commenced unfolding his scheme, which curiously enough agreed with my own in many particulars. I recollect when we had finally decided on the plan, we were standing

in front of one of the windows of the Queen's Hotel, at Manchester, with the daylight streaming through the Venetian blinds; an adjacent public clock slowly told the hour of seven, the fire was gone, the morning chill was upon us, and we felt that it was bedtime.

The result of that night's work was made public through the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, with illustrations. The scheme was discussed in the building and theatrical worlds: denounced by some critics, applauded by others. Ultimately I was consulted by the good people of Exeter, and instructed to rebuild their unfortunate theatre on the lines laid down, on what was known as the Irving-Darbyshire "Safety" plan.

I was requested by the Corporation of Manchester to explain this scheme in detail in the course of a Lecture on "Secular Architecture." A few extracts from that address may be here appropriately inserted:—

It may be noted that, next to religion, ancient nations, both Oriental and Western, looked upon the public recreation and amusement as a *sine quâ non* of national existence. Their races, their wrestling, their music, and their drama were practised and developed under the influence of public shows and public festivities; and thus the art of war and the recreations of peace were fostered and developed. Amongst the Greeks this was all very beautiful; amongst the Romans it was brutal. The late accomplished President of the Royal Academy, Lord Leighton, has translated a famous passage in the oration by Pericles on the victims of the first Peloponnesian war. The great orator, in attempting to account for the high position of the Greeks

among the nations, said, "It is because we love the beautiful." Truer words were never uttered; and this principle of beauty permeated even their places of amusement. Here let us at once note the fact that the games, spectacles, and dramas, forming as they did a national institution, must of necessity be given in the open air, no covered building being large enough to accommodate the inhabitants of such cities as Athens or Rome. We may also note that the ancient pantomimes and dramas did not require thousands of artificial lights, and the other dangerous and sensational aids of the modern stage; hence the safety of human life did not constitute an element in the construction of gladiatorial arenas or theatrical auditoria. It will therefore be patent to all that this class of building amongst us moderns presents a problem for the architect with which the antique builder had not to grapple, and the solution of which is only now receiving the anxious attention of architects, and of those public authorities in whose hands the future safety of the public lies. As it has fallen to my lot to give some attention to this section of secular city architecture, I may perhaps be pardoned for devoting a few moments to its consideration.

Dramatic representation necessitates a building of two separate and distinct parts; one for the auditory, called the auditorium, and the other for the dramatic expositors, now called the stage. This division has obtained from the earliest times of dramatic entertainment; it is found in the theatres of the Greeks, although the chorus was located in the auditorium, and it was realised in the first theatre of the Romans built by Pompey, and in the great theatre of Marcellus, the ruins of which are still to be seen in the City of the Seven Hills. The difference between an amphitheatre and a theatre must be borne in mind. In the former the performers occupied a central arena, round which the seats for spectators rose tier above tier; in the theatre the performers occupied one end or side of the edifice, the seats being raised as before but in a semi-circle, in order that the spectators might face the actors; and as it was necessary both to see the facial expression and to hear the voices of the performers, the theatre was of much smaller dimensions than the amphitheatre. Now, the planning of the ancient theatre, as far as regards the relative positions of stage and auditorium, has been carried out in modern theatres; the

difference being that the audience are placed on several galleries, one above another, instead of on one continuous gallery. It is evident that by this arrangement the occupants of the second, third, or fourth galleries are seated at a considerable height from the ground; hence the difficulty of escape from the theatre in case of fire, and hence the awful unrehearsed tragedy too often enacted in modern theatres. The lamentable disasters which have happened both in continental and English theatres have at last aroused a painful interest in this class of buildings, and much thought has been devoted to what may be called "safety" planning. As this is a question of vital interest to the community of a city like Manchester, I will give you the conclusions to which I have arrived, after much consideration and some practical experience.

To many persons who have not looked into this matter, it may be a surprise to be told that the loss of life in a fire panic is not owing to fire or to actual contact with flame, but to asphyxiation or suffocation by inhaling the poisonous gases given off during conflagration. At Exeter, the poor creatures sitting in the gallery never left their seats, for when the cloud of poison burst from the stage it instantly ascended, enveloped them, and left them still sitting as at the play, *but so many rows of ghastly corpses*, instead of the merry human beings who had shortly before entered that theatre full of health and strength. This awful episode of the Exeter fire has taught us many lessons; it has given us certain knowledge on theatre fires, and now let us briefly examine the results as to theatre planning.

The *initial* condition is that the theatres of the future must stand completely isolated from other property, and if suitable sites cannot be obtained, then let us hope that the controlling authorities will say the building *shall not be*. I am pleased to tell you (and I am guilty of no breach of confidence when I say) that this condition of *isolation* has been decided upon by the authorities who have charge of these vital matters in the Corporation of this city. It will easily be seen that this condition of isolation will enable an audience to escape from all sides of the auditorium.

The second condition of importance is that the stage shall be instantly isolated from the auditorium by the closing of the

proscenium opening. All fires originate on the stage, therefore the asphyxiating fumes must be confined to the place of their origin.

The third condition is that the highest point accessible by an audience should be as near to the streets as possible, and no seat should be higher than the proscenium opening; this is only necessary in case the means of stage isolation should fail.

Thirdly, every part of the house should be provided with two exits, communicating separately and direct with the streets, and having no openings in them except at the top and bottom.

Fourthly, the stage must have a fireproof roof, and be provided with a large smoke shaft, *glazed* and louvred. In case of fire (the proscenium opening being closed), both flame and smoke will at once make for this shaft; and I have no doubt Mr. Tozer will tell you that he and his men would have no hesitation in entering the stage, and would have no difficulty in extinguishing the fire.

The fifth condition is an important one. Every space upon which the human foot is planted in the auditorium and escape staircases must be absolutely fireproof and unburnable.

The foregoing conditions apply to the safety of the public, but it is quite possible to provide for the safety of the artistes and persons employed in a theatre. I will not, however, take up your time with this section of the subject.

Many persons will tell you that these conditions constitute a mere impracticable theory. To such an allegation I reply that they have now become actual fact. When called in to rebuild the theatre at Exeter, it was with some fear and trembling that I undertook the task: the grand old city had received a shock, and its inhabitants were still in mourning over a disaster which seemed destined to hang over them like the shadow of death. Thanks, however, to the determination and energy of those interested, I was permitted to carry out the "safety" plan which I had worked out at the suggestion of my friend Henry Irving. What is the result? The good people of Exeter, who have ever loved the drama, and who act up to the spirit of their ancient motto, "*Semper Fidelis*," go to their theatre with the utmost confidence, and with the certain knowledge that they cannot be destroyed. I am pleased to make the statement that my firm

has been instructed to maintain the position I have taken on this important question in the great theatre now erecting in this city, and which has been the object of so much criticism. Whatever its future may be, our clients have determined it shall be a *safe* theatre, and I promise you it shall be a faithful realisation of the principles of theatre architecture which I have endeavoured to bring before you this evening.

The theatre alluded to as in the course of erection is the great Palace of Varieties, in Oxford Street, Manchester, and built in association with my partner, Mr. F. Bennett Smith. This building is the last and most important example of theatre architecture with which I have been associated. In this great building all the conditions I have laid down as absolutely essential to the safety of the public have been carried out, and an audience of something like three thousand persons can be cleared from the building in a few minutes. There are many features in the construction of this building which are worthy of notice, but mainly interesting to the architect and engineer; and although novel in character, would not interest the general reader. This "Safety" Theatre is fully illustrated and described in the great work on "Modern Opera Houses and Theatres," by Messrs. Sachs and Woodrow.

I will now dismiss my architectural association with the Theatre, and record the pleasant social intercourse I have had with many interesting men and women, consequent on the professional

connection I have had with theatrical work. Some of my pleasant associations with the Theatre have previously been alluded to, and interwoven with my "Experiences." I may, however, appropriately devote some consideration to the art of the Stage, and to those who have so honourably contributed to its elevation and advancement.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE art of the Stage forms an interesting and comprehensive study. It embraces the art of acting, and of stage production ; it is a combination of histrionic ability and appropriate "setting" or "mounting." In short, it includes everything expressed by the word *stagecraft*.

It is not my intention to express any dogmatic opinion as to what the art of acting should, or should not be. I shall only speak of the art, as I have found it under many phases, and as practised by the men and women with whom I have come in contact during the exercise of my own profession.

In those far-off days at Cox's, before alluded to, I little thought that I should become so much associated with Theatre architecture, and that my life would secure some of its greatest pleasure by associating with persons who have become distinguished in the world of art ; or that my best friendships would be made with those

who have professed the art of acting, and the art of the Stage.

The art of acting during our time is a curious thing to contemplate; a whole history might be written on its changes and development. I often wonder what a man who had a clear memory of the art—say in the time of the Kembles—would think of it as practised in the theatre of our own time. When I remember the academic rules and the stilted regulations which governed the art of acting, as expressed by such high professors as Macready or Sullivan, I can hardly credit the evidence of my own eyes and ears, when I am before the natural art of Irving, Terry, Tree, or Benson. It is wonderful! It almost seems as though there was no art in acting, and that what one sees is simply human nature, with the stage as a medium of exposition. The Robertsonian drama was a great factor in the abolition of academic and conventional art; and cultured actors soon accepted the fact that the poetic drama only dealt with human nature, and must be treated accordingly.

I recollect there used to be some curious rules laid down for the exposition of the poetic drama. An actor was never allowed to turn his back on the audience. Certain “crossings” and “re-crossings” had to be rigidly attended to, and all the “business” was worked with mechanical regularity and precision. A heavy blow was

dealt at conventional stage art by Joseph Jefferson, in his immortal "Rip Van Winkle." It is a matter of astonishment how the true artist does the right thing on the stage, unconscious of any strain or conventional effort. I remember on one occasion I invited some representative people to meet the great American actor: the conversation turned on this subject, and I pointed out a curious fact in connection with his great impersonation. It may be in the memory of many of my readers that one act of "Rip Van Winkle" is occupied by a "set" scene, representing a point at a great height on the Catskill Mountains. The scene is occupied by Hudson's weird-looking and deaf and dumb crew. Jefferson had carried the little keg of "schnappes" up the mountain for the little elfish dwarf: from the moment he set it down near the footlights, not a soul spoke but Rip, and his face is never seen by the audience, till he turns round, overcome by the liquor, which induced the sleep of twenty years. This wonderful scene lasted on an average twenty minutes; on the fall of the curtain, the audience demanded, with enthusiasm, the return of the actor who had turned his back upon them for such a length of time.* I always have regarded

* I once heard a discussion on this question of natural art as opposed to the conventional, between Sir Henry Irving and the distinguished French tragedian, Mounet Sully. The former advocated the abolition of the old canon of stage art—namely, that an actor's back should never be turned on his audience. I cited this remarkable instance in support of the English actor's argument.

this episode as a triumph of natural art. Strange to say, this method of playing the scene had never struck Jefferson as being peculiar or unusual, and it had never occurred to him that the scene could be played in any other way.

Oh! high and palmy school! what a cruel blow was this to the conventional principles on which the old art of our Stage was founded. Again, who ever thought of playing Hamlet naturally before Sir Henry Irving? Who of the old school would have dared to have given the great "To be or not to be" soliloquy *seated*, the great soul of the speaker working out the situation over the arm of a chair? Tree also, in the "Ballad Monger," scatters all conventionality to the winds, and triumphs; and finally, at this very time of writing, Shakespeare's immortal Imogen is before us as a living woman, and worthy of a good man's love. The great poet was Nature's dramatist, and this exquisite impersonation we know and feel realises what its creator intended; although the ideal was given to the world three hundred years ago, human nature is precisely what it was in the Elizabethan Era, and the old methods of acting cannot give it life and expression.

Having, I fear, digressed from the immediate object of this chapter, which was intended to be devoted to a consideration of the stage produc-

tion of the Romantic and Poetic Drama, I will now note some of the interesting experiences I have had in connection therewith.

Although I had seen the tail-end, so to speak, of Charles Kean's work as a professor of stagecraft, it was not till the opening of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, in 1864, under the Calvert management, that my attention was drawn to a consideration of the stage mounting of plays. The production of "The Tempest," by Charles Calvert, was to me a revelation. I saw beauties in that wonderful work which had escaped my notice as a student, and I came to the conclusion that Shakespeare had not only written to be acted, but that had he lived in our time he would have taken advantage of the methods and capabilities of the Theatre to assist in setting forth the poetic beauties of his "Tempest." Holding so strong a view on the question of stage production, it will be easily understood that I entered heartily into the work of my friend Calvert. In such pieces as "Henry V.," "Merchant of Venice," and "Richard III.," requiring architectural and antiquarian knowledge, I was fairly in my element. The result of these productions amply repaid the trouble, toil, and research; and I feel some pride in the knowledge that I had a small share in the great work of the Stage revival of the masterpieces of Shakespeare.

In a former chapter I have spoken of the work

of Charles Calvert, and of his determination to produce the dramas of Shakespeare, with all the art and mechanical science which the modern stage-manager has at his command. It is curious that in spite of the superb success of the Lyceum productions on the same lines, together with the artistic and cultured efforts of Mr. Tree and Mr. Benson, there should still be found a class of critics who preach the doctrine of "green-baize" for the setting of the Shakespearian drama. In other words, no scenery and no appropriate surroundings, nothing that can assist or enhance the value of the poet's beautiful ideal, will they tolerate. If a scene is laid in Rome, green baize is their cry; if in a wood near Athens, green baize again; if in Eastcheap, London, again they demand the same material for a background. All scenery, they say, distracts the attention and drowns the beauty of the poet's lines.

It would be an idle waste of time to discuss this question in face of the artistic and financial success of the "Revival" theory; but it is a curious thing that nothing a manager can do in the fair and legitimate way of mounting the works of Shakespeare can drown or destroy their beauty or obliterate their poetry. Scenery or no scenery, the result is the same. The Independent Theatre Society produced at Manchester, with Mr. Louis Calvert's managerial talent, "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Richard II."

without scenery, and with only the baize backing of our opponents; the names of the scenes were stuck up on boards in front. What was the result? The absence of the scenery was not felt after the preliminary "titter" at the first explanatory board, and the audience became absorbed and enthusiastic. Sir Henry Irving and his company produced "The Merchant of Venice" before some six hundred members of the Military Academy at West Point, in America, in a similar manner. Sir Henry says: "I have never known an audience more interested or more enthusiastic, though, if Mr. Wallace (of the *National Review*) had been there, I fear the absence of scenery would have disturbed his attention." Now look on the other picture. Did the beautiful stage setting of "Cymbeline" distract the attention of an audience from the exquisite acting of Ellen Terry? Were the beautiful lines she uttered lost and drowned in stage accessories? Certainly not. The critics who object to Sir Henry Irving's method of producing the Shakespearian drama don't lift up their voices or raise their critical pens against the *realism* which brings forth a hansom cab, or a racehorse, on the stage; but they object to a clap of thunder, a flash of lightning, or an earthquake in the higher drama: a Roman triumph, or a mediæval entry into the streets of London, is not to be tolerated; in short, nothing but the "baize" mounting and the ex-

planatory Elizabethan placard are to be allowed in the representation of the Shakespearian drama.

How far *realism* should be allowed to enter into the production of high-class and poetic drama is a question for careful consideration. I have always held the opinion that when a realistic scene or episode will assist in the accentuation of the author's idea, it is not only admissible but desirable. I recollect a wonderful effect was produced in the trial scene in the "Winter's Tale," at Manchester. When Leontes says :

There is no truth at all i' the oracle,
The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood,

on the utterance of the word "falsehood" a flash of forked lightning shot across the stage, followed by a clap of thunder, which brought the audience to their feet. Shakespeare intended that the blaspheming mortal should be alarmed and punished by the Gods ; hence the following expression :—

Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.

I daresay some of my readers will smile when I say that that peal of thunder cost weeks of thought and mechanical labour ; it was no mere "stage thunder," but it was as near nature as thought and money could make it. The result was perfectly legitimate ; the audience was profoundly impressed, and the poet's leading idea realised.

Those who have had the good fortune to see the great Ristori in "Marie Antoinette," will remember a scene in that play, which to my mind was the acme of stagecraft in the direction of realism. On September 27th, 1873, Madame Ristori gave a farewell performance of Giacometti's historical drama, at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester. At a certain point in the development of the drama one was conscious of an uncertain and mysterious sound, interpenetrating, as it were, the action on the stage. The actors became conscious of it, and seemed to pause as if to fathom its meaning. In course of time there was no mistaking its cause; the uncertain sound gradually swelled into a babel of human voices, and we knew that the rabble of Paris was on its way to Versailles. I shall never forget this piece of stage realism. The great actress allowed me to see how it was achieved: it was wonderful in its simplicity, but stupendous in result.

I had a curious experience during the performance of "Marie Antoinette," which I may relate as an instance of the power of the superlative genius of perhaps the greatest actress of our own time. I had a seat in the pit, about two rows from the stalls; on my left sat a thorough specimen of a Lancashire working woman with her daughter, a girl of about 15 years of age. These two had paid their money, not knowing that the play was in the Italian

language. Shortly after the commencement of the prologue the elder woman drew a cork from a bottle, refreshed herself, and handed it to the daughter. This operation was frequently repeated. At length the woman turned to me, and said:

"I say, mester, are they gooin' to talk loike this o' neet?"

"Yes," I said.

"Eh, dear! I wish I'd moi money back," she replied.

"Perhaps you'll get interested as the play proceeds; you'll know what they are doing, although you don't understand what they are saying," I remarked.

My reply was destined to a fulfilment I little anticipated. The advent of the Parisian mob interested and astonished the simple Lancashire woman; but when the Dauphin was dragged from the side of the unfortunate Queen, human nature asserted itself. When the magnificent actress frantically threw herself across the door which shut her out for ever from her son, down dropped the obnoxious bottle with a crash; the woman rose to her feet, and shouted out, "Yo' munna tak him!" Never shall I forget the effect of this incident. A roar of Lancashire applause rose from that audience; and I had the opportunity shortly afterwards of explaining to the great actress, through an interpreter, the precise meaning of the episode.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I HAVE before alluded to the last scene in the Calvert "Revival" of "The Merchant of Venice"; also to that wonderful piece of realism, "The Pageant," or entry of Henry the Fifth into London: those scenes gave value and emphasis to the author's meaning. It will still be fresh in the memory of some of my readers how Sir Henry Irving, by a masterstroke of art, placed the copestone of interest on Herman Merivale's dramatic version of Sir Walter Scott's novel, under the title of "Ravenswood." The author's last lines were spoken; the curtain closed on the last scene, but only to be quickly raised again on a sunset "cloth," with sea and sandy foreground. Faithful old Caleb Balderstone was discovered picking up the hat and plume: all that remained of his unfortunate master. This scene accentuated the misery and fatality of the drama, and was, therefore, not only a beautiful, but a legitimate adjunct to the play.

Many other examples might be quoted in support of the realistic theory. I will, however, rest content with mentioning the earthquake scene in "Claudian," the fight in "Cymbeline" at the Lyceum, and the Temple Scene in "The Cup." On the production of this piece, written by the late Lord Tennyson, an incident occurred which illustrated the immortality of the painter's art. This fine temple interior opened an act: the scene was gloomy and sombre; after a time the temple portal opened, and a ray of daylight burst upon the scene. Then followed a procession of children classically attired, and garlanded with roses; they danced and sang and ultimately got into position. The *ensemble* was a picture of exquisite classic beauty.

Some of those present were spellbound by the classic realism of this picture. While thunders of applause resounded through the theatre, the first man of the silent ones who spoke was Alma Tadema. With a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders, he exclaimed, "Ah! how poor my art is after this." The great artist repeated this opinion to the great actor-manager. Irving, with that sad smile which sometimes passes across his features, said, "Ah! Tadema, when I am dead and gone my art is gone, while yours lives for ever." This saying impressed us all deeply. The art of the actor can only live in the memory of those who hear and see him, but the art of

the great painter will last as long as the creations of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare.

Placed as I have been in connection with the art of the Theatre, it will not be a matter of surprise that I have had some pleasant experiences with many persons who have adorned, and whose lives are still honourable to the English Stage. I have even been so vain and idiotic as to imagine I could take my share in the management of a theatre. The result made me a sadder and a wiser man. The only consolation remaining from the disaster is the fact that it brought me the acquaintance of my friend, F. R. Benson. When the theatrical ship was sinking, he appeared for the first time in Manchester, with his company, in a round of Shakespearian pieces, and made a bid for that position which he now so honourably holds in his art. My first meeting with Mr. Beerbohm Tree was on an interesting social occasion in 1878. Geflowski, the Polish sculptor, had become so successful, that he found it necessary and desirable to remove into the studio, No. 13, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, and just vacated by Noble. The event of removal was celebrated by a sort of art conversazione. The walls were hung with important examples of the work of contemporary painters. The card of invitation was designed by Caton Woodville, probably now the most masterly draughtsman of our time. Musicians of

note added their delightful art to the entertainment, and Beerbohm Tree made one of his early bows as a reciter. How little one can divine the future of individuals: at that festive gathering little did I think I should in after years become acquainted with "The Ballad Monger," "Captain Swift," "Hamlet," "The Parish Priest," and other masterpieces of acting by the genial reciter of that evening. The gathering of guests was a large one, and embraced men of note in the aristocratic and artistic worlds. I recollect the former element disappeared at a reasonable hour, leaving a considerable residuum of an artistic and bohemian character. I must, however, draw a veil over the "subsequent proceedings" of song, recital, and sparkling humour, commingled with the plebeian libations and tobacco of Bohemia.

Some of those genial souls are now famous and prosperous;

Others are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead.

The "prompt" bell rings—so—Curtain!

The whirligig of Time is a curious piece of mechanism producing strange and unlooked-for results. The other day I was sitting beside Genevieve Ward on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, watching a rehearsal of an act of "King Arthur." I reminded the tragedienne that I saw her first appearance on the same boards (after she had abandoned the Lyric stage)

as Lady Macbeth. I refrain from recording the date of this event, but I well remember the discussion at the time on the merits of the performance, and whether the new Lady Macbeth would take a high place on the Dramatic stage. Miss Ward's career is historic, and needs no comment from me; but it is a curious coincidence that when I first saw the new Lady Macbeth of our time, in the person of Ellen Terry, I found myself sitting next to Miss Ward in the stalls of the Lyceum.

I have several pleasant recollections of my intercourse with Miss Ward. I remember when my friend, the late Lewis Wingfield, wrote a play, he induced the talented actress to produce it. This was accordingly done at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, in June of 1875. The title was "Despite the World," a new romantic play, in two parts and four tableaux. I remember we all worked hard at the production of this ill-fated drama; Miss Ward did everything that could be done with the heroine Thecla, but in spite of its many literary qualities it would not draw, and had to be taken off. I remember Miss Ward thought so highly of her part that she christened a little favourite black dog "Thecla"; and of which she tells an amusing story. Certain Royal personages visiting her one evening at the theatre, the little animal showed signs of dislike by growling from his snug retreat in a silk-

cushioned basket. Its mistress exclaimed, "Down, Teck! down, instantly!!" There was much laughter at this, and Miss Ward had to explain to one of the Royal personages that the animal was called after poor Wingfield's heroine Thecla.

Miss Ward accepted the responsibility of the management of the Lyceum during a temporary absence of Sir Henry Irving. I recollect a piece was produced which failed to attract, and the situation became serious. Miss Ward told me one morning on the Lyceum stage that she had a drama which had been laid by some time, and that she had serious thoughts of producing it. The piece was "Forget-Me-Not," by Grove and Herman Merivale. It was produced; and with a startling result. Stephanie, in this drama, was a creation, and a phenomenal success. The part has been played over two thousand times, and "everywhere where English is spoken," Miss Ward has told and interviewer. It is curious how theatrical managers may be mistaken as to the quality or chance of success of plays submitted for their consideration. "Forget-Me-Not" is not the only play that has been consigned to the oblivion of a manager's bureau, and after many years been accidentally unearthed as a *dernier-ressort* to retrieve loss and disaster.

CHAPTER XXV.

I DID not see much of Irving after he left Manchester; only on occasional visits to London, or when he happened to come to the city on tour with the Lyceum productions, under the Bateman management. I think the last link of the old time was severed on the occasion of my first visit to Oxford in the autumn of 1865. I recollect Sir Henry had joined his old friends of the John Knowles Stock Company in a sort of "commonwealth." They took the Oxford Theatre, but with what financial result I do not remember; but I have a recollection of many pleasant visits to Colleges, to Woodstock and Blenheim.

In vacation, the great St. Giles' Fair is held in Oxford; on this occasion the collegiate city is *en fête*, and it was a source of delight to us, after the theatre work was done, to wander through the wonders of the fair, held under beautiful overhanging trees whose gently waving

foliage danced in the flicker of the thousand-and-one lamps of the "shows." Of course there was a booth-theatre, and of course we must see the tragedy being enacted within its canvas walls. It *was* a tragedy! I recollect the first act represented an interior; a lady was "discovered" seated at a table, with a sheet of paper before her. Then entered a man, and, pointing to the document, said, in a regular "twopence-colour" style, "Sign! marry me, and live!" To this the lady replied, in a falsetto shriek, "Nèver!" "Then die!" said the man—Curtain.

After the next act, which displayed about the same amount of literary ability, a man came before the curtain with a watering-can—(the weather was hot). Irving, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, said, "Ask him (pointing to the man with the watering-can) what is the title of the piece." I stood up, and politely enquired the name of the tragedy. The man seemed astonished at my impudence, and in a semi-tragic voice exclaimed, "There ain't no tittle! yer pays yer money, and yer takes yer choice," and suddenly disappeared. A roar of laughter from the audience was the result of this incident. Ah! those youthful days! if they were frivolous, they were happy ones. Life was just beginning. Seriousness was to come hereafter.

In the year 1878, Irving succeeded Mrs. Bateman as lessee of the Lyceum Theatre. Between the

date of the Oxford visit and this year, he had done much good work, scoring heavily in Reginald Chevenix, Digby Grant, and Mathias in "The Bells." Dear Johannie Toole once told me that when Charles Dickens saw "Uncle Dick's Darling," Irving's Chevenix was a revelation to him, and he prophesied a brilliant future for the young actor. How keenly the great novelist could read and create character; and how far this prophecy has been fulfilled, English-speaking people know.

The year 1878 was a remarkable one for me. Towards the close of the year I commenced the work of alteration and decoration of the Lyceum Theatre, to which I have before alluded, and on the 30th of December the theatre opened under the new "sole lessee and manager, Mr. Henry Irving." That was an historic event, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The audience may be described as a specially invited one, and was composed of persons distinguished in literature, art, and politics. "Hamlet" was played that night by a company composed of actors specially gifted to impersonate the characters of Shakespearian drama. The night was also memorable for the fact that Ellen Terry made her first bow under the new management. She has loyally clung to the fortunes of the Lyceum since that memorable night. I consider the cast of the piece historic in the

annals of the Lyceum, and here reproduce it:—

HAMLET	Mr. IRVING.
CLAUDIUS	Mr. FORRESTER.
POLONIUS	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.
LAERTES	Mr. F. COOPER.
HORATIO	Mr. SWINBOURNE.
OSRIC	Mr. KYRLE BELLEW.
ROSENCRANTZ	Mr. PINERO.
GUILDENSTERN	Mr. ELWOOD.
MARCELLUS	Mr. GIBSON.
BERNARDO	Mr. ROBINSON.
FRANCISCO	Mr. TAPPING.
REYNALDO	Mr. CARTWRIGHT.
FIRST PLAYER	Mr. BEAUMONT.
SECOND PLAYER	Mr. EVERARD.
PRIEST	Mr. COLLETT.
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	Mr. A. ANDREWS.
MESSENGER	Mr. HARWOOD.
GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER	Mr. MEAD.
GERTRUDE	Miss POUNCEFORT.
PLAYER QUEEN	Miss SEDLEY.
AND	
OPHELIA	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Mr. HAWES CRAVEN painted the scenery, and Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE was the Musical Director.

It is not my intention to indulge in criticisms of the acting of professional people with whom I have come in contact, but I think I may safely say in connection with this event that many in that audience went away with the impression that for once they had seen Shakespeare's Hamlet and Ophelia. They knew for certain that the ill-starred Prince *did* love Ophelia with his whole heart and soul, and never in the

history of the art was the renunciation of this love given with such intensity and heart-rending pathos. When that first scene in the third act was over, the pent-up emotions of that vast and critical audience burst forth with a vehemence that was overwhelming. There was no doubt about the new combination. Success must and did follow. "Hamlet" was played one hundred and eight nights, and during that first season of seven months the receipts amounted to £36,000.

The social intercourse consequent on my association with the Lyceum was very pleasant, and is still a source of pleasurable recollection.

Early in January after the opening of the theatre, Irving gave a supper to a select gathering of his fellow-actors at the little Green Room Club, then in the Adelphi Terrace. The two outside guests were the late Sir F. (then Captain) Burton and myself. Seated next the distinguished traveller and soldier, I had an excellent opportunity of studying his fine face and strong character: interested in architecture as he was, we were soon on a platform of genial conversation, and his finely-moulded features lit up with animation as he described the wonders of antique and Eastern art. He told of the dangers he had gone through, and the precautions he found necessary against deceit and treachery. I recollect he described a peculiar little stumpy revolver he was having made, and which could be fired on

emergency through the trouser pocket, to the astonishment of those who might think he was unarmed. Songs and recitals followed that supper. It was then that I first heard poor Arthur Matheson sing "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind"; Lionel Brough, Harry Jackson, Fernandez, Odell, and other men of note contributed their share to the entertainment, which was closed by our host and chairman calling upon himself, and to our intense amusement he gave Calverley's "Gemini and Virgo."

How John Hollingshead, after much effort, succeeded in bringing the company of the *Comédie Française* to England is a matter of history. Readers of "My Lifetime," by the creator of the Gaiety Theatre, will know the nature of the contract entered into with the director of the famous French Company: how they received £9,600 for six weeks' performances, paid at the rate of £1,600 per week in advance, and how they opened at the Gaiety on Monday, the 2nd of June, 1879. I introduce this matter here, because, through Sir Henry Irving's kind thought, I was invited to meet the men of this distinguished company. Sir Henry is a prince of entertainers; and he adopted the pleasant method of giving the "first company in Europe" a Sunday "outing" on a four-horse drag, to Dorking. I cannot now call to mind the names of all the men who sat on that well-appointed

stage coach, which, I think, was called "Old Times"; but I remember Mounet Sully, Delauney, the youthful old man, Sir F. Pollock, Walter Pollock, now editor of the *Saturday Review*, Percy Fitzgerald, the late Mr. Pigott, examiner of plays, Campbell Clarke, who spoke French like a Frenchman, and youthful Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, afterwards married to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. We lunched at an old inn, probably the famous "Markiss o' Granby." We were like a lot of boys out on a holiday, no "shop" was talked; and I recollect one of the mad things that was done was a sort of steeplechase over the forms arranged round the inn garden lawn, between the two youngest members of the party, Mr. Bartlett and myself;—how the distinguished Frenchmen enjoyed it: we certainly destroyed the French idea that "Englishmen take their pleasures sadly." We returned through that beautiful country about Box Hill to the Garrick Club, to a choice banquet given by our host. At that festive board "shop" talk went fast and incessantly till the final hand-shaking in the dawn of a beautiful June morning; I recollect Delauney calling out in his best English, "Three cheers for Mr. Irving." I need not say the response was enthusiastic; so ended a delightful episode, and one that will live in the memory as a pleasant experience of younger days.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE gentle Rosalind could tell who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, and who time gallops withal. Verily time has galloped with me, when I consider how short a time seemed to have elapsed between my first meeting with the members of the famous French Company in June, 1879, and my second meeting with them in June, 1893, at the Lyceum. I recollect the weather was intensely hot; the play was "Becket," and that I sat next a stout man, who seemed to feel the situation keenly. After a time a gentleman came to him and addressed him in French, and took him to a box on the O.P. side of the stage. Shortly afterwards a message came to me to the effect that I must stay after the play, and sup with the members of the Comédie Française. We met in that historic room where the sublime "Society of Beefsteaks" were in the habit of holding their convivial meetings. A goodly company trooped

into the ante-room, including my stout neighbour in the stalls, who was none other than the celebrated critic M. Francisque Sarcey. The French Company always carried its own critic along with it, and so M. Sarcey came to be of that gathering.

As the weather was so intensely hot our thoughtful host had provided a delicious bill-of-fare, headed with the simple word in red letters "Froid." The company was as choice as the menu, and was composed of Cocquelin *frs*, Garnier, M. Sarcey, Boito (who combined in "Mephistophele" the duties of librettist and musical composer), M. Jules Claretie, the manager and director of the company; Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. Villiers Stanford, Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Beattie Kingston, John Hare, Bancroft, J. L. Toole, and Sir Ewan Smith. Conversation was carried on partly in English and partly in French: I was fortunate in being near M. Cocquelin, who spoke excellent English, and with H. J. Loveday, the Lyceum stage manager, on my other hand, I was perfectly happy. That was a memorable evening. The event reminded me of another great Lyceum night to commemorate the one hundredth performance of the "Merchant of Venice," February 14th, 1880.

On that occasion the guests entered the theatre after the performance through the Beefsteak Club apartments. The Old Tudor-looking rooms

were decorated with armour, pictures connected with theatrical history, and curios, including the famous silver grid on which the Sublime Society had its food cooked. Any description that I can give would convey a very inadequate idea of that historic night. I sat between Arthur Cecil and Mr. Pinero, the future dramatist, and who was then a member of the Lyceum Company. As this event was in honour of Shakespeare, and in appreciation of the method of representing his works at the Lyceum, I shall quote the *Morning Post*, whose report forms a worthy chronicle of this interesting occasion :—

Those bidden to Mr. Irving's supper, which was held on Saturday night at the Lyceum in commemoration of the 100th performance of "The Merchant of Venice," were much astonished at the transformation effected during the time of their passing from the front of the theatre to the back. When, a little more than half an hour after the green curtain had fallen, a body of some 350 guests filed down from the old Beefsteak Club-room, which was used as the reception-room, the whole scene was changed. There was not remaining a single trace of Belmont, with its splendour of misty moonlight; no indication of Venetian streets, or colonnades, or the court of justice. The whole stage, from wall to wall and from footlights to scene dock, was a huge pavilion of crimson and white, lit by two gigantic chandeliers containing hundreds of lights, and by the myriad of wax candles which studded the long tables from end to end. Through the filmy canvas the lamps of the theatre, still left lighted, showed dimly, giving unconsciously an effect of immense distance and huge proportions. The occasion was a remarkable one. For the first time since it was written, the play had reached a run of one hundred consecutive performances; and certainly the gathering to celebrate the event was a remarkable one also. Politics, arms, law, medicine, literature, science, art, and commerce were

represented, and a glance at the list of the names of the guests, given below, who were present, will show how worthily. At the centre of the top table sat Mr. Irving, supported right and left by Lord Houghton and Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, Lord Londesborough; the Earls of Dnnraven, Fife, and Onslow; Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Sir W. Gordon Cumming, Sir Charles Young, Sir Henry Thompson, Admiral Gordon, Mr. Philip Currie, and Mr. Tom Taylor. Around was grouped a great body of over 300 men, the names of nearly all of whom are familiar to everyone. The evening was one of triumph, and showed the extraordinary position which Mr. Irving has won for himself, and justly won, by high and honourable ambition, exceptional ability, and unceasing work. After the loyal toasts, which were drunk standing, to the National Anthem, choired by boys' voices, Lord Houghton proposed the one toast of the evening, to which Mr. Irving of course responded. Lord Houghton is a clever and witty speaker, and on the present occasion excelled in epigram, happy in a cynical sense, but perhaps not altogether judicious. In marked contrast was Mr. Irving's reply; no less ready, no less humorous, but touched with flashes of sympathetic confidence, and pervaded by the deep earnestness of purpose which marks the man of belief in and harmony with an age of progress. On his first rising to reply, Mr. Irving was received with an enthusiastic cheer, and on the conclusion of his speech, which made a bright half-hour, all the enthusiasm with which his friends and the public are wont to receive him broke out afresh, and cheer after cheer rang through the great expanse. After the speeches, the company adjourned, for the purpose of smoking, to the old Beefsteak Club-room, which looked most picturesque with its oaken wainscot, grained ceiling, and Tudor arches, and adorned by many pictures, the chief attraction of which was Mr. Long's picture of Mr. Irving as Richard III. A conspicuous object in the room was the gridiron of the old Beefsteak Club, which was thrice rescued from blazing theatres. With such a gathering of artists there was, of course, much interesting amusement; and a late hour saw a large assembly still in the room. The following is a list of the chief guests who were present: Hamilton Aidé, James Albery, J. K. Aston, I. E. Austin, J. Aitken, Davenport Adams, James Archer, A. Andrews, J. H. Allen, D. Anderson,

Serjeant Ballantine, S. B. Bancroft, F. C. Burnand, Right Hon. Justice Barry, J. Brodie, R.S.A., W. Ashmead Bartlett, E. L. Blanchard, J. Billington, Lionel Brough, E. Bendall, Sir Julius Benedict, R. Becker, A. à Beckett, T. Beale, Peter Berlyn, H. J. Byron, F. Barnard, R. Shirley Brooks, J. Bennett, B. Baker, J. Beveredge, A. Beaumont, E. Ashmead Bartlett, A. Branscombe, Jacob Bright, M.P., J. Broadfield, H. K. Barnett, J. H. Barnes, E. Brooke, A. Borthwick, C. Bernard, Captain Ward Bennett, Sir W. Gordon Cumming, Bart., Savile Clarke, Comyns Carr, A. Critchett, G. Critchett, Claude Carton, Dutton Cook, H. B. Conway, T. Catling, Arthur Cecil, Professor Sidney Colvin, Under-Sheriff Crawford, — Cattermole, W. Cuthbert, H. Cuthbert, Hawes Craven, Hay Cameron, T. Chambers, J. Chambers, J. Child, J. B. Chatterton, Dillon Croker, Philip Currie, C. Cooper, F. Cooper, Arthur Chappell, J. Chute, J. Carter, J. Calvert, J. Cowen, M.P., Hamilton Clarke, W. Compton, John Clayton, the Earl of Dunraven, T. Dowling, E. Dicey, Duffield, J. Davison, A. Darbyshire, Charles Dickens, H. Dickens, C. Doherty, G. Derlacher, B. Dalton, E. Elwood, the Earl of Fife, G. Manville Fenn, J. Forbes Robertson, Forbes Robertson, J. Fernandez, Percy Fitzgerald, D.L., Luke Fildes, A.R.A., C. Fraser, Gilbert Farquhar, Horace Farquhar, F. D. Finlay, J. Fullylove, Forrester, H. Ferrand, Norman Forbes, Admiral Gordon, W. Grapel, Corney Grain, G. Grossmith, sen., G. Grossmith, jun., Dundas Gardner, H. Goodban, Dundas Grant, J. G. Anthony, Herbert Gardner, Gay Drew, H. Graves, R. de T. Gould, Lord Houghton, Major-General Hutchinson, W. Hardman, J. Hassard, W. Hann, Major Hughes Hallett, John Hare, Frank Hill, Wentworth Huyshe, J. B. Howard, F. W. Hawkins, John Hollingshead, Joseph Hatton, E. W. Hennell, Captain Talbot Harvey, Rowland Hill, J. Hatton, H. Howe, J. Hurst, Thomas Hughes, M.P., George Honey, J. Harwood, Sidney Hodges, H. Hudson, T. Harrison, Charles Harcourt, J. Harper, Gilbert Highton, Fortescue Harrison, M.P., David James, L. T. Jennings, W. S. Johnson, R. Jackson, H. J. Jennings, Blanchard Jerrold, S. Johnson, Edmund Johnson, R. Jeffs, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, Joseph Knight, L. Knapp, W. Beatty Kingston, W. H. Kendal, James Knowles, H. Kemble, Charles Kelly, C. Lamb Kenny, C. Kinsman, Lord Londesborough, Sir Baldwyn Leighton, Bart., M.P., Sir

Coutts Lindsay, Bart., F. W. Lawson, Jonas Levy, R. Halkett Lord, E. Long, A.R.A., Edward Legge, E. Ledger, E. Y. Lowrie, George Lewis, Walter Lacy, Henry Labouchere, H. J. Loveday, G. B. Loveday, Cosmo Logie, W. R. Lawson, H. Louthier, Arthur Lewis, J. Latham, Hon. F. Lawley, W. A. Leggatt, H. S. Leigh, Morell Longden, Henry Lee, Richard Lee, J. B. Monckton, Dr. Morell Mackenzie, Frank Marshall, T. Meller, Frank Miles, J. M'Henry, C. Mathews, Justin M'Carthy, M.P., J. H. M'Carthy, Millward, Arthur Mathison, J. Maclean, Frankfort Moore, J. M'Dermott, T. Mead, W. M'Turk, Douglas Murray, P. Middlemist, J. Mortimer, F. Mackenzie, A. Mitchell, Alderman Nottage, Henry Neville, T. Northcott, Dr. Nedley, H. Nicholson, the Earl of Onslow, John O'Connor, T. O'Dell, W. Orchardson, R.A., H. Oliver, Captain Onslow, Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., Walter Pollock, F. Pollock, E. Pinches, J. C. Parkinson, T. Purnell, L. D. Powles, E. Pellew, Baden Pritchard, Dr. Peele, A. Pinero, H. Payne, Val Prinsep, A.R.A., A. Paterson, J. Pettie, R.A., H. Paul, J. Rodgers, J. Ryder, R. Reece, C. M'Rae, E. Russell, H. Russell, A. Roche, J. Randegger, G. Rignold, Desmond Ryan, Brinley Richards, Sir Bruce Seton, Bart., Dr. Max Schlesinger, Clement Scott, Palgrave Simpson, T. Swinbourne, Bram Stoker, G. W. Smalley, E. Saker, J. Selwyn, E. Swanborough, A. Swanborough, R. Soutar, Talbot Smith, W. Spottiswoode, Linley Sambourne, J. Sapsford, J. D'A. Samuda, Tollemache Sinclair, Herbert Stack, W. Sawyer, Samuel Smiles, LL.D., A. Stirling, J. L. Toole, W. Thompson, W. Tinsley, Tom Taylor, W. Telbin, Alfred Thompson, J. Thorley, L. Alma Tadema, R.A., John Tenniel, T. Thorne, Dr. W. Thomson, Isaac Tarry, S. Timmins, F. Tyars, J. Tapping, T. Tingay, J. M. Teesdale, Lionel Tennyson, Godfrey Turner, Fox Turner, Sir Henry Thompson, F. Toole, Hermann Vezin, Vaughan, W. H. Vernon, Hon. Lewis Wingfield, W. G. Wills, A. Stuart-Wortley, Horace Wigan, S. Walker, O. Wilde, W. Wilde, Hume Williams, A. E. T. Watson, Charles Warner, R. Wyndham, H. White, Dr. Forbes Winslow, Montagu Williams, Byron Weber, Sir Charles Young, Bart., Edmund Yates, T. H. Young, E. Yardley.

Among those who were most conspicuous in the vicinity of the chairman were: Lord Houghton, Lord Dunraven, Lord Lonsborough, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Sir B. Seton, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Alma Tadema,

R.A., Mr. Long, General Hutchinson, Mr. Justice Barry, Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Dutton Cook, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. After the banquet, which was singularly elaborate and was completely successful, had been removed,

Mr. Irving proposed "The Queen and the Royal Family," which was drunk upstanding.

Lord Houghton said that this was a convivial and private meeting, but he was commanded to give them a toast—"The health of Mr. Henry Irving—(loud cheers)—and the Lyceum Theatre." The occasion on which they met was a centenary of the performance of "The Merchant of Venice." He did not like centenaries, but "Our Boys" had had a great many centenaries, and therefore our men should have more. "The Bells of Corneville" had been ringing on he did not know how many nights, and the "Bells of Alsace" nearly as many. For his part, looking back to the days of his youth, he preferred the arrangement by which the same pieces came on never more than twice a week, when one could see various actors in various rôles with various and additional interest; and he was not sure that the present system did not entail upon the performers great personal exertions almost to the injury of their health, and he was quite sure it could not be any great benefit to art. (Hear, hear.) But things must be accepted as they were, and it was under that state of things that Mr. Irving had accepted the management of that theatre, and he had done so under very favourable auspices, for dramatic art was popular with all classes. He had come also at a time when the stage was purified very much from the impurity, and it might be the scandal attaching to it before, so that the tradition of good breeding and high conduct was not confined to special families, like the Kembles, or to special individuals, like Young or Mr. Irving himself, but had spread over the larger part of the whole profession, so that families of condition were ready to allow their sons, after a university education, to enter the dramatic profession. There had been a school of historians who had taken upon themselves to rehabilitate all the great villains of the world. These historians made Nero and Tiberius only a little diverted from their benevolent intention, either by the wish to promote order amongst their people, or by

an inordinate love of art. They made Richard III. a most amiable sovereign, particularly fond of nephews—(laughter)—while French historians showed that Marat and Robespierre were only prevented from regenerating the human race by their dislike to shedding human blood. (Laughter.) While upon that stage they had seen a rehabilitation something of the same nature, for the old Jew, Shylock, who was regarded usually as a ferocious monster, whose sole desire was to avenge himself in the most brutal manner on the Christians of his neighbourhood, had become a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion—(laughter)—with the manners of a Rothschild, and not more ferocious than became an ordinary merchant of the period—(laughter)—afflicted with a stupid, foolish servant, and a wilful, pernicious daughter; and the process went on till the Hebrew gentleman, led by a strange chance into the fault of wishing to vindicate in his own person the injuries of centuries of wrong to his ancestors, is foiled by a very charming woman—(cheers);—but he nevertheless retired as the avenger of the wrongs of centuries heaped upon his race, accompanied by the tears of women and the admiration of men. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) He could quite imagine, if Mr. Irving chose to personate Iago, he would be regarded not as a violent but as a very honest man, only devoted to the object of preserving the honour of his wife—(laughter);—or if he chose to resume the character of Alfred Jingle, he would, instead of a disreputable character, go down to posterity as nothing more than an amiable young man who wished to marry the maiden aunt and give her some of the joys of married life. (Laughter.) But there was one character which Mr. Irving would never pervert or misrepresent, and that was his own. (Cheers.) He would always show in the management of his theatre the dramatic spirit which his country demanded. He would always be the true artist, loving Art for its own sake—(hear, hear),—following in the personalities which he represented no mere dramatic form, not merely tradition, but carrying out as best he could the high forms of his own great imagination. (Cheers.) They would see him in his relations with others, as in the management of the theatre—and that was a very large relation—they would see him considerate to all about him, kind to and cognisant of the merits of others—a very difficult thing

in all forms of art, and especially in the one Mr. Irving occupied. He believed that under these circumstances Mr. Irving would achieve a great name, and that when the children's children of those at that gathering were reading the dramatic annals of the present time, and found how highly the name of Mr. Irving had been mentioned under all conditions of dramatic life, they would be proud to find from their family traditions that their progenitors had been there that night. (Loud cheers.) The noble lord concluded by proposing "The health of Mr. Irving," which was drunk with enthusiasm, the guests rising to do honour to the toast.

Mr. Irving, who, on rising to respond, received a perfect ovation, returned thanks in a singularly happy speech, in which he gratefully and courteously acknowledged the handsome terms in which Lord Houghton had proposed the toast. Diverging then into the facetious, he announced that he had received a five-act play in blank verse, called "The After Life of Shylock," for which he had serious thoughts of asking their consideration for one night, the last scene of which was the return of Shylock to Belmont, with a basket of lemons. (Laughter.) Being pathetically told, he thought something might be made of it, and it was certain that the sympathy of the tribe would go a great way towards insuring success, for they came now from all parts to see Shylock; the only people who did not like it being the Germans. (Laughter.) At the close of a speech which kept his audience in a state of hilarity for over half an hour, he did not diminish the effect of his address by announcing that he gave permission to smoke within the pavilion, and by providing very excellent cigars for the purpose.

Of the previous performance, at which most of those present at the supper "assisted," it is sufficient to say that Mr. Irving acted in his best form, and received the highest support. The trial scene went with signal success, its chastened beauty—the use of such words is strictly defensible—enthralled the audience and holding it spell-bound. Miss Terry's Portia, too, has ripened since it was first seen, and is a bewitching piece of acting. The poetry and beauty of the atmosphere surrounding the play were felt by the spectators, and the entire performance had a charm which may well commend it to a hundred more audiences. Those

present at both performance and supper carried away with them a pleasant and, in its way, unique souvenir. The burden of sustaining this was apparently too heavy for not a few of the guests, judging by their reluctance to leave the scene of enjoyment. Not too urgent in the present month are the indices of dawn. These, however, gave disagreeable evidence of the incoming day long before the latest guest took his departure.

During the run of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum Sir Henry was strongly impressed with the idea of following it with a fine production of "Coriolanus." The *pièce de résistance* was to be the correct realisation of a Roman triumph. This was to surpass even the entry of Henry V. into London, to which I have alluded in connection with the Calvert Revivals in Manchester. It was determined that Alma Tadema (who had just been made Royal Academician) should be consulted. The great painter was then living at Lichfield House, Regent's Park, now occupied, I believe, by Mr. H. A. Jones, the successful dramatist. Thither we went; the whole play was discussed with enthusiasm, and Tadema soon set to work at the costume designs. However, shortly afterwards the idea of producing "Coriolanus" was abandoned, for "most exquisite reasons—and reasons good enough"—as Sir Toby Belch would say. The distinguished painter's designs were carefully stowed away in the manager's sanctum, and so—exit "Coriolanus." To myself the consolation I had for the shelving of the play was a knowledge of Alma Tadema, through whose

kindness, in after years, I experienced benefit on an important occasion.

The history of Irving's *régime* at the Lyceum will some day be written by a pen capable of recording the wonderful efforts he has made in honour of the "great master." I cannot, therefore, attempt to do justice to the almost herculean labours of the Lyceum manager. When the task is attempted it will be a heavy one, but full of interest; and the detailed history of the marvellous series of Shakespearian Revivals, which will make up a record of work since the theatre opened with "Hamlet" on December 30th, 1878, will be honourable to Art, and I trust an ornament to English Literature.

I recollect discussing the production of "Hamlet" with Irving; on that occasion he remarked he intended his work at the Lyceum should be Elizabethan in character. I thought at the time it would be impossible to realise the idea, and it was not long before an incident occurred which confirmed my doubt. When the scenes were set and lighted, they were all carefully examined by the manager, who would view them from all parts of the house. I recollect we were seated in the front row of the gallery when the beautiful scene of the Castle of Elsinore, painted by Hawes Craven, was revealed. After looking in silence for some time, Irving quietly remarked, "I wish it didn't look so like the Westminster Palace

Hotel." This was criticism in a nutshell. The scene was Elizabethan in character, that is to say, the window opening space was equal to, if not in excess of the wall area, whereas, in fortified architecture, the reverse is the case. Every production at the Lyceum has been truthful and accurate in all details of scenery and costume, and everything has been appropriate to the place and period indicated in the plays represented.

Those triumphs of stage art are fresh in many memories. I would, however, here record a few facts, which render the work of the Lyceum manager memorable in the history of Shakespearian production, and which constitute a record hitherto unapproached in the annals of the Stage.

Although the Lyceum opened under Irving's sole management on December 30th, 1878, it must be kept in mind that the Shakespearian pieces produced under the Bateman management were Irving's work, and that their success was owing to his strong personality. "Hamlet" was first produced on the 31st of October, 1874, and ran without intermission for 200 nights or performances. "Macbeth" followed on the 18th of September, 1875, with 80 performances, "Othello," on February 14th, 1876, with 70 representations, and "Richard III.," January 29th, 1877, with a run of 200 performances.

With the first representation of "Hamlet," on

the night of 30th December, 1878, was inaugurated the magnificent series of Revivals which constitute such a brilliant record of work under the sole control and direction of Sir Henry Irving. The second revival of "Hamlet" ran for 100 nights; then followed the "Merchant of Venice" with a run of 250 performances; "Othello" (second revival), on May 2nd, 1881; "Romeo and Juliet," March 8th, 1882, running 161 nights; "Much Ado about Nothing," October 11th, 1882, with a splendid run of 212 representations; "Twelfth Night," July 8th, 1884, followed by a second revival of "Macbeth," on December 29th, 1888, with a run of 151 nights. "Henry VIII." was produced on January 5th, 1892, running through 203 performances; and "King Lear," on November 10th, 1892, repeated 72 times. Truly this is an unique chronicle in the history of the theatre, and the runs of the pieces (hitherto unequalled) have proved that Shakespeare, at the Lyceum, has spelt anything but ruin.

The effect of Irving's work on the present generation has been extraordinary; the prejudice against the Theatre has been entirely removed; the Lyceum is the rallying place of all classes of Society, and the common ground of culture, refinement, and art. I know of nothing in the history of modern civilisation that can compare with the revolution in thought and idea caused by Irving's work in connection with the Theatre

as a national institution. When we think of the past history and vicissitudes of the Drama in this country, we are able to realise what has been achieved ; we can with difficulty believe that when our immortal dramatist wrote, the names of the scenes of his plays were written on boards and hoisted over the platform, and that every character, whether Greek, Roman, or mediæval, was habited in the costume of the Elizabethan Era.

In Shakespeare's time the "players" had no social repute ; they were strollers on the face of the earth ; now they are honoured by all, from the gracious Sovereign on the throne to the hard-working son of toil. How has this wonderful change been brought about ? I venture to say that it is owing to the culture and enthusiasm of the men who took up the Art of the Stage on Macready's retirement, and who have spent their best energies and the best part of their lives in bringing the genius of Shakespeare home to the hearts of the English people, by illustration and exposition on the lines I have advocated in these pages. Let us, then, thankfully acknowledge the services rendered to Art by the actor-managers of our time ; and especially when we remember that they have been rendered in honour of that great genius whose work they have loved and illustrated so beautifully.

It is curious to note the disposition of the

English playgoer with regard to the production of Shakespeare's plays. He has now become accustomed to see them mounted with respect and reverence, and woe betide the manager who is content to mount them in a slipshod or poverty-stricken manner. Such a method of presentation is certain to spell ruin and disaster. If the work is not strictly of the nature of "revival," it must be, at least, well done, or left undone. This truth has been recognised by such managers of culture and refinement as Beerbohm Tree and Benson. The present condition of the Stage with regard to Shakespeare is entirely due to the educational and artistic labours of the managers, whose work and methods I have alluded to. Whilst we hold in honour the memories of Kean, Calvert, and Phelps, let us wish success and fortune to those who are living and who are still carrying on the good work of Shakespearian production.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT is curious to find writers and theatrical critics who still think that the great method of Shakespearian production adopted by Charles Kean, Edmund Phelps, Charles Calvert, Sir Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, and Benson, has ended in financial failure, or in old Chatterton's phraseology has spelt *ruin*. Only recently a contributor to the *Magazine of Art* wrote: "It was precisely because the Provinces had no use for the Shakespearian spectacle-monger that Charles Calvert passed away in his prime, a broken and disappointed man." To those who know the facts this is a most extraordinary statement, and made evidently without knowledge. Calvert did not leave the scene of his triumphs because his spectacle-mongering ended in financial disaster. On the contrary, when the quarrel happened which caused him to seek other fields for his Shakespearian labours, the little theatre was earning a yearly profit of something like £10,000 to

£12,000. This came from Shakespeare, the high-class drama, and the best companies on the road.*

I have no knowledge of the financial result of Charles Kean's work; all I am certain of is that he used these words in his valedictory address: "*I do not now retire from the direction of this theatre through any feeling of disappointment, but from the remembrance of the old adage, 'The pitcher goes often to the well, but the pitcher at last may be broken.'*"

It is clear that Phelps did not lose money at Sadler's Wells. In his farewell address he said: "*The production of thirty-four plays of Shakespeare, some of which have been considered unactable, is a feat I believe never before attempted by any manager, at least in modern times. It has been to me a labour of love—an object of pride rather than a source of profit, for when I tell you that the single play of 'Pericles' cost in its production £1,000, and the expense on the*

* Since writing the above, there has appeared a communication from Mr. Beddoes Peacock in the *Manchester City News*, in which after allusion to the production of "Antony and Cleopatra," by Mr. Charles Calvert in 1866, and that of his son, Louis Calvert, in 1897, he says: "The question of pecuniary gain or loss is generally associated with the departure from the beaten track of theatrical management. By those managers who dare not venture upon a recourse to Shakespeare as a magnet of attraction, it is persistently asserted that the proprietors of the Prince's dropped a fortune by their Shakespearian revivals. On the contrary—and as treasurer and secretary of the undertaking I think it ought to be admitted that I was "in the know"—it was Shakespeare who extricated the Prince's Syndicate out of many a hole, which had been excavated by the dramas of that day."

others being very great, you will easily perceive how impossible it was in such a theatre as this that my labour should be rewarded by large pecuniary profit."

Let us see what has happened during the last twenty years at the Lyceum under the management, and by the methods adopted by Sir Henry Irving. I have already given a list of the Shakespearian plays produced at the Lyceum, and the number of performances those plays had. In the issue of the *Daily Chronicle*, of September 19th, 1896, we find that Sir Henry told his interviewer that "In the days of Mr. Bateman's management we produced 'Hamlet,' which had the unprecedented run of 200 nights *at a net profit of* £10,000. The whole production cost about £100." He also tells us that the "Merchant of Venice" cost only £1,200. "A very small outlay on a picture of Venice." If the Lyceum venture had proved financially disastrous, it would have been nothing short of madness to risk those costly visits to the American Continent, which have ended in artistic and financial results unprecedented in the history of the Theatre. Here are a few facts in connection with the American venture, given to me by Sir Henry himself. At San Francisco they took in fourteen performances £15,000. At Chicago, for two performances in one day of "Louis XI." and the "Merchant of Venice," the receipts amounted to £2,300. This was during the Exhibition time, when the audi-

ences consisted of non-residents. The "*Merchant of Venice*" *ran for four weeks without a break* in New York, and I am not violating any confidences when I record the fact that Sir Henry Irving cleared by this American venture over £30,000. After this who shall say that the text is drowned in scēnery, or that Shakespeare spells ruin?

I have often heard it remarked that in order to attain the pinnacle of fame upon which Sir Henry Irving now stands, he has lavished money on his theatre, on his stage productions, and on a bid for a high social position. Such a statement is not only contrary to fact, but it is the penalty a successful actor-manager has to pay for the unique position occupied by Irving. Like a plucky business man Sir Henry has spent money where necessary in order to *make* money. The great event in connection with the one hundredth performance of the "*Merchant of Venice*," to which I have before alluded, was a judicious investment of capital towards the consolidation of the Lyceum policy; the money spent on the theatre itself was a necessary expenditure, in order to make the house a fitting receptacle for the kind of audiences for which the manager catered.

I recollect a curious incident in connection with money outlay, which occurred on the opening of the theatre in December, 1878, in connection with the "*Hamlet*" production. The

morning after that memorable night, Irving, and those immediately in his confidence, were assembled in council in the managerial sanctum. I entered with a copy of *The Times*, which devoted two small paragraphs to this historic event. I wanted to know the meaning of this extraordinary effort at criticism, and demanded the name of the author. I think Irving must have had the notion that I had concealed in the folds of my winter coat a horse-whip, or a revengeful weapon of some kind, for with one of those quaint smiles which he can put on, and which mean so much more than meets the eye, he said, "Yes, we know the gentleman, but *The Times* notice will do us no harm; although it is unkind considering what we have at stake." Without any further comment he proceeded to cut out the notices in the other London papers, and to spread them out on his table. This done, he instructed his business manager to take them to *The Times* office, with orders for the insertion of these notices as an advertisement in the *Saturday issue* of the paper. If I had had a horse-whip or a murderous weapon concealed, it would have dropped powerless to the floor; we were thunderstruck. Nothing more was said, but the injured manager put on his hat, and beckoning to me, said, "Let's have a stroll." When clear of the theatre, he stopped in the street, and looking me full in the face, said,

“Do you think I am mad?” or something to that effect. I replied, “Well—no—not exactly; but the cost, what about that?”

“Never mind the cost,” he replied. “During this coming week-end the opinions of all the London papers, *except The Times*, will come under the eyes of the best people in the United Kingdom *through The Times*. Let us observe the result at the Box Office on Monday.”

We *did* observe the result with the utmost satisfaction. The cost of that advertisement (which I forbear to state) was soon wiped out, and “Hamlet” went on its wonderful career for one hundred nights.

I have recorded the foregoing incident because I knew at the time it was looked upon as an extravagant waste of money in many circles of London life; but the tact of the manager triumphed, and I imagine the writer of the insignificant notice was not heard of since as a dramatic critic of *The Times*.

[*I am conscious that this tale of “Experiences” has proceeded far enough—perhaps too far for the patience of my readers; therefore I lay down my pen, but with reluctance, as the tale-telling has afforded me a pleasant task. Of what nature my future “Experiences” may be, I know not; but it is hardly likely to be of sufficient interest to warrant a continuance of my story; therefore I will say with Hamlet, “The rest is silence.”*]

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